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Not Guilty

by S. E. KISER

I'M glad I'm not the man who takes
The rent a certain widow pays;
With dulled eyes and a heart that aches,
She drudges while her landlord plays.
Her children bitterly have learned
That want and wealth are constant foes;
I'm glad that when her wage is earned
I'm not the one to whom it goes.

I'M glad I'm not the man who wrecked
The hopes an anxious boy possessed;
His proud ambition has been checked,
His eager spirit is repressed.
I'm glad I did not turn him out,
To wander forth, pursued by fear,
His daring undermined by doubt,
The victim of a spoiled career.

I'M glad I'm not the man whose greed
Has caused distress and want to spread
Where old men lack the warmth they need
And their old wives are underfed.
Because of profits others take
They have been driven to despair;
I'm glad I have not helped to make
Them think that God is deaf to prayer.

I'M glad I'm not the man for whom
The girl found floating yesterday
Renounced the world and sought the gloom
No morning breeze will blow away.
Her spirit may be where there's none
Who challenge her by word or look,
But I am glad I'm not the one
Who sent her on the course she took.



How Can We Regard With Awe

By GEORGE ADE

Illustrations by

ERNEST WISEMAN has loitered in every kind of settlement, from the one bordered by cornfields to one bordered by crime, and yet to this day he cannot lay down a working rule for safely dividing the socially important from the bourgeoisie, the *déclassés*, the second-raters, the impossible, the ones who do not belong, the persons one is not expected to know, the non-eligibles, the culls, the discards, the dubs, the sorry ornaments of the fringe, the climbers, the pretenders.

In every community sufficiently ripened to have samovars and country clubs and a vague interest in English lecturers, there is a segregated band recognized by the local newspaper as "society." It is set apart from the commonalty of lawn sprinklers and those who carry to their homes ice cream and oysters in paper buckets.

No one living within the radius of illumination generated by aristocracy can be left in doubt of the fact that there is a wall of fire dividing the elect from the plebes.

But no one can tell just what requirements a candidate must flash in order to sneak past the

cold-eyed ladies who guard the sacred portals.

Many persons of impaired credit, bad manners and rancid reputations are safely inside, holding life memberships, while kind hearted couples with bank accounts and one hundred percent deportment and well behaved children are pacing up and down outside—not a Chinaman's chance of edging past the turnstile.



Let us not scoff at them too hard for wanting to have their names put down in the golden volume. They think they are missing a lot of Elysian days and Arabian nights. In the meantime the favored ones are missing a lot of sleep.

Have you ever met any families of enforced morality who would gladly trade their respectability for just one mention in the scandal weekly which circulates

openly at resort hotels and surreptitiously in perfumed boudoirs? Did Washington's men freeze their feet at Valley Forge in order to give us this brand of democracy?

If prizes were to be awarded for best answers to the question "Who is the loneliest and



A FAMILY TREE Which Has Just Begun to Bear NUTS?

F. Foster Lincoln

unhappiest mortal in the U. S. A.?" do you think the winner would name the sheep herder out on the plains; or the derelict stamping his feet on a warm grate in the pavement; or the keeper of the lighthouse, surrounded by churning waves and reading a paper six weeks old; or the country girl who weeps over mother's picture in the most forlorn back bedroom of a cruel city?

No, after all investigations had been sifted over it would be learned that the loneliest and unhappiest mortal among us is the woman who has closets full of clothes and chamois bags full of jewels and who wants to give a parade but cannot exhibit her accessories of grandeur to anyone except the husband and the waiters. The only definite ambition she will realize is finally to become acquainted with a celebrated nerve specialist.

Now, if we can keep our faces straight, let us regard the steel-clad defenses thrown up against an attacking horde of "newly rich." Of course there is no money, even in New England, old enough to be redolent of anything except the mint. Furthermore, there is no habitation

west of Pittsburgh in which the plaster has thoroughly hardened.

Statistics show that 996 out of every 1,000 women who smoke in public still feel like circus performers and the man who can wear white gloves without being self-conscious is practically nonexistent except in the most depraved centers of continuous revelry.

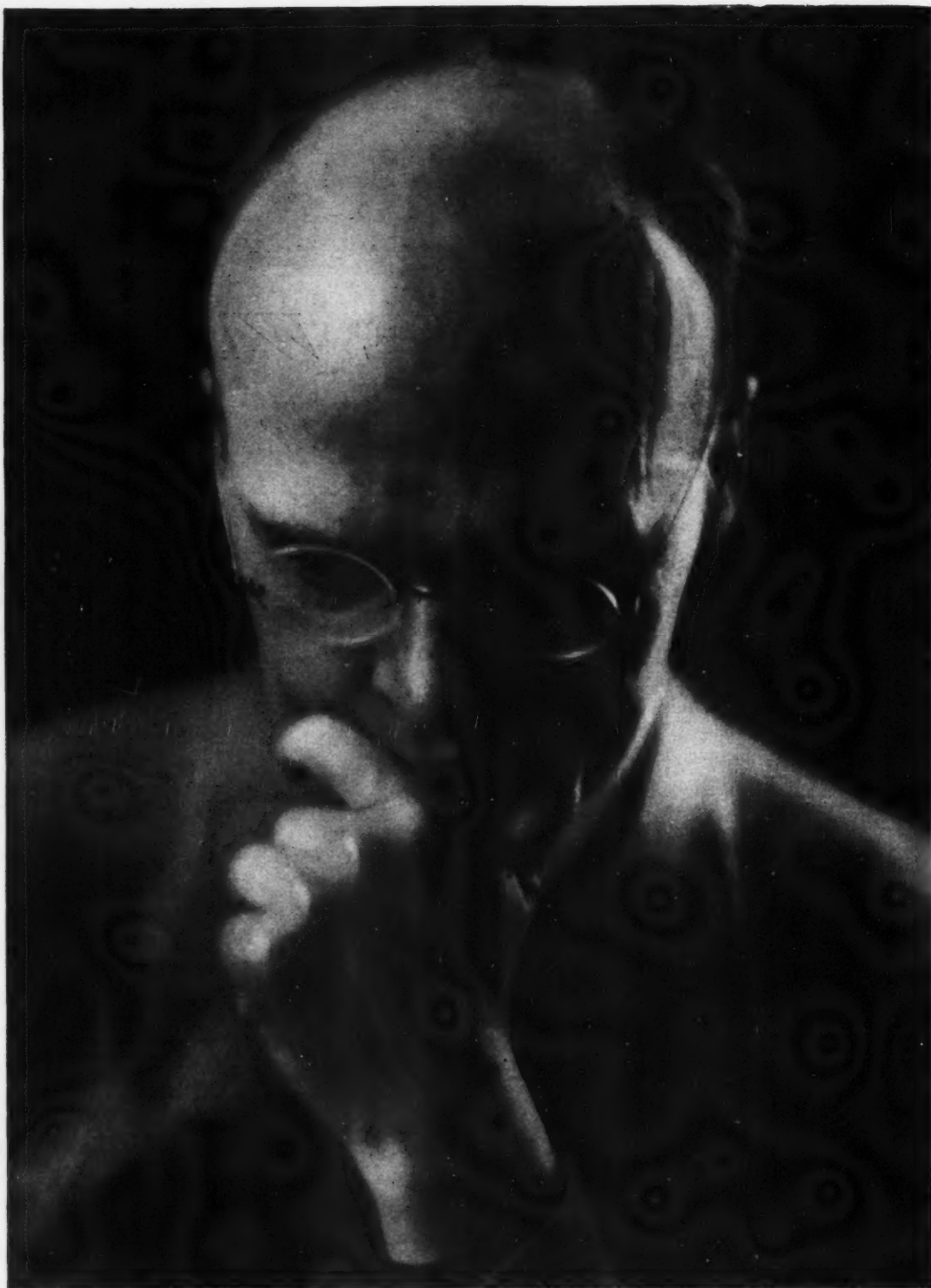
How can anyone become reverential in front of a family tree which dates back to the Chicago fire? It has just begun to bear nuts.

A family tree does not inspire awe until it is withered at the top, tattered in the boughs and encrusted with lichens, fungi, moss and parasites.

There is this to be said for almost any set-apart unit known as "society." Only a few of the individuals who have been herded into the royal stockade become emotional

over their good fortune. Most of them don't know how they got there and wonder what the whole darned thing is about. Some who have moral heroism of the Savonarola kind climb out and live happily ever afterward. Not many. The show isn't much after you get a front seat. But think how scarce the tickets are!





PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

*as he looks when he is extricating the Lone Wolf
from a particularly tight situation*

A New Novel by
**LOUIS
 JOSEPH
 VANCE**

The Lone Wolf Returns

Illustrations by
W. D. Stevens



Indisputably a fascinating creature. Folly McFee. "Who," she cried, "wants to take me down for this tango?"

"I LOVE you," said Michael Lanyard.

He spoke in French; and that simple phrase, covered by the surging song of strings and wood winds, was inaudible to other ears. Only the woman with him heard and, hearing, roused from the reverie into which she too insensibly had lapsed, turning back from the prismatic pageantry of the dance eyes whose grave regard gave never a clue to the emotions his words had inspired.

Making no more acknowledgment than this, she studied him intently but kindly, touched by the wistfulness that shadowed the demeanor of unpretending dignity which she had learned to like best of all the many phases of the man their friendship had revealed.

The severity of evening dress in line and lack of color became him well, setting off the lean, sculptured contours of his face, giving value to its even warmth of tone. Traces of silver at his temples hinted at that history, not too happy, with which she was in part acquainted. The strength with which his mouth was modeled affected her, as always, with a faint, strangely pleasant thrill of alarm; the dark, clear eyes, at once deferential and demanding, held her in a spell she had no wish to break.

"I love you," he repeated.

Her brows took on a quaintly plaintive cast. "I know, my friend," she replied, in the same tongue and tone. "For a long time I have known . . . as you have known my love was all for you. And yet . . ." The slender, exquisite shoulders

lifting their fairness out of the corsage of her jetted gown sketched a shrug.

"I had to wait to tell you," he said, "till I was sure——"

In indulgent raillery she interrupted: "Sure that you loved me?"

He smiled, but wagged his head in stubborn earnestness: "Sure of what else I must say."

"There is more?"

"Much more." The man leaned nearer over the table, with a deepened accent of sincerity. "I love you so dearly, Eve, the thought of a life without you is beyond my understanding . . . Yet I may not ask you to be my wife."

"May not?" Hands of consummate grace fluttered above the cloth in tragi-comic impatience. "Or will not?"

"Will not because I may not."

Eve de Montalais held a small pause of perplexity, made a small sign of frustration. "It is a riddle," she said. "But when one speaks in riddles, one speaks playfully . . . as you do not. Tell me, then, my Michael! why you think you may not ask me to marry you, when between us all else has been said?"

"I love you too well——"

"Too well to make me happy!"

"Too well to let you risk your happiness on the hazards of such a life as mine."

"You forget, if you deny me the right to share those hazards, whatever they may be, I shall have no happiness to risk."

"You are young," the man stated thoughtfully, "the best of your life lies before you. And you are, I think, the loveliest woman that ever lived. Many men after me will long for and love you; one of them you will find worthy . . ."

"Still, you forget, my heart is given."

"Time heals all memories."

"You believe that?" She withdrew a little, settling back in her chair, and used her fan, gazing away over its nodding plumes. "I was mistaken, then," she commented. "I believed you loved me too well to hold my love the whim of a day or a month or a year. I thought you knew me too well to think my love was lightly given, or once given might be recalled."

He winced under that reproach. "Without your help," he pleaded, "how shall I be strong? You know what it costs me to say what I am saying, that I could not say anything to displease you if I held your happiness second to my own. It is of you alone I am thinking—you whom I love and who are not for me."

"If you love me," Eve de Montalais said quietly, "you will never leave me."

"Better that, better you should learn to hold the memory of me in contempt, than I should risk your waking up too late, as some day you would surely waken, to realize you had joined your life to the life of one whom the world esteems a common thief."

"The world esteems!" Disdain touched her lips.

"You are not that."

"I was once—"

"The past is dead."

"Or merely sleeping: who shall say?"

"Ah, no, my friend! You waste your time. You ask me to believe that."

The music fell, and the gay rumor of voices that replaced it, as the dancers began to move back to their tables, was not enough to warrant the former sense of security from eavesdropping by inadvertence or intention. In tacit silence, Madame de Montalais extended her hand; Lanyard offered his cigarette case, then a match. But after a single inhalation the woman forgot to smoke and permitted the tobacco to fume to waste in its jeweled holder, her attention seemingly diverted by the pomp and vanity of that sumptuous cavern wherein the folk of her world were accustomed nightly to foregather and play yet once again the time-old game whose fascination never fails, whose stake is love . . .

But Lanyard had eyes for his love alone.

Her beauty in his sight was like a pain in his heart, a hand at his throat. Slender and gracious and fair, with a sense, hard to define, of something more than human in that warmly human loveliness, something that made one think of a sickle of moon afloat in an azure midnight sky, of dawnlight fleeting breathlessly athwart a summer sea . . .

And his for the asking!

He had loved before, but never as now, never with this tenderness, this all-possessing wish to serve and safeguard, this passionate self-abnegation . . .

"What is it?" he asked, seeing her start, with an almost imperceptible suggestion of aversion, as she sat looking away across the room.

"That man," she replied—"that creature, rather, whom one never sees without shuddering. And one sees him everywhere."

Even before he looked Lanyard had divined the occasion of this antipathy. It was true, what she had said; ever since the tides of destiny had brought these two together in New York, no matter where they had turned in quest of amusement, or rather for an excuse to be with each other, of an evening, at some time in its course it had seemed fated that they should cross the path of this personality, odd, compelling and in some how forbidding.

One saw the man now, with a party of guests laying claim to a table on the far side of the floor, a table that had been conspicuously reserved and refused to others, though the Crystal Room was crowded and late comers were importunate. A gross body, ponderous and slow of movement, with a heavy face of singularly immobile cast, resembling, and for all its fleshiness as destitute of color as, a mask of papier-mâché, with a strange effect of transparency as if lighted by an inner glow akin to phosphorescence. Punctiliously mannered and at all times dressed with the nicest care as to the cut and propriety

of his clothing, but unfailingly bedecked like a sultan with an incalculable wealth of jewelry in sets meticulously matched; yesterday with emeralds, today with diamonds, tomorrow with rubies, at another time it might be with fire opals burning on fingers and watch chain, serving as cuff links, waistcoat buttons and studs for his shirt. A bizarre shape to meet in the haunts of fashion . . . And never alone, always surrounded by a little court of sycophants seldom twice of the same composition, but as a rule including a few fragile beauties, apparently of the stage, and invariably one whom Lanyard took to be a paid clown, an undersized man with the face of a sage droll, the dress and deportment of a diplomat, and something in his fixed solemnity which suggested an ever present expectation that his lightest word would win a gale of laughter—as, indeed, it seemed to.

The other sat, as by habit, taciturn and aloof in the heart of his noisy company. A dull man or a deep. Speaking seldom, eating little, drinking nothing, never smoking, holding one pose without stir for long minutes at a time; only the eyes beneath hood-like lids, eyes of a repellent pallor and surprising brightness, were restless, ranging from face to face, not only of his companions but of every person within his scope of vision, peering



into each with a steadfast, imperturbable and penetrating curiosity . . .

Lanyard had more than once been resentfully conscious of that prying look. He was conscious of it now and rather hoped its author could read his lips, reckoning its impertinence ample justification for the temper of what he was about to say.

"The Sultan of Loot," he observed, adding in answer to Eve's quick and mirthful glance: "My private nickname for the animal. If it does him injustice, he ought to take in his sign, don't you think? I know him by sight, of course, but that is all. Some bucketeer or bootlegger, no doubt. Prohibition no less than Providence makes strange bedfellows nowadays in this mad country."

"Strange," the woman mused, "how people one doesn't know sometimes seem to haunt one."

"When it is strange."

Her eyes narrowed. "Why do you say that, Michael?"

"I hardly know," he confessed with a deprecatory laugh. "More, at least, than this: that it has seldom been my fortune to be so haunted without something in the nature of a sequel."

She made a mental shudder vivid. "In this instance, for your sake, I trust the rule will not hold good."

"I hope so, indeed. I entertain the least inclination imaginable to better my acquaintance with that monsieur. And yet, it would surprise me not at all if I were to see much more of him before I see less."

There was music again, a retrograde movement from tables to open floor.

"Why so mysterious, Michael?"

"Upon my word, I can't tell you! Why did you shiver when you spoke of the fellow? Blame it, if you like, to that sixth sense, that instinct of self-preservation which serves some men as intuition serves most women—call it what you will, I have quite definitely a feeling I am no more done with that one whom I do not know than I am as yet begun with him."

A sidelong glance discovered the personage in question indulging one of his rare smiles, an introspective smile that might mean he had indeed been reading Lanyard's lips, or might mean nothing of the sort. True, he was no longer looking at Lanyard; it remained equally true that he was apparently paying no attention to the conversation of his company . . .

"And that is why"—a derisive shift of the woman's eyes indicated the quarter of the room in which the subject of their speculations had established himself—"you are trying to jilt me—is it?—and excusing your ungallant conduct with vague references to the 'hazards' of your life!"

Lanyard shook his head, again possessed by the gravity of his purpose. "I am scarcely so childish," he said. "But for days—for months, indeed, but especially in these last few days—I have been thinking of the life I had to offer a wife, the life of a man hunted, without fortune or position, friendless in a strange land but for you."

"Hunted?"

The echo deprecated the strength of that term, but he would not modify it. "Hunted," he reiterated. "The life of an outlaw. Society does not forgive; it will sometimes applaud a successful transgressor, but it never has patience with the penitent."

"Tell me why you say that, Michael. I have the right to know . . ."

"It is this, then," Lanyard said with reluctance: "Wherever I go, I am a marked man. The world wears mocking eyebrows



"Monsieur Morphew!" stuttered Theodore between clashing teeth. "The police! A raid! A raid!"



As the woman uttered peal upon peal of laughter the chauffeur scrambled to his feet in a rage. Lanyard stepped

when it hears that the Lone Wolf no longer prowls. 'Perhaps, today,' it says; 'but wait. Let him prove his sincerity and fortitude against the dead drag of my indifference; let him make his way if he can; I have my own affairs to busy me . . .' The police are satisfied my change of character is merely a blind. Another class, even more skeptic, is composed of those whose lot today is as mine was yesterday, creatures of envy, greed and uncharitableness, all those qualities that make criminals. These, should they see me in rags, would say, 'One more turn of the screw and he will be one of us again.' Seeing me apparently prosperous, they say, 'Observe that he wants for nothing; he is cunning, that one.' Or suppose some unknown make a famous coup; the chorus is then, 'The Lone Wolf has done this

thing! . . . Society indifferent, its police distrustful, its enemies envious; one needs strength to make way against so strong a tide!"

"You have it."

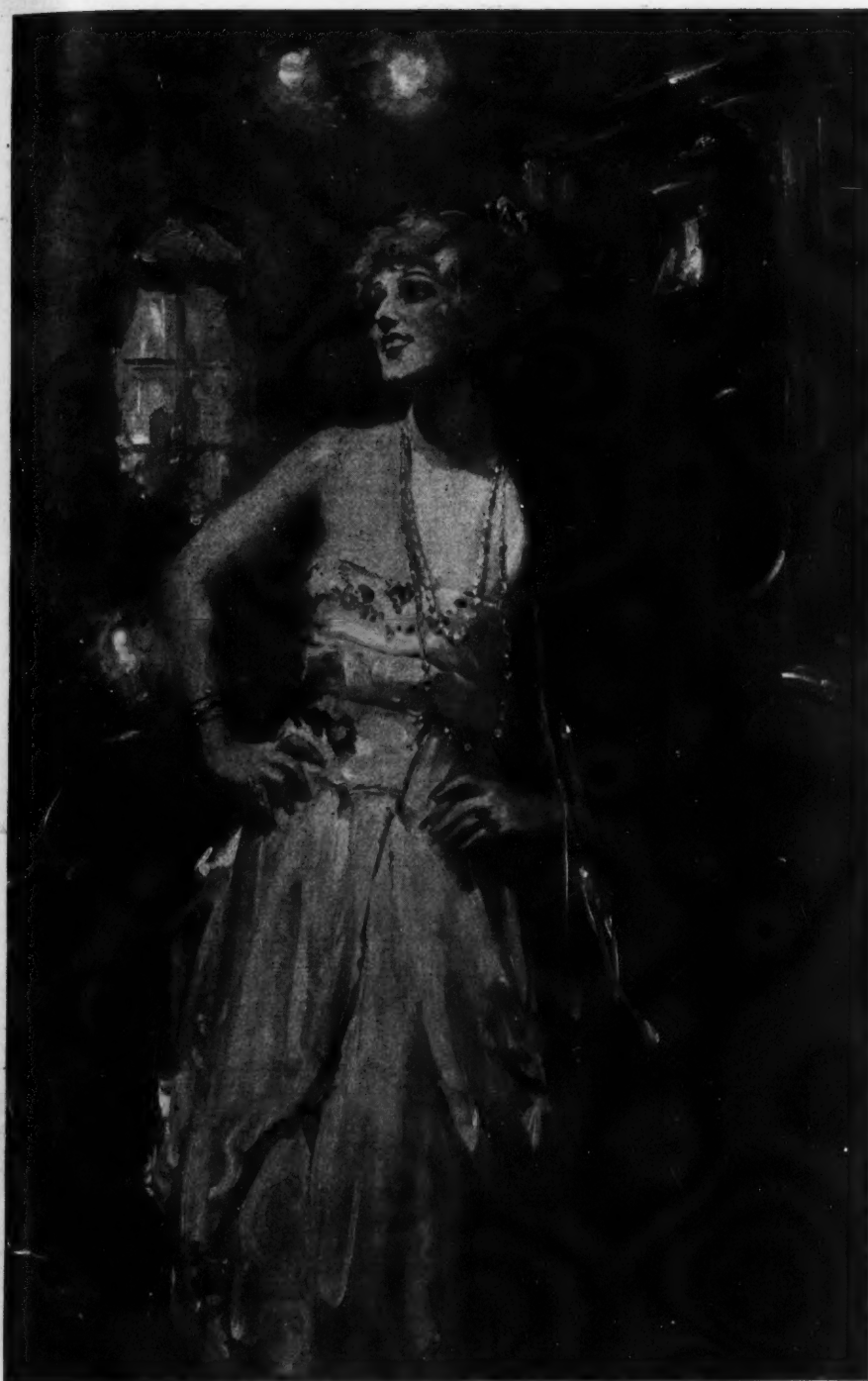
"But will it last?"

"With mine to comfort and encourage you when your strength wearies . . ."

"But figure to yourself a possible event: We marry. What happens? Your friends are affronted, they turn from you—"

"Did you call them friends?"

"Even friendship fails when one flouts its self-esteem . . . You are left alone," Lanyard pursued obstinately, "but for me. And for every friend you have lost, you have found an enemy—"



between them. "None of that!" he enjoined, raising his voice to drown the man's snarl.

my enemies. These good haters of mine will resort to every expedient to poison your mind against me, while to me they will come saying, 'Do as we bid you or be prepared to see her suffer.' Conceive me mad enough to tell them to go to the devil; the next time we find ourselves conspicuously placed in public, a hand falls on my shoulder, I, your husband, am arrested on a trumped-up charge. Assume that I clear myself; still the disgrace remains, the shame. And I its cause! . . . No—never ask me to condemn you to a life like that!"

He sat brooding in a silence which she respected for a little, watching him with shrewd vision all the while.

"Something has happened," she said at length, "to make you think such things."

"You are right." He nodded heavily. "I have come to my senses. These months I have spent in almost daily association with you have been the sweetest of my life. I have been happy . . . But they can't continue. I love you too well."

The plumed fan was arrested, the woman's eyes widened and darkened, her breathing quickened. "What do you propose?"

"I think you know."

"Tell me!"

He entreated her with haggard eyes. "Since we may not marry, what else can I do but go my way?"

"No!" she countered impatiently. "There is something more in your mind than you have told me."

"Neither there nor in my heart."

"You are keeping something back for fear of frightening me, some danger that threatens you . . ."

"Nothing."

"Nevertheless you have reason to fear—"

"I have always to be on my guard. Misfortune visits in strange guises, and most often unannounced. For myself I am accustomed to that, I do not greatly care. But for you—that is another matter!"

The fan resumed its weaving. After a pause Eve said: "If you must go, so be it. But 'whither thou goest, there go I—'"

"No!"

"It matters not how far," she nodded. "What is it to me where I live, so I am with you?"

"Can you require that of me?"

"I?" she cried, startled.

"Of you?"

"You are a woman of this world, Eve. Do I not know? Can I forget how you were when I found you, buried to life in that isolate chateau half a hundred years to the south of Paris? Can

I not see what a change has come over you in these few months of your New York?"

"Of you—"

But he would not listen. "You were born and bred to breathe this atmosphere. Can you ask me to doom you to exile in some hole or corner, some place so lost that the whisper of my ill fame will not find it? Some kraal in South Africa; some iron hut in the Australian bush! Where else? . . . You would die of such a life, or live only to learn to hate me."

"Never that. Love outweighs all."

"So we tell ourselves, so we believe, until we are required to lay down for love even our self-respect. Could I retain that—could I forgive myself—knowing I had robbed you of all that

than you have said, my Michael! but not now, not here . . . Perhaps another night . . . Please take me home."

CHAPTER II

THE breath of that November night was soft and warm, its dim sky distilled a pensive rain with frequent pauses. Buried by the daily traffic of eighty thousand tires, the wet pave of the Avenue resembled a broad channel of black marble veined with pulsing gold. Over churning tides of after theater travel the police towers watched like great gaunt goblins, stabbing the misty murk with angry eyes, ruby, emerald and amber.

The brougham drifted sedately with the northbound press; its pace all too swift notwithstanding, its journey too quickly accomplished. Yet neither of the lovers had spoken since leaving the Ritz. Only when the gray palisades of the Hotel Walpole loomed ahead, spangled with the gilt of a thousand windows, the woman stirred in her corner and sat forward, peering with sweet concern into the face of the man, giving him her hands.

"Be patient with me, Michael," she murmured. "It isn't that I can't read your heart. I know, my dear, I know! All you said just now was true enough; but all the truth has not yet been said. Neither are my wits as ready as yours. You must give me time to think. You will, I know."

"I am altogether yours," he answered. "Your happiness is all that matters."

"Not all, not my happiness alone, but yours as well—ours!"

She swayed into his arms; for the first time Lanyard knew her lips . . .

He came to himself—after a fashion—standing bare of head beneath a lamp-fringed canopy of bronze and glass, formally touching her fingers and mouthing polite phrases as to a woman he barely knew . . . Absurd!

And on her part only enriched color and the deepened radiance of her eyes betrayed the revolutionary work of those too few moments . . .

"Tomorrow," he heard Eve saying . . . "No—not tomorrow, I'm dining with the Druces. The day after. Call for me early, Michael; we'll have a long drive and a little dinner somewhere in the country."

Her look said so much more, he had no certain knowledge of what he stammered in response. But presumably the phrases served. She nodded gayly, hastened up the steps. He watched her whisk through the revolving door and fade from view in the hot illumination of

the foyer before it occurred to him to re-cover his head. And his stare was vacant when her chauffeur delayed him with a respectful query; to which, after a moment, Lanyard replied, many thanks, but he felt more in the humor for a stroll than to be motored to his rooms; he wouldn't mind the drizzle.

The goblin eyes blinking from red to green, he profited by the interruption of up- and downtown travel to cross to the west side of the Avenue before settling into stride for the walk of a mile to his modest lodgings; in a mood of exaltation too rare to countenance return of those misgivings to which he had that night for the first time given voice, those doubts and fears by which his lonelier hours of late had none the less been ridden, ever since he had learned that his love for Eve de Montalais had grown to be a passion passing his strength to withstand.

He had done his best but had essayed the impossible tonight, in attempting to make her see that marriage between them were for her a madness. He saw that, now he knew of her own confession that she loved him. Now with the music of her



"What is it?" asked Michael Lanyard.
"That man," Eve replied, "whom one never sees without shuddering."

had made life fair for you, and left you only the happiness of giving up your life for love?"

"Selfishness speaks there . . ."

"Vanity, the father of selfishness, is present in every human affair. It is not a pretty thought; but men and women in this world are made that way. There is my vanity, too, to be thought of." Lanyard had a twisted, apologetic smile. "Consider that you have never known a want you could not gratify out of your private means; while I am a penniless adventurer, a man living from hand to mouth, today on a modest pension from the British Secret Service, tomorrow on God knows what . . ."

"At last!" said Eve de Montalais. "It is that, then; it is your pride that stands between us."

"A man with less is not a man whom you could love."

She made no direct answer, but after a time she stirred, sat up and began to gather round her the folds of her evening wrap.

"I am a little weary," she told him. "There is more to be said

incomparable voice still chiming that assurance in his memory, now with the fragrance of her lips lingering on his own, Lanyard knew that whether he had fought well or ill to save her from himself, the fight was lost, one course alone remained to him: to do away with every hindrance to the firm establishment of Eve's happiness, to reorganize his life so that every objection to their union might be compromised, every echo of the past silenced, every embarrassment of the present compensated.

A task to tax the wits and heart of a superman, contemplation of it in that hour affected Lanyard with no dismay; armored in and inspired by her love, he could not fail.

In this ecstatic temper only subconsciously aware of his surroundings, the man was measuring off a round four miles an hour, southbound on the sidewalk over across from the Cathedral, when that occurred which brought his head down from the clouds: the semaphores signaled for another suspension of traffic on the Avenue, and an instant later a taxicab inexpertly driven at unlawful speed passed Lanyard crabwise, skidding wildly on the greasy asphaltum as its chauffeur threw out clutch and applied brakes to avoid crashing into a file of cars debouching from west Fiftieth Street.

An old-fashioned, gloomy contraption, of that high-chested hobbledehoy type now fast becoming extinct, the cab performed two complete revolutions like a skittish monstrosity chasing its tail, and toppled perilously as if minded to try a somersault as well, before it brought up, rocking and growling, broadside to the curb a dozen paces or so ahead of Lanyard.

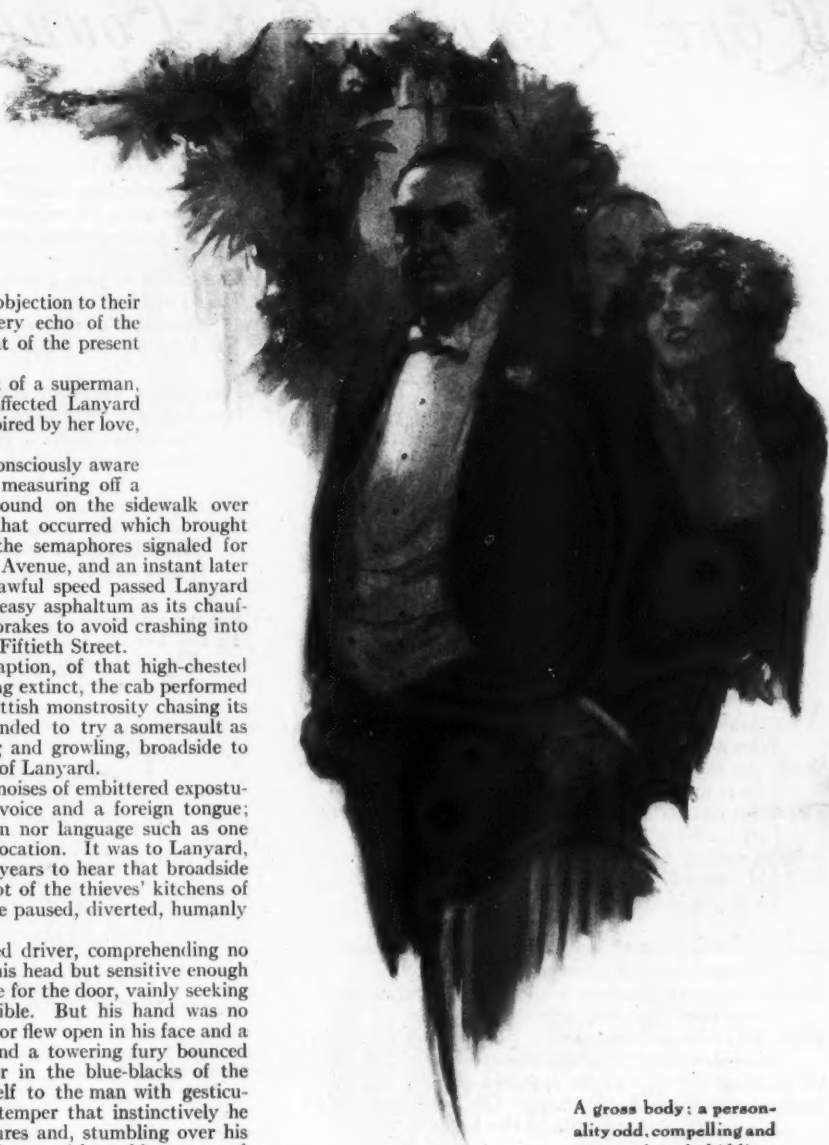
From its black pocket of a body noises of embittered expostulation were issuing in a woman's voice and a foreign tongue; neither the voice of a gentlewoman nor language such as one would employ with whatever provocation. It was to Lanyard, indeed, like a souvenir of younger years to hear that broadside of vituperation couched in the argot of the thieves' kitchens of Paris. And at a discreet distance he paused, diverted, humanly hoping for the worst.

At the same time a badly rattled driver, comprehending no word of the abuse cascading upon his head but sensitive enough to its tone, fell off his box and made for the door, vainly seeking to make an authentic brogue audible. But his hand was no sooner lifted to its latch than the door flew open in his face and a lovely lady in resplendent attire and a towering fury bounced out and—a figure of flaming color in the blue-blacks of the nocturnal scheme—addressed herself to the man with gesticulation so vividly adequate to her temper that instinctively he lifted both arms to guard his features and, stumbling over his own heels in panic retreat, sat down with suddenness and shocking force.

No national spirit is so exquisitely responsive as that of the French to the comedy of physical misadventure. When the chauffeur coming into contact with the sidewalk gave up his breath in one vast "Ouf!" of agony, his fare forgot to be angry, cut a blistering epithet in two, and incontinently passed into such spasms of mirth that she was fain to lean her finery against the dripping side of the cab lest her limbs fail to support her. And while she shook and held her sides and uttered peal upon peal of laughter—heedlessly permitting her wrap to fall open and expose to the inclement air the most cynical of décolletages framing flesh quite literally crusted with jewels—the chauffeur was scrambling to his feet in a rage that threatened to rival her own late transports; and a crowd was beginning to gather, too, as crowds will in New York, upon any provocation, in any street, at any hour of any day or night. On which accounts Lanyard reckoned it time to interfere.

Hurriedly consulting the taximeter, he stepped between the two, fished a bill from his pocket and pressed it into the palm of the chauffeur before this last comprehended what was happening.

"None of that!" he enjoined, peremptorily, raising his voice to drown the snarl with which the man was tuning up to repay abuse and derision with the drippings of his own vocabulary. "You've got your fare, so clear out before this officer whom I see approaching gives you a summons for careless driving. D'you hear?—not another word!"



A gross body; a personality odd, compelling and in some how forbidding.

And as the chauffeur, cowed by this appearance of authority, shut a gaping mouth and stumbled to his seat, Lanyard turned to the woman and caught her arm in a firm grasp. "Come, Liane! Compose yourself. I'll find you another cab."

The woman responded with a moment of stupefied silence during which her eyes rounded incredulously, then with a squeal of rapture—"Lanyard-r-r-rd!"—and an impulsive offer to enfold him to that generous bosom which clever footwork alone availed to foil.

"Michael!" she cried in French. "My Michael! Of all men living the one whom I most have longed to find!"

"Observe that the lost is now found," he advised in the same language, smiling. "But be so amiable as not to keep me waiting here in the rain. Pull yourself together, Liane—your wrap as well, if you don't want to catch cold in your chest—in most of it, at least." In a more urgent voice he added: "Can you not understand your danger? Cover yourself, Liane—you are mad to expose such treasure on a public street at night!"

"What flattery!" the woman responded demurely. Nevertheless she did as he bade, clipping her cloak at the throat with one hand while the other slipped beneath his arm. "I am so overjoyed to find you again, my friend, I do not believe any evil could affect me. But come . . ."

She tugged him out of the grinning (Continued on page 102)

LOVE LYRICS of a Lounge Lizard

Illustrations by



You think I'm a gay bird, a young cabaret bird
Who shakes a mean dog just for fun.
Well, can that impression, I'll make a confession—
I do it to harvest the morn.
These fat dames of forty who think they are sporty
Fall hard for us pleasant young men
Who're willing to drag 'em around in the dance.
And kid 'em a little when there is a chance
To make 'em feel twenty again.

And so if these hens who would like to be wrens,
Who gad around town pretty much,
Should on some occasion without much persuasion
Hand over a twenty or such—
Well, why should I spurn it? Believe me, I earn it.
Consider the stress and the strain
Of hearing 'em talk about systems of diet,
And teaching 'em dance steps. Oh baby, you try it!
It's tough on the feet and the brain.

[2]

I didn't think that I could get a thrill
From any kind of Jane. I thought I'd seen
Most every sort: the kalsomined chorine,
The haughty dame, the peppy little frill
Who flirts with danger as these flappers will
With baby face, and eyes both hard and keen.
But say, tonight I lamped a little queen
Sweet as they make 'em. Honest, I could spill
A line of talk about her for an hour.
For she was like the simple forest flower
I've never seen, but that I've read about.
Her eyes were warm and soft, she seemed to glow
With happiness at all this Broadway show—
The place seemed kind of dead when she went out.

[3]

She came here last night with a bird that I knew;
I breezed up and met her—and danced with her too;
She shakes a mean pump and she's light as the
breeze
That sometimes I've heard in the Central Park trees.

She isn't a bit like these cute "baby vamps."
But nevertheless since I've looked in her lamps
I've gone off my nut and I can't do my stuff
Of tossing these middle-aged damsels the fluff.

The kid is so young and so gay and so bright
That after I'd sat at her table last night
The rest of the women appeared, for a fact,
Like painted wax figures whose varnish had cracked.

Her color's her own, and it's peaches and cream.
Hot dog, she's the marbles—a blonde little dream.
Her front name is Prudence, her last name is Hall,
She came here from Kansas and "just loves it all!"

She "just loves New York with its hurry and strife."
She "just loves the gay cosmopolitan life."
But I'll tell the world with some vigor and pith,
I don't think so much of that crowd she is with.

I'm not any preacher, but I've got a hunch
To slip her the low-down on all of that bunch;
The women aren't much and the men are a mess
—But still, it is none of my business, I guess.

[4]

There's something the matter with me,
For some way I don't seem to be
So pleased with the stunts
That I've done. All at once
I'm watching myself, and I see

A guy who is playing a part
Which he thought was clever and smart,
But lately I find
That it troubles my mind,
Or maybe it's mostly my heart.



By BERTON BRALEY

C. F. Peters



I'd patted myself on the back
For craftily "getting the jack"
From middle-aged dames
By my cute little games;
I'd prided myself on my knack

Of getting by, easy and slick.
But now—well, it's making me sick;
I'm a poor sort of fish
And I certainly wish
I never had pulled such a trick.

I wonder just what she would think
Of any such cheap little gink
Who'd grafted and lied
Like a crook and a snide
To pick up a handful of chink?

It isn't much fun, you'll agree,
To look yourself over and see
The kind of a mutt
That a Nice Kid would cut—
There's something the matter with me!

[5]

Isn't it funny how you'll go along
Mixing around among the "giddy throng,"
Working your graft and dragging down the kale,
And then—and then you'll meet some little frail,
And after that it never is the same,
You cannot keep your mind upon the game,
She comes between you and the easy money—
Isn't it funny?

Isn't it funny? I have seen her twice
And I've met lots of other girls as nice
(Or some would think so), but this dainty kid
Has got me skidding, I can't keep it hid.
It's weeks since she has been here, but I find
I keep her all the time within my mind.
Her face and figure and her voice like honey—
Isn't it funny?

Isn't it funny how a bird will get?
She's probably forgotten me, and yet
I fret about her, hoping that the child
Won't get in wrong. That crowd is pretty wild
She travels with. I'm not the guy to pan 'em,
But if she asked me I'd say, "Kid, you can 'em!"

Say, think of me, the hard-boiled Broadwayite,
Wanting to show a girl the way that's right,
Wanting to keep her sweet and pure and sunny—
Isn't it funny?

[6]

I never seem to mind the paint
The others wear. But on the dead
It pretty nearly made me faint
To see Her lips a drug store red.
She's put mascara on her eyes,
The rouge upon her cheeks is thick,
It may get by with other guys,
But say, it makes me kinda sick.

It never shocked me when a Jane
Got slightly edged on bootleg booze,
But when She did—well, speaking plain,
I guess I changed my former views.
I even mentioned it to her,
She answered, sort of cold and clear,
"You're not my guardian, kind sir,
I'll thank you not to interfere!"

I guess I've put myself in bad,
I guess my good advice is barred,



But though I'm not an angel lad
I hate to see her growing hard.
I'd like to help her if I could
And be her buddy, if I might,
But—she thinks I'm not any good
And probably the kid is right.

[7]

She's getting quite jaded
And faded
And thin,
She can't stand the pace she is going—

You cannot get frisky
With whisky
And gin
And not have effects of it showing.

This here cabaret life
Is gay life
All right,
No harm if you use moderation,
But she steps out daily
And gaily
Each night
She seeks for some novel sensation.



She looks like a "cutie,"
Her beauty
Will lose
Its innocent charm and its flavor,
The kid's actions grieve me,
Believe me,
I'll use
The best that is in me to save her.

[8]

I guess I'm just a zero
Or not much, anyway.
Why can't I be a hero
Like a fellow in a play?
Why can't I think up something
Some action, brave and strong—
And not act like a dumb thing
That lets his girl go wrong?

Why can't I get a jigger
Of courage in my heart?
Why can't I show some vigor
And play a decent part?
Why can't I have the gizzard
To prove I'm better than
A smooth-haired dance floor lizard,
Why can't I be a Man?

Slip me some laurel, and I'll tell you why,
For I am a hero, I cannot deny.
I've rescued my lady
From ways that are shady.
For once in my life I'm a Regular Guy!

Some hard little chicken slipped Prudence some stuff
That looked like the snow to me—boy, I got rough,
I jumped in, oh mommer!
And grabbed the dope from her;
"Too much," I remarked to that bunch, "is enough!"

"Hereafter this nice little kid trots with Me,
I trust all you ladies and gents will agree—

26

If not, some smart lollop
Is due for a wallop—
Ah, everything's pleasant and peaceful, I see!"

I took the kid home in a taxi. She cried,
Her face on my shoulder, for all of the ride,
And shaky and teary
She sighed, "I'm so weary,
Please take me away where a bad girl can hide!"

I kissed her and called her my own little queen,
And well, it was Great, if you know what I mean.
And it thrilled me all right
When she called me her Knight,
I need a new Kelly—say size seventeen!

[9]

She knows the kind of a bird I've been,
But she says to me: "Dear, you'll find
That out in the West where the Men are Men
We can leave our past behind;
We will pack and go where the Great Winds blow
And the air is sweet and clear,
And out afar from where cities are
We can build a new career!"

And I said to her: "It's a noble plan
But I haven't the railroad fare
To take me out where a Man's a Man
And—what would I do out there
Where there's not a chance for a bird to dance
Which is all the trade I know?
But I know for a fact we could frame an act
That would go in a Broadway show!"

"I've had my lesson and you've had yours,
And in Broadway's 'open places'
We both can find as permanent cures
As 'out in the open spaces.'
For it's not the town that has pulled us down,
No matter how much it's tried us,
We can both come through like we ought to do
If we've got the stuff inside us."

[10]

We're a syncopated couple in a syncopated town,
But although some kinds of people look us over with a
frown,



We've a decent roof above us
And some decent friends who love us
And we earn a decent living in a syncopated way.

We're the king and queen of Jazzland and we surely
make it pay!

Life is all in how you take it,
Even Jazz is what you make it,
It is deadly for the foolish, but a tonic for the wise;
We are getting wealthy by it,
And I'll whisper, on the quiet,
That we rock our kids to slumber singing jazzy lullabies!

By

KATHLEEN NORRIS

*A Story of—and for—
Husbands and Wives
the World Over*

The Man Afraid of His Job

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

"**A**H, HERE you are at last, you old darling! Freezing, of course; and are you dead? And what sort of a day?" Maryland, fragrant, eager, loving, came with the words, in a rush, from the little warm sitting room. Scott Waterman could see the glow of the lamplight behind her, and her pale pink knitting under the lamp. He shed his big rain-spattered coat, and as she put her young, strong arms about him he leaned against her wearily, her warm, living cheek touching his cold and lifeless one.

"*Fin!* What kind of a day yourself, sweetheart?"

He tried to say it spontaneously, convincingly. But he was too weary in soul and body. His voice slackened oddly on the words; he went past her into the dining room, and silently, her own face grown suddenly sober and tired, Maryland followed him.

They repeated this little failure night after night. No use to try to deceive each other; they were too close. Despite her most desperate resolution Maryland could not meet him gaily; despite his anxious determination Scott could not seem to reach home in a happy and confident mood.

The instant their arms went about each other Scott felt a great weariness and relief overwhelm him, and Maryland's eyes flooded with the tears that rose from weakness and great need. And in frank admission of fatigue and unhappiness they would cling together, unable to wear any longer the trying masks of the long day.

"Idiot!" Maryland would usually say of herself, half apologetic, half laughing, when he wiped her eyes on his big handkerchief. And "I'm a little tired—be fine when I've had dinner!" Scott always added. Without ceremony they immediately began the meal. Sometimes Scott said that he was too tired to eat, but he always liked to have her coax him into it.

They had been married four years, four hard years. Life was, to them, pretty much what it was to thousands of other young persons, and yet of late they had begun to be a little bit frightened.

Of what? Maryland used to muse, in the quiet, brooding days, when she went about slowly wiping dishes, dusting the piano, peeling the dinner potatoes and putting them into clear cold water. Nothing was really wrong. Other women kept house and had babies and managed somehow. There was no real reason for this constant sense of uneasiness, of apprehension. Yet she felt it, always, and she knew Scott felt it too.

She knew Scott looked at other men bewilderedly; men who talked about turning in the car for a new car and sending the little girl to a private school. How sure they were of themselves! They played poker—they belonged to clubs—they were free—

Scott and Maryland had no particular ambitions regarding poker and clubs, but they would have been grateful for a little margin—for a surety that when the baby came everything would be all right—that they could keep their heads above water.

"We aren't beaten so far!" Scott would say when they went over their bills every month. And once, lately, Maryland had



added fearfully: "Scotty, what happens—to people like us when they *are* beaten?"

He had merely laughed at her; he had said that as long as Iverson and Ivers were in business, his job was safe. But the laughter had died, as all Scott's laughter did in these days, upon a drawn, tense expression intended to be a smile. Scott was beginning to have uneasy dreams, or rather one dream, over and over. The dream of losing his job.

He would start up, wide awake, in the night, staring about the

little bedroom into which a street lamp sent bright bars of light, his brain confused, his heart hammering—

It was all right, only a dream. Scott would sigh, sink back ready for sleep again. It had been only a dream of himself humiliated and dismissed, pleading with Eckstein, with Floyd, for an explanation, for mere justice.

But the dream made his nights dreadful and lingered with him through the silent, worried days. He held long mental conversations with his various superiors in the firm, desperately



Scott's brow was dark when he found the McGavins at the country club—bootlickers, he inelegantly described them.

humorous conversations beginning with a "Say, what's the idea? Where do they get this stuff . . ."

Fired! He was cleaning out his familiar desk. He was going away. Maryland was going to have a baby, and the city was big, and dark, and coal-less. And he was being pointed out, the Iverson and Ivers man who had been fired . . .

No. That was just another dream. Damn the dreams! He was awake, looking feverishly and breathlessly about the room, with the street light brightly barred across the

wall and bureau. His forehead was wet, his mouth dry.

Scott would lie wakeful for awhile, counting and recounting the arguments that made him sure—absolutely sure—laughably sure—of his job.

Scott was thirty; he had been eight years with the big furniture house; his father had been a trusted employee of Iverson and Ivers when Scott was born, and for all his life. Maryland's father too had been head of their storerooms for thirty years, and Maryland had been old "C. P.'s" secretary when she and Scott met.

The Man Afraid of His Job

The firm had more than a business significance for them; it was the important, the fundamental, fact of life. Iverson and Ivers was the world, eternally absorbing. Maryland asked every evening for the news from the office. What about the new man? Who had taken Miss Rogers's place?

Especially she was interested in the personalities; the Ivers boys, the Iverson girls and their husbands. Alice was in, was she? And what did the man Bella was going to marry look like? It always pleased Maryland, when she went into the offices, to meet some member of the firm and have a personal word. And she had been made really happy two weeks ago by a message from magnificent Mrs. Floyd Iverson, just a word, to Scott to tell his wife to take care of herself now, and that the Iversons were very much interested to hear that there was going to be a baby.

"I wonder how she knew?" Maryland had said, deeply gratified. "That was awfully gracious of her!"

"She always liked you," Scott had reminded his wife. And Maryland had said with pleasure, "Yes, I believe she did."

"You remember," Scott had said, "that they sent us flowers—"

"Yes," she had answered quickly, "I remember! And Bella wrote me—I'll never forget that! They've always been kind to us."

"I guess they keep a closer eye on us than we think," Scott had continued, less to keep the conversation moving than to drive the shadow from his wife's brown eyes. It always came there when she remembered the days, more than three years ago now, when the Iversons and the Ivers and all the rest of their little world had sorrowed with the young Watermans, who had lost their baby.

They had sent flowers, and Bella, from the Fitch School, had written. And before that they had sent Scott Waterman and Maryland Bliss, both of "the office," handsome wedding presents. And not long after the marriage both the Ivers and the Iversons had invited the young pair to dinner, an honor not paid to many of the office force.

So Scott and Maryland were bound to them by a hundred ties; the glories, the trips, the country homes, the fashionable weddings of the Ivers and the Iversons were a part of their lives. They felt that they belonged to the firm and the firm to them.

But then, why were they afraid? They did not know. Old Ivers hated to let any employee go, much less a trusted one of eight years' standing. And Floyd Iverson was personally fond of Scott. But both men were rich, their word was law in the firm, and their ways and thoughts were not the ways and thoughts of their trooping hundreds of employees. Scott, almost a product of the firm, and a dozen other trusted clerks, had an actual reverence for the way they managed affairs, stood in a sort of superstitious awe of them.

Tonight he was unusually silent, unusually grave. He came to his dinner with a long sigh, attacked his soup absent mindedly.

But Maryland had a way with soups; she had made a knowing combination of what was left of the cream of tomato with what was left of the green pea. It was scalding hot and strewn with crisp croutons. Scott had a second plateful, finished the little tureen. His color began to come back.

"Mrs. Floyd Iverson was in today," he said then, after a long, relieved breath, as he relaxed in his chair. "She asked most particularly for you."

"She did?" Maryland said, smiling.

"And wants us—there!" Scott tumbled a crumpled letter on the cloth. "Wants us to lunch with them at the Beachways Club, some sort of special occasion, a week from Sunday."

"Scott Waterman!" Maryland was really pleased. "They've never asked us there before! Isn't that nice of them? Won't it be fun?" she said.

"Sure it will." But he had not warmed to it; he was holding something back. She eyed him expectantly. "Oh, yes! by the way," he said casually, doubling a bran muffin over a lump of butter, "they've given Phil Knox the mail order department."

Maryland was turned to stone. She moved only her brown eyes; they rested upon his.

"They have?" she said quietly, with a dry throat. And immediately she looked down, moving her fork slowly back and forward; he saw that her lips were trembling and that her eyes brimmed. There was a silence.

"Don't feel so badly, you little old sweetheart!" he said then tenderly, trying to laugh.

"Scott," she said thickly, imploringly, "they haven't!"

"Oh, yes they have!" he assured her lightly and philosophically. "You know we thought they would? Old C. P. made

it a point to stop beside my desk today, and he told me himself. He said that the directors had been watching Phil, and that the boy really seemed to have settled down, and that they all suggested it."

"Phil Knox—that kid!" Maryland said bitterly. Her face had flushed darkly. "Scott, it's not fair—" she pleaded. "C. P. himself promised it to you, when Babcock resigned. Don't you remember?"

"Yep, perfectly!" Scott said. "But that was before Bella got engaged to Knox."

"I hope he ruins the department!" Maryland exclaimed passionately after another pause, in which their eyes were riveted together.

"Well, he won't," Scott said with a rueful grin. "For of course I'm there, under him, to save him!"

Maryland flushed again; the thought was insufferable. Her splendid Scott, at thirty, working under this boy of twenty-five who had been but a matter of months with the firm! In silence she rose and carried the empty plate and the tureen to the kitchen, returning with Scott's chops and his stuffed potato and her own bubbling bowl of milk toast.

Breakfast sickened Maryland, in these days; luncheon was at best an experiment. But supper, of hot rice or hot milk or anything thin and simple and hot—hot—hot, was the reviving time. She lived all day for this blue bowl of comforting food at supper.

Her face dark, she began it in silence. Fury seethed in her soul. It was hard to go on quietly sipping with this tempest of rebellion within.

"Nothing you can do, Scotty?" she said, forcing her tone to patience, after a while.

"Nope. Kenyon spoke to me about it—the boys feel very badly. But there's nothing to be done. I was showing Phil the ropes all afternoon."

Oh, insufferable! Maryland narrowed her eyes to hide tears. "You couldn't go to old C. P. yourself?"

"No. Not very well. They're cutting down everywhere, you know. Everybody's nervous. It wouldn't do any good, and it might hurt me. My best bet is to stick behind Phil—Bella's got a barrel of money, he may not stick it out long. They'll decide to go to Europe or something—"

Maryland looked across at him, and the contrast between this younger woman's lot and her own, this younger man's lot and Scott's, was bitter in her mouth. Bella would be married in glory and excitement, Bella would decide to go abroad, just about the time that the Scott Watermans were painfully figuring out what hospital and nurse expenses would be.

There was probably a big dinner going on at the Iverses' this minute! Butlers were passing all sorts of wonderful food—

She was suddenly reminded of the invitation.

"So this is why we are asked to the Beachways Club!" she suggested scornfully.

"I suppose so," Scott admitted. "Doesn't it make you mad?"

Maryland studied the letter darkly.

"I won't go," she said flatly. "They shan't treat you like a dog and then have us dress up and smile and talk all a whole Sunday. I won't do it!"

"I'd rather not go," Scott said simply.

"Scotty," said Maryland after a pause, and out of a brown study, "Scotty, do you suppose the Iversons know how badly they're treating you? They've always been so nice—do you suppose they realize—"

"Well, I suppose when a business gets to be as big as ours," he conceded mildly as she paused, "it's hard to keep the personal element in view. Their main idea was to place Phil somewhere. But it knocks all my plans into a cocked hat. I hoped for that job, and then if the old man fell for my advertising idea I was going to ask him straight out what the prospect was of my some day buying my way into the firm—not this year perhaps, but if we work that royalty basis and you keep well I thought perhaps I could let the royalties pile up—"

"You ought to be in the firm some day, Scott!" his wife said warmly. "Think of it—you in Iverson and Ivers! Wouldn't your father be proud, and wouldn't my father be interested?"

"If Phil blows up and the old man drops out—he's eighty," mused Scott with shining eyes. "I don't see why not. Iverson began with a little crossroads store, you know, sixty-one years ago. Funnier things have happened."

Maryland had finished the milk toast and looked ten years younger than the woman who had welcomed Scott home an hour ago. Her cheeks blazed with brilliant color, her brown



"I'm as big a man as any of them. World's full of things I could do," said Scott. "And I'm free."

eyes shone, all her radiant vivacity and animation had come back.

"Scotty, you darling, I only mind this for you!" she said in her tender, motherly voice, laying her hand over his own. "But never mind, dearest, the Iversons had their bad days sixty years ago, and we're having ours now! It can't go on being so hard. And I don't really resent their being so rich," added Maryland, establishing herself in her husband's lap now and laying her soft cheek against his, "it's none of my business what they do—there's plenty left for us, and we'll have it some day! I'd rather have my own darling baby in my arms, and just old Ellen to cook for us, than all their servants," said Maryland. "This is bad luck, but the next'll be good, and meanwhile don't worry about my grumbling, Scotty, because this is really the wretchedest time! In a few weeks I'll feel gorgeous, and it'll be spring, and thank God there's no influenza now to complicate. But let's not go to their party at Beachways—that's a little *too* much. And if ever I see C. P.—I hope he'll get over what I say to him, that's all!"

Scott laughed luxuriously, unalarmed. For her voice was at

its pleasantest now, childishly severe, and between her pretty eyes was a stern little pucker that made her look like a cross baby. And she was young and sweet and fresh, and—despite worries and responsibilities—it was heavenly here in the little house, warm and alone, rested and fed, and with Maryland to talk to.

"Lord—Lord, I wouldn't change places with any one of 'em!" he said.

Maryland put the letter in her mirror rim, and for several days she was extremely scornful about it. Then the tide began to turn.

In the first place Phil Knox was very friendly with Scott, and although Scott was sore and resentful he could not but somewhat unbend. Then it appeared that Floyd Iverson was really anxious to have the Watermans come to his Sunday luncheon because Billy Brooks had turned up from somewhere and was also to be entertained on that day.

Billy Brooks was a man of fifty. He had been employed by Iverson and Ivers some eight years ago—had even owned some stock in the firm—and had known (Continued on page 138)

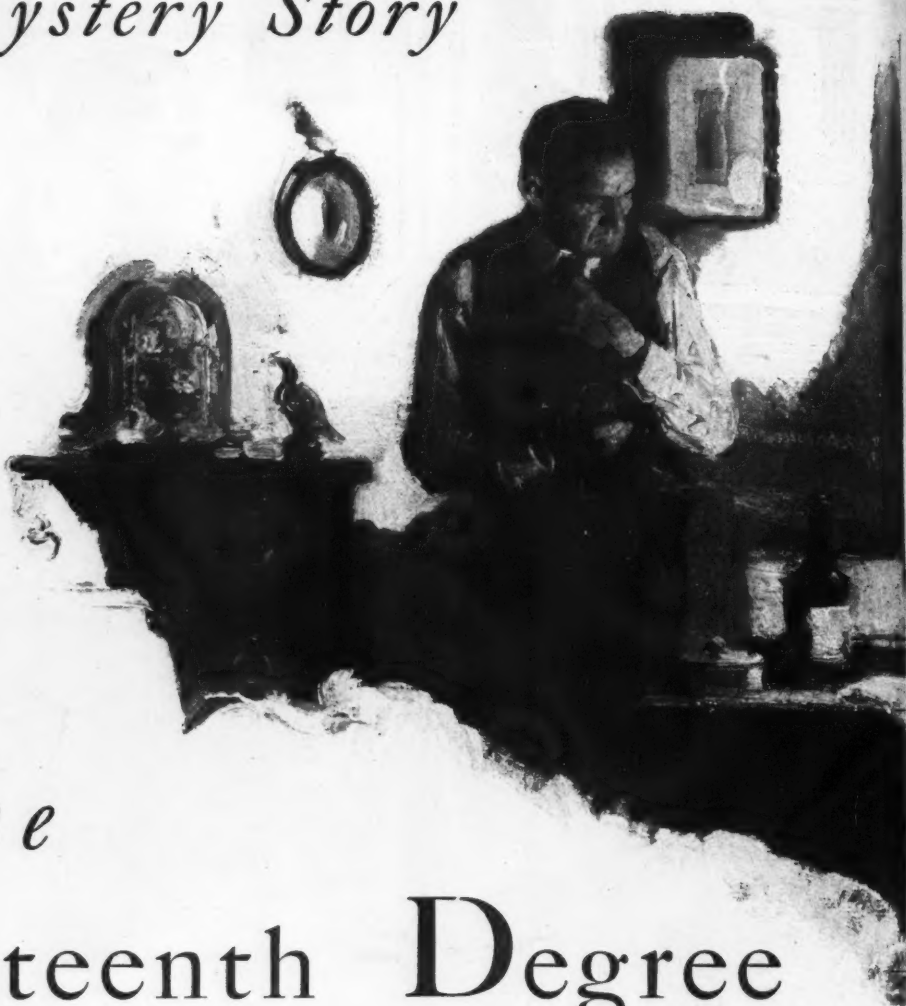
A Mystery Story

By

Irvin

S.

Cobb



The Thirteenth Degree

HERE the other day you may have seen by the morning paper that former Inspector Daniel P. Bryce was dead at his farm up in the Catskills. It was only a paragraph, though, that the paper gave him, giving his age and a scant chronology of his service in the police department and winding up the briefened obituary with the date of his retirement.

In the account you probably saw his official connection with the Caspar murder was disposed of in a couple of lines. But at the end of the week one of the Sunday editions followed up with one of those full page specials so beloved of Sunday specialists. There was a spread head and a heavy picture layout, and much emphasis was put upon the Nemesis which, it would seem, had pursued so many of those individuals who figured prominently in the Caspar affair.

Anyhow, the writer of the article professed to see in it the Dread Hand of Nemesis—which is his phrase, not mine. He set forth a whole sequence of fatalities; a sudden death or a tragic one for first this and then that actor in what had been a famous drama out of real life—the drowning of the woman in the case; the accidental poisoning of the chief attorney for the defense—some ptomaine in some canned lobster did for him; the foreman of the jury losing his life in an automobile smash-up; his honor, the trial judge, stricken by heart failure on the bench within the past year, and so forth and so on; and now, for a climax, ex-Inspector Bryce passing out while yet in the prime of life.

But in his mortality list he failed to include the name of Ben Ali Crisp, late city editor of the Daily Star, and this was an oversight which certainly should be corrected. Still, and after all, the bright young man of the Sunday staff was not so much to be blamed; his sin of omission was an unintentional sin, no doubt

of it. Even at the time—and the time is some fifteen years back of us now—probably not half a dozen persons knew of Crisp's part in the affair. The Star got glory for a beautiful beat; Bryce took a promotion. But Crisp garnered his rewards anonymously—in private satisfaction and a handsome bonus from his journalistic overlord. He was like boozy old Omar in at least one respect: just slip him the cash and he'd as lief let the credit go.

The Caspar murder story was one of those stories which are as jam and whipped cream to a city desk. It had mystery in it—and everything. It furthermore was unique in this respect, namely: that of the three individuals who fell under suspicion, each one of the three presumably had a motive for killing the man who was killed. Finally, there was the personality of the victim to be played up and made much of. It was a veiled and a sordid life that Watkins Caspar had lived, and his death, by its manner and in its setting, was of a pattern to match with the rest of his earthly material.

Briefly, these were the prior facts of the case: Before he reached middle age Watkins Caspar had made a tidy fortune out of Dr. Blue's Bitter Balsam, a proprietary pain killer. He owned it, name, trade mark and formula. It was a panacea, so advertised, and fine for whatever ailed you. It carried forty percent of alcohol in the blend, with a good strong dash of morphine and certain flavory essences to make the mixture bland to the taste. Those who tried one bottle usually returned for another, praising it as a remedy and for its invigorating and tonic properties. But a muckraking magazine went prying into the patent medicine field and put a crimp in its popularity; and shortly thereafter along came the Federal Pure Foods Act and practically ruined the market so far as this particular cure-all was concerned.



Illustrations by
Pruett Carter

Caspar and Melody had been drinking all evening and had fallen to quarreling.

Mr. Caspar took his and got out while the getting was good. As the saying is, he retired from active business on his earnings.

But the game must have got into his blood. He kept on playing it from under cover. Right on up to the end of his life, when he was in the sixties, he played it. He furnished the brains and the financial backing for a ring of verifiers of forbidden narcotics. They peddled the stuff—cocaine, hashish, heroin, opium, what not—among drug fiends, looking to him for their stock in trade. They took most of the risks and fifty percent of the profits. He, dealing with these retailers through a middleman or go-between, took none of the open risks and the remaining fifty percent. The go-between was a man named August Melody, who passed for Caspar's confidential secretary but who really was his man-of-all-chores—a sort of combination of butler, valet and associate in an unhallowed and despicable huckstering. This Melody was a drunkard and a thief.

Two persons other than Caspar, the master, and Melody, the underling, lived in the Caspar mansion. Let it be stated that it wasn't a mansion really—that was what the newspapers would have it—but a weather-beaten, monstrous bulk of frame, all jig saw cornices and wooden belfries and slate mansards, that dated

back to the dark ages of our native domestic architecture. It spraddled its weird and rambling contours under the neglected trees of a two acre plot in a part of the Bronx already threatened but not yet entirely beleaguered by a creeping invasion of model tenements. There was something pathetic, something almost wistful in its shabby state and utter homeliness, and yet its hooded dormers, with blinds that never opened, gave a sinister aspect, too—like a sloven mid-Victorian damsel wearing a highwayman's mask. It was precisely the sort of house any fiction writer would have picked on as fitting background and locale for a conventional detective yarn—a prison place for an abducted heiress, a hiding place for coiners or conspirators, the scene of some dark and unfathomable homicide. For once, fact was to live up to the conformed demands of story book fancy.

As just stated, two others had a home of sorts there. One of these was a woman who, for respectability's sake, called herself the housekeeper. Well, to her credit it should be said that she did do such housekeeping as was done for those who abode under this roof, also the cooking and the chamber work. She was a washed-out, dyed-in blonde of forty or thereabouts. In her day she had been a professional fortune teller, a self-ordained trance medium, a keeper of a furnished room house in the old Tenderloin. She spoke of herself as Madame Cabanne; her real name, it appeared, was Sarah Ann Morgan.

Caspar's nephew and his only known kinsman by blood was the fourth member of the household. This was one Jared Rusk, a man in his late thirties. He, however, was scarcely to be reckoned as a regular resident. He came and went. Operating

The Thirteenth Degree

on capital furnished by his uncle, he was a partner in a bucket shop down in Wall Street. Even by the flexible and generous ratings of his brother bucketeers he was of a most dubious repute.

This, then, was the confederated group of dwellers in the said establishment—a clutch of four bad eggs, as you might say, all in the one fouled nest. You'll understand, though, that the world generally neither knew nor cared what the past behaviors of the several individuals had been, nor what their present traffickings might be, until a thing occurred which thrust them out of a congenial obscurity into the broad sun-glare of publicity. That which occurred was the murder of the patron of the remaining three, Caspar; it was then that the police—and the reporters—dug out these historical details.

The act of the murder was discovered on a morning in September. A milkman coming soon after sunrise took note that the window sashes of a front room on the lower floor were raised and the shutters thrown back; also that behind the drawn curtains lights seemed to be burning. These small phenomena quickened his curiosity; he made so bold as to set his eye to a convenient peep hole where the curtains at one window failed to overlap. What he saw then sent him, with a face almost as white as his own milk, running to find a policeman—or somebody.

It was a policeman he found and the policeman climbed in through the window. It was a most untidy living room that he invaded, but the untidiest object in it was its late owner, clumped in a stiff ugly posture in an armchair, his legs spraddled, his arms dragging, and his shirt front a mess of dried red stains.

Someone, presumably someone who stalked him from the rear, had stabbed him in the throat with a dagger, a knife or a sword—anyway, with some slender sharp blade—so that, probably without struggling, he had bled to death where he sat. The weapon itself was nowhere about; the murderer must have withdrawn it from the wound

and carried it away. Apparently, robbery or intended robbery had been no part of the purpose. The dead man's wallet, containing a considerable sum of money, was in the dead man's pocket and seemingly nothing of value was missing from the room or from the house.

Madame Cabanne was asleep, or apparently asleep, in her room on the second floor. As regards Melody, there was no possible doubt that he slept when the policeman came to his door, his being the profound slumber of drunkenness. Both professed a complete ignorance of the murder. The woman said she had left Melody and Caspar in company when she retired shortly before eleven o'clock. They had been drinking together all evening but they had fallen to quarreling, she said, as she went upstairs. Melody admitted the drinking, and under pressure of cross-questioning, the quarrel. Dispute had arisen, he said, over certain money matters but he swore that when he quit his master, shortly after midnight, the latter was quite as usual except for the effects of liquor. Melody was tremulous and frightened; he broke into tears when confronted with the Madame's story of a violent dispute, and quite went to pieces on being told he would be held for further inquiry.

The woman, when she saw the body, had an attack of hysterics—or, rather, what those thought who watched her, eager for any betraying signs, was a creditable imitation of one. She turned defiant and abusive after they told her that she also would be kept in custody as one having in possession material facts.

Shortly after eight o'clock the nephew, Jared Rusk, reached the house. Detectives halted him as he entered the front gate. He had not been in the Bronx at all, he declared, since the afternoon previous. He had spent the evening at a theater and the rest of the night at bachelor apartments which he maintained in west Fortieth Street. Arising early, he had come by subway to the borough for some private papers which he left behind him after changing his outer garments the day before. The first he knew of his uncle's death was when the officers told him of it. This was his story and he stuck to it.

He stuck to it in the face of circumstances immediately transpiring. So, too, did the remaining pair of suspects maintain their respective positions, proclaiming their innocence in the face of more or less correlated developments. Very soon, then, the men of the detective bureau and the newspapermen working with them came smack up against a most extraordinary situation, to wit, as follows:

To begin with, there was no scrap of proof to support the theory that a thief, entering the late Mr. Caspar's house by stealth, had killed the late Mr. Caspar. By simple reasoning it therefore followed that the killing had been accomplished either by a person already in the house or by a person having access to it and familiar with its interior.



"Danny," said Crisp, "you said the third degree hasn't got you anywhere. Well, this will be the Third Degree Plus."



The woman, Madame Cabanne, used to be a fake spiritualist and give bogus *séances*.

Now, of such persons there were three and three only—the so-styled housekeeper, Madame Cabanne; the inebriate odd-jobsman, Melody; the dissolute nephew, Jared Rusk. Which one of these three, each of them with a more or less unsavory past, had plausibly a reason for desiring that Caspar be put out of the way?

That was the big question. The answer to it was that, each one of the three had a reason, which, from the standpoint of the investigators, was no proper answer at all. They had set out, aiming, through processes of deduction, to eliminate two of the suspects, which naturally would put the burden of presumptive guilt upon the third. And lo and behold! they found now that though there was no seeming collusion, nevertheless they could eliminate neither one nor yet two of them. They had to include the whole trio. There was a three way trail to follow and following it, by this route or that, merely brought you right back where you had started from. Like this:

First: Take Melody. He had been stealing from his employer for months past, perhaps for years past. In his stealings he

finally had been detected and had been faced with the proof of them. The early phases of the inquisition brought this out. That drunken quarrel of the evening before, to which the woman had testified and which Melody himself admitted—that had been an outgrowth of it. Under fire he owned up that Caspar, in a maudlin rage, had threatened him with prosecution. If Melody, himself already far gone in liquor and fearing prison, had stabbed Caspar to death as the other lolled in his chair helpless from drink, why, see, wasn't that exactly the sort of thing which a man of Melody's habits and nature might logically have been expected to do? Score a heavy mark against Melody.

Second: But there still was the woman to be reckoned with. The inquiry very soon showed that she had even more at stake than Melody had. Not ten days before his death, as shown by the date on the instrument, Caspar had made a will in her favor, leaving her practically all the worldly goods that he owned, which were considerable. He had not signed it, but she thought he had—thought so up until the moment when it was brought forth from a wall safe that was in the room where the murder

took place. Seeing it then, all properly done in the dead man's writing, but lacking his signature and the signatures of witnesses, she genuinely renewed her hysteria, using most shocking language under stress of a terrific disappointment. Set a black line opposite the name of Sarah Ann Morgan, alias Cabanne.

Third: The third bracket stands for Jared Rusk. He did not know until now that his uncle had been cajoled into drawing up a will by which he was disinherited. He figured himself the sole heir. At his uncle's death he had expectation of coming into sundry hundreds of thousands of dollars in realty and funds, and in stocks and bonds on hand.

Moreover, he was at this particular moment in acute want of money. While he and his partner had been cheating the gulls who patronized their deadfall of a bucket shop, he, not content with a trapper's half share, privily had been cheating his partner; and the partner had found it out and had demanded restitution and was undeniably in position to press the demand to the point of putting him back of a row of steel bars. Besides this, he had other needs and pressing ones—needs having to do with bad checks and the claims of a lady in a leg show.

Altogether, it would seem the wasteful and self-indulgent young Mr. Rusk had wound himself in a tight mesh of entanglements. For him, in this emergency, there had been but one conceivable way out and that way was by coming into immediate possession of the Caspar estate. In the equation let *X* represent the desperate and harassed nephew.

And there you were—at a standstill, with three separate individuals under scrutiny and under suspicion; three persons having three separate motives, three persons capable, any one of them, you would figure offhand, of doing the thing. And yet, as the issue stood, there was no skein of tangible evidence against any one of them—no footprints, no accusing finger marks, no bloodstains on garments or person, no nothing, really, that was definitely incriminating.

The papers went at the story—naturally. They spread-eagled it all over the front pages.

There were times when the Daily Star, being by policy a great one for crusades and investigations and reform campaigns, was on the outs with the Department. When in doubt, pound the cops—this axiom was matrixed into the editorial creed. Then again there were times when the paper and the police pulled together, amiable as seasoned yokemates. It so happened this was a season of truce between them, which same considerably



Jared Rusk was seeing something. With eyes popped and riveted, he was

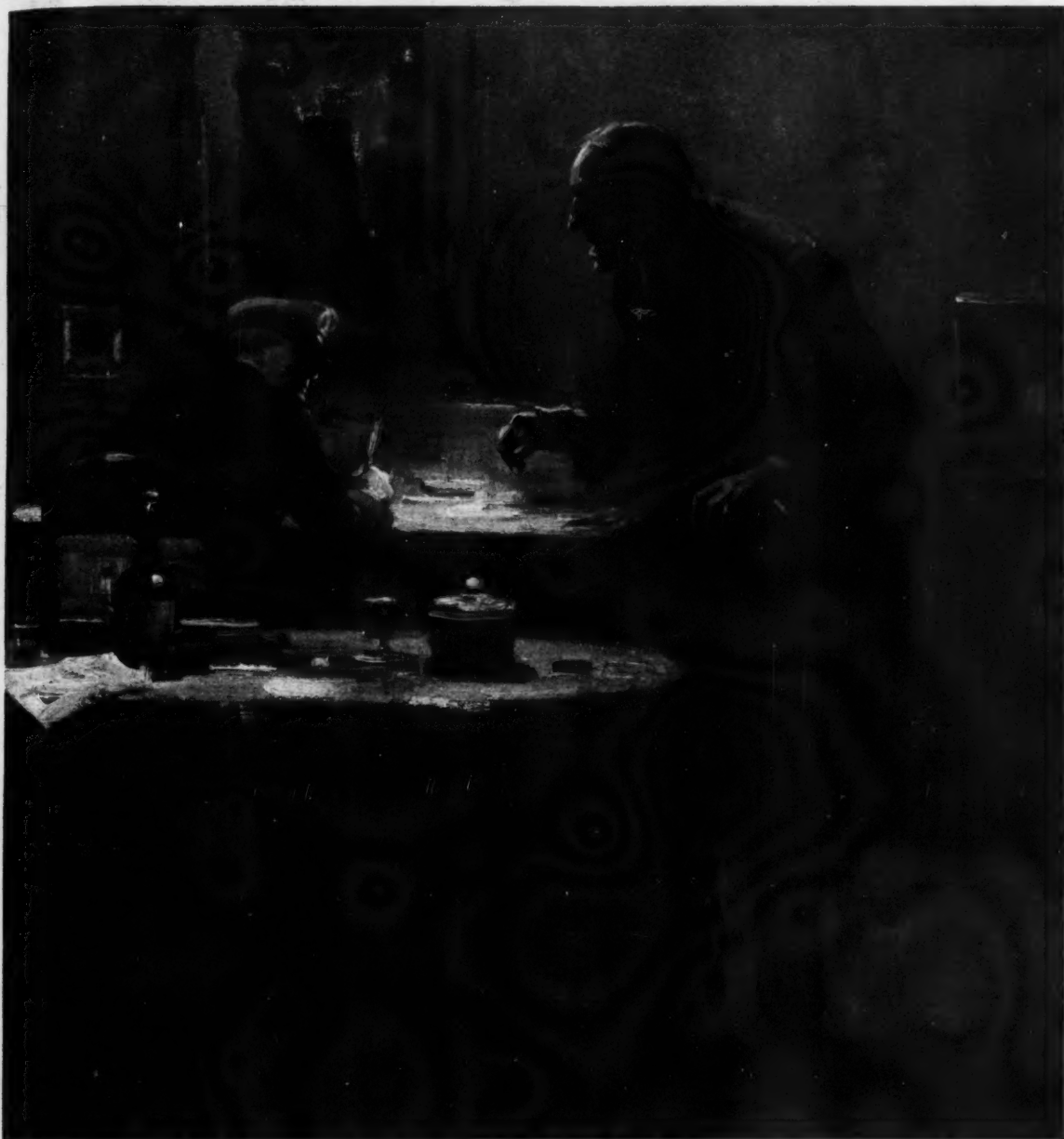
simplified things for Captain Bryce, at present in command of the Bronx detective bureau.

On an evening when the Caspar mystery, unsolved and seemingly impregnable, was turning the corner of its second week, Captain Bryce sat across the table from City Editor Crisp, of the Star, in a good little chop house under one of the Manhattan-side arches of the Brooklyn Bridge. Orders had been given; their double sirloin was on the fire.

In the ancient days of the old Intelligencer when Crisp had been its star reporter, Danny Bryce had been its spriest office boy. A good many office boys graduate into sport writers or circulation rustlers; but Danny, growing up a tall and handsome stripling, followed in the broad-flanged footsteps of his Irish-Scotch dad and joined the force and rose therein. He was the youngest captain in it. He had ambition to rise yet higher.

He sat now, fiddling with his plated tableware. Crisp, pronging a fork into the pickled beets, squinted a chill gray eye at sight of this finger play.

"Well, Danny," he said as the waiter passed on beyond earshot, "what seems to be weighing on your mind? Heiney



seeing something which it was not good for any human in normal case to see.

says that steak ought to be here inside of two minutes; that means we'll wait at least twenty. By the way, you look a bit jumpy."

"It's that damn Caspar case," said the younger man. "It's got me groggy for fair—I can't sleep. I'm working on it day and night and not getting anywheres. I need to get a new slant on it, just like I'm telling you when I calls you up this afternoon asking you as a special favor will you meet me here at Mallory's for a bite and a talk after you're through at the shop. I need help—need it bad, and that's the holy truth."

"What makes you think I can be of any help?" asked Crisp, reaching for the rye bread.

"You? Think I'm ever going to forget the times you're setting this man's town on fire covering police under old Pop Stein, and I'm a runny nose kid hustling copy for you and tagging you every chance, trying to pick up pointers from seeing you work?" The boy worship of his youth was revived in Bryce's tone. "Think I don't remember that night when you turns up with the kid-napped Starbuck baby after the cops have all fallen down on their foolish faces? Think I don't know that if you hadn't went and sewed yourself to a city desk you could give any professional

detective in this country cards and spades and then go out on him? Well, I do—and knowing it, I'm asking you, for old times' sake, to lend me a hand in this case if you can."

If this evidence of a sincere admiration coddled Crisp's vanity he chose not to betray it.

"Never mind the old times' stuff," he said, ignoring the flattery. "We'll put it on a plain business basis. It would mean a lot to you, wouldn't it, to find out who killed Caspar? Well, it would mean something to the Star to pull off a nice juicy beat. I don't mind telling you this story appeals to me. I've been wishing all the week that I was on the outside again, covering the assignment. I think I know what angle I'd take."

"What'd that be?" In his eagerness Bryce snapped the question.

"Never mind that now—I want to get your reactions. Looking at it from your end, how does it stand?"

"Right where it did two days after Caspar gets bumped off. We're holding three parties. I pull the regular routine on 'em—arraign 'em on short affidavits. None of 'em give bond and so I've got 'em under my eye right from (Continued on page 112)



PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS MURRAY

Introducing among American authors
HAUTE TARKINGTON JAMESON
sister of Booth Tarkington and a
proof that writing runs in
the Tarkington blood



The Last Witch

Which Tells a Dramatic Episode of Salem in 1683

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

[*Writ by ELIZABETH BALDWIN*
[*London Town, June 16, 1682*

THERE be strange and divers religions and controversies abroad, the which seem far from us, and in no wise should I wish to be a part thereof. "The fanatiques" is how they are mouthed about, meaning Pilgrims or Puritans. Coming tonight, I met one, Lord Hastings, who did impart to me, to my grief and chagrin, the grave news that Lady Isabella is outfitting a boat wherein to sail to the New World to practice there amazing religions.

"It is the talk of the time," quoth he, "that with her she will convey her niece, the toast of the town, the lovely Mary Newton but lately come into her heritage."

Lord Hastings, very scoffing, told me of Sir John Tyndale, who did talk high of the fanatiques as ever he did in his life. He finds that he and this company are the true spirits of the nation—and the greater part of the nation, too—who will have liberty of conscience in spite of this "Act of Uniformity," or

they will die. "If they may not," saith Sir John to me, "preach abroad, they will preach in their own house."

In the next room one was playing very finely on the dulcimer, another sang; there was much merriment. Lord Hastings stood overlong on leaving. He did seem to hint such a question, "Know you aught of Lady Isabella, this most racking gossip, or of this adventure?" He said this most discreetly, and though quite against his judgment, he did add the name of Mary Newton, and he did so denounce the non-conformists and separatists as fanatiques, and with fine flattery to me as the companion piece to Mary Newton, protesting that I, Elizabeth Baldwin, were fairer, and he did ring all the bells of folly for my persuasion, as if I were in secret communication with this mad conception of duty. So was I then in a longing mind of going to see Mary Newton on the instant, but the following day came she herself in coach and four, with all the new furbelows and jewels from France, a goodly and worldly sight, and like to excite envy and covetousness.



So absorbed were the multitude only when the smoke of the faggots curled slowly did they hear a bugle

My cousin, Mary Newton, with tenderness and dignity did announce her intention to cross the seas with the Lady Isabella to the New World to worship in freedom and abide by the teachings of the Pilgrims. With tears and entreaties I did beseech her to think on the joy of life, renounced by her; to consider the perils and dangers to one so young and beauteous.

Alas! Unmoved was she by my sorrow, and to reconcile me to our separation she promised to set down daily some account of her life in the wilderness.

"By so doing, dear Elizabeth," saith she, "you will be with me to share the hopes and fears which may beset me. You will know all the happenings, and if I fare ill, let it be a secret between us, and you will protect and guard my memory."

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[Writ by MARY NEWTON,
Salem, May 5, 1683]

THAT the reading may sometime testify for me, by the advice of several worthy persons and many who are anxious for my well being—among whom is my cousin, Elizabeth Baldwin—I will set down daily some of the happenings to me in my life in the wilderness and send what I have writ, as chance offers, to my Cousin Elizabeth. My loneliness in this manner will albeit be comforted and she will seem a part of each day, united in thought and prayers by me.

[Salem, July 7, 1683]

TO ELIZABETH:

I think of you in the smooth symmetry of events, of your well ordered life, and I am the tempted one—tempted of a thousand



blow thrice. A shouting and tramping of horses was, and a great cloud of dust rose from over the hill.

winds, each blowing across the wide ocean. "Come back from the wilderness," they call to me. "Come back to ivied towers, to fragrant gardens where roses bloom, where beauty lives, wanton and unrepressed."

But I turn away; I close my ears to vagrant suggestion, and pray for grace and submission to the law and rule of the new church. I am tormented by an ever lashing conscience: Am I following the straight and narrow path preordained for the Pilgrims? Shall I be one of the elect to raise the banner of righteousness in the New World? Have I, in reality, a frivolous tendency toward gaiety? Doubts beset me by night and peer at me from the dark places of my soul.

Then—oh! then, I fear I may weaken; and I wish that I had not followed my aunt, the revered and pious and lovely Lady Isabella, on her mission to this new and strange world. The

historians will, no doubt, write of her, "She left an earthly paradise in the family of Earldom to encounter the terrors of the wilderness for a pure worship in the house of God, but in a few months left that wilderness for the Heavenly Paradise." Such, indeed, is already the Reverend Sidney Brown's tribute to her, written by him to her brother, the Earl of Lincoln.

Elizabeth, you have a tinge of worldliness when you ask me what it is all about and why should we not remain at home and worship, conforming to the rites and regulations of the church, since Heaven may be obtained by fasting and prayer under whatever sky.

I think of you, dear Elizabeth, now, in the long twilight, smiling, mayhap twining jasmine in your hair, gathering flowers unmolested. A terrible longing has possession of me to take

passage on the good ship *Fortune*. She is soon to be in our harbor—but only four nights—and then weigh anchor for home. I have days of longing and nights when all is dark. I fear I have not enough of piety, not enough of the spirit of adventure—which in itself is of great assistance to piety—coming into this new country, this wilderness. My brother Walter is endowed with an imagination that makes every cabin a palace. The red men are his friends; his only foe is the unknown land, which he desires to conquer.

He goes forth, armed with an ax and a compass, a hymn on his lips and a prayer in his heart; he discovers hidden springs of water; builds roads; and inspires hope in his followers. He is ever being sent by the Governor on long journeys to plan where towns shall be and to devise such matters with other dreamers. His goings leave me alone, and though I am unafraid, yet the great trees cast daunting shadows on moonlighted nights, the wind knocks on the cabin door, and the noises of the night conspire against my spirit.

Lately, since Lady Isabella's death, I have sought refuge from myself and my lonely dreams. I leave our cabin to be under the protection of Elder Winslow and Mistress Winslow. Sometimes people, dear Elizabeth, but contribute to one's loneliness. Tonight even prayer seems to rise no higher than the smoke of the camp fires of the new-come settlers. The smoke tries to reach up to the stars, but rises feebly as the embers fall, and the stars shine on, knowing naught of what troubles us so far, far down here below them.

Dear and good cousin, you do not believe that the flesh and the Devil are at work to destroy the soul of a maid if she pause to look at the sun rising from the sea. The sun, in its joy of finding the earth, safe overnight, having left us to the insecure light of the stars, repentant, mayhap, pours its treasure of golden light over the earth.

But such notions are the wanderings of an idle mind, Elder Winslow would say, and unfit my calling. I will pray to be more like Mistress Winslow, or Humility Cravens, but to you I may say foolish things. You did well warn me I was not the stuff to make a martyr or a saint; that one must have a very genius for martyrdom, and I think you spake wisely.

When my brother said he would embark on the good ship *Isabella*, outfitted by my aunt, the Lady *Isabella*, in her zeal for the Pilgrims, and when she herself determined to go into the new world and said she had need of me, then, ah, my dear, I prayed for wisdom, I listened to the voice of duty and conscience, and I came. Now I am finding how to be of service, and with the littlest aptitude for nursing, I am taking care of the sick. Doctor Warren, a chirurgeon of some note in the world, obeyed the call to come into the wilderness and teaches me the use of fair medicines. He has a right merry humor, being one who has not forgotten how to smile, and at times I go to his cabin, set apart for his experiments in medicines. When trouble lies heavy on me, I go to him for help and one of those smiles, which I know I will find in Heaven, if Heaven be truly, as they say, a happy place.

Doctor Warren comforts me upon the harshness of the church; he insists that strong and stern foundation must be builded on a rock. He says that religion is not just a warding-off of fire in the next world; it is meant to be a source of joy, a refuge and a belief in the eternal life, with a knowledge of the sovereignty of the Eternal Will.

This same Doctor Warren has taught me some cunning in the use of such herbs as he gathers and distills and he insists that I could even administer medicines. The distilling of sweet waters from violets and lavender for the use of the sick is another of my accomplishments; and I might be a skillful nurse under the chirurgeon's direction, when he takes me with him to visit the sick. My liking was never for spinning or weaving, knitting or cooking, although I must do my part in all of this; but I love better to be of direct use to those who are fainting in heart or body. And there are beautiful days when the sun shines and I find I have a gift I never knew except in the wilderness: The birds come to my call. I whistle in the forest and they answer; they call out a welcome to me. They will fly to me as I quietly gather the herbs, moving so slowly that nothing could fear me. Doctor Warren says merrily that I cast a charm, and that is why the birds come.

I am happier since I am learning to be of service, and in my heart I know that service leads to happiness, the kind of happiness that has little to do with place or circumstance but is a part of the treasure laid up in Heaven, a state of mind. And yet—and yet I remember in every song of bird or blushing tree

of spring a lost moment and a neglected explanation. There was a rose garden, moonlight, and Merry England. I wore a white embroidered muslin, lately come from France, brought to me by the Lady *Isabella*. And there came Sir John Tyndale in great bravery of velvet and fine silks.

He came into the garden where I was to beg me for a rose, and I could not forbear, but gave him one, which he put to his lips saying, "With this rose I plight thee my troth," and he did beseech me to say those words with him that I listened and did repeat the words as he desired. With that he knelt, kissing my hand, and did say various praises of my hair, my eyes, my singing, and did greatly beseech me. But it may have been, dear cousin, the madness of midsummer—a rose garden, a silvery moon, someone singing in the great room beyond the terrace. Then Lord Alfred Hastings, a gentleman not liked by me, came into the garden, and seeing us pretended to withdraw, but did not so. He stood observing us, hid from Sir John's vision, but seen by me. Sir John responded to my quick desire to return to the drawing room where Lady *Isabella* was with her guests and thither came Hastings smiling, with a triumphant look, wearing a red rose—one purloined by him from the garland I had left on the bench in the garden. Sir John, taking his farewell of Lady *Isabella*, saw the rose (who could help it—worn so jauntily?). He looked at me strangely then, and Hastings bowed before me, taking my hand for a dance as the fiddlers set up a strain. Sir John vanished, but his strange look, as of one greatly hurt, will stay with me forever. But oh, my dear Elizabeth, how could he believe that on that night I could give my favor so lightly? If he believe that of me, how may I trust him?

I saw Sir John once again, at Court. He bowed low when, as misfortune would have it, I passed by with Lord Hastings. In truth Sir John took a step forward, held out a protesting hand. How was I to know that land and sea—perhaps eternity—would separate us before I saw that look again? And as I went from Court in the coach with Lady *Isabella*, she told me that she had suffered a grievous disappointment. Sir John Tyndale, on whom she had so put great faith, had told her that it was well-nigh impossible for him to journey to the New World. The King had promised him fifty thousand acres and a goodly number of men, so she told me, for the founding of a new colony, but events would detain Sir John, who was now to be sent on an embassy to France, possibly sailing for the New World a year later. It was after my aunt had told me this that she did entreat me to go with her to America. So I came.

If you know aught of Sir John, I pray you tell me, and if I should again see that look of tenderness, of forgiveness, as he looked at me that last night I saw him, I would know that I had died and gone to Heaven.

The good ship *Fortune* sails tonight, bearing what I have set down to you, Cousin Elizabeth.

[July 23, 1683]

I BLUSH in my sleep that I wrote of past vanities instead of the seriousness of life. I rebel at the belief of the Elders that levity is sin and joy or gaiety a quality of the Devil—and yet, much of roguery is done in thy name, O Gaiety! Governor Bradstreet's nephew has come to town. He is a sincere and solemn youth. He comes to this house and sits and sits. He seems to be educating me; he talks of the saints and martyrs and infant damnation, in which he devoutly believes. Henry came upon me reading Shakespeare, and what appeared upon his countenance seemed to discover me in a murder. He made report of me forthwith to the Elders. I would have been fined, aye, and imprisoned, had my brother not taken the crime of bringing the book into the house, testifying that it was but a maid's curiosity that led me to open it. The book was burned in the square and my brother Walter publicly chidden. It is my belief that Henry Bradstreet is "courting" me, as they say here, and endeavoring to make me worthy of his great name.

Henry has lately builded a house on the outskirts of Salem, which denotes a looking toward housekeeping on Henry's part. Many of the maidens greatly appreciate Henry and his possessions, and look askance at me. I may have earned the dislike of Humility Cravens, unwittingly, through Henry's visits to me. Humility, no doubt, thinks of Henry's orchards planted by Mr. William Blackmore, and of his house and garden. Henry himself is an honest, sturdy specimen of yeomanry, and of fine deportment. Humility discovered me, one evening in June, wearing a white muslin frock, white slippers and hair curled, capless, with Henry sitting in the chimney corner, as (Continued on page 168)



I find I have a gift I never knew except in the wilderness. The birds come to my call. I whistle in the forest and they answer; they call out a welcome to me. Doctor Warren says merrily that I cast a charm and that is why the birds come.

The BOWERY—

By O. O. McINTYRE



Chuck Conners

THE BOWERY is no more!

The picturesque midrib of New York's East Side squalor has flung off tattered garments. Instead of shiny serge, there is now the faint rustle of silk.

Windows once crammed with pawn pledges are spilling with roses. Blue Nose Murphy's swing door saloon is labeled "Silberstein—the Florist."

Where once the bung-starter spoke with authority, the Bowery now "says it with flowers."

McGuirk's Suicide Hall, whither soiled ladies crept to quaff the hemlock, is a

spick-and-span electrical shop. Next door at the old Kelly Garden, John Callahan is angling for lost souls at his rescue mission.

Gone are the iniquitous cesspools, "The Flea Bag," "The Alligator," "Nigger Mike's" and "The Doctor's"—where one beer was served with two straws and "third rail" whisky was a nickel a shot with a back room "flop" thrown in.

The scrofulous façades of other myriad bazaars that specialized in "knock-out drops" and ten dollar murders are bright with new paint—their vices swallowed in respectability.

The Bowery may not wear silk hat and spike-tail coat but it has discarded cap and sweater. Bells that guided uncertain steps to pawnshop doors are stilled.

The Bowery purse is mirrored in the Bowery Savings Bank—one of the strongest financial institutions in the world.

In its new dress the Bowery has not entirely lost its shades and colorings. It remains the dark, brooding, sunless street—one of the widest in Manhattan.

Fat wives of shopkeepers sit in dingy doorways and the human lees still eddy there as hopelessly forlorn as the midnight shriek of the elevated high above the roof tops.

Yet the bread line's surge of misery in every block has vanished. "Dummy chuckers" are no longer throwing their fake fits in front of Beefsteak John's.

The one-cent coffee houses are white tiled cafeterias. The bedraggled old women who screamed their imprecations on passers-by have disappeared.

Gum chewing girls in plaid skirts, faded blouses and rakish tams exist only in Bowery fiction. Broadway modistes have branches along the Bowery.

The secondhand book stalls flaunt Tolstoi and Ibsen along with yellow-back thrillers. The public libraries of the Bowery are more generously patronized than those in uptown New York.

Once sailors flocked to the Bowery to have hearts and anchors etched on manly chests and brawny arms. Now they go to the "De-tattooing Parlors," on the same street, to have them removed.

The urge of beauty is keen. Indeed, Slip McGuffin's old stuss house has become a ladies' coiffure parlor in the strange Bowery metamorphosis.



Fire escapes are not filled with balloon bedding and flapping wet wash in the early morning. The strange loaded silence that hung over the gray street has been replaced by the sharp jangle of commerce.

All the old Bowery characters who tinged poverty with romance have ascended the starry trail. What characters they were! No other city has produced their like.

Doc Shuffield in high hat and boiled shirt—a fellow of a Royal Surgical Society—does not minister gratuitously to the Bowery sick. He died in a snowdrift struggling to reach a patient.

Chuck Conners with his bowler derby and pearl buttoned short jacket—a self-appointed Mayor, philosopher and intimate of the great. And his "skoit" Nellie, the best "spieler" in the dance halls.

Chinatown Gertie who cast her miserable lot among the Chinese and emerged from the foul causeways "a white lily" whose oratory drew sin-stained wrecks to the mourners' bench.



I'll Never Go There Any More

Illustrations by
Albert Levering

Gold Tooth Fannie who once lived on the Avenue and fed the poor at dawn from a banjo-torched cart.

The Sullivans—Big and Little Tim! Owen Kildare, the Bowery poet. Spike O'Day who pawned his peg leg each morning and retrieved it at night with a beggar's spoils.

Jew Dave Kelly, a fiery little despot who licked cops and spent his earnings feeding friendless cats. Margolly Nickerson—the Bowery dude, remittance man and Oxford scholar.

Sophie the Scrubwoman whose life-sized painting now hangs in a Doyers Street Mission. Blind Toots the singer of Chatham Square. Stubby Tolliver the Bowery hackman. Salvation Annie!

All are gone!

Merchants now park limousines at the curb of their Bowery shops. From Chatham Square, where the Bowery begins, to Cooper Square, where it ends, there is not a "reliever shop" left. In these cellar hutches the outcast changed his shoes for those a little more worn and received in the bargain the price of a drink.

The dim-lit one flight up hotels have flashy electric signs and offices with mosaic floors. Their signs no longer read "For Men Only" but "For Gentlemen Only."

Ghastly museums that stressed the horror of social ills while Van Dyked medical charlatans—French-American doctors, Berlin specialists—awaited trembling victims upstairs, have been swept away.

The famous guinea pig store near Broome Street is now a London Dog Shop and sells the chow and fashionable borzoi. Signs of interior decorators greet the eye on all sides.

A lone penny arcade and shooting gallery is dying of inanition, a survivor among scores of other days.

Hogan's Roost in Bleecker Street where uptown beggars drifted for the night has become a printing house for Bible tracts.

The breath of reform has also spread to Chinatown, whose narrow, winding streets sprawl precipitously off a hip of Chatham Square.

The old Chinese theater is a house of Christian worship. Lantern-hung buses continue to carry visiting lodgemen and school teachers to see Chinatown wickedness, while a ballyhoo barks of the shuddering terrors.

But the Chinatown horror is only imagined—the pale young man in the opium bunk is a mere illustration of cosmetic artifice and he languidly puffs Virginia leaf instead of the dreadful poppy. During the day he is a gay soda jerker on Park Row.

White wives of Chinese no longer peer from latticed windows at a forbidden world. Slipped myrmidons of Opium Kings do

not flit ghostlike in the shadowy catacombs underneath the sidewalk nor do frail young girls huckster their souls in a Hell's market place.

The ancient joss house is a "yokel yanker"—a prop setting to lure coins from tourists. The real Chinatown long since moved to suburban Jersey hide-aways.

Chinese merchants have their Chamber of Commerce and settle differences with silk-voiced diplomacy instead of tong wars. Gunmen have taken their "gats" to Harlem and the Bronx.

Big Jack Zelig, Louis the Lump, Foggy Bernstein and a score of others have died, as they lived, by the gun. To the new Chinatown they are not even memories. "Ganging the Cop" is a lost art.

The thieves' "fences" have moved to Avenue A. Nothing indeed is left that is remindful of the days when the Bowery was a hell-roaring street, ruled by the might of fists.

When the booze joints dried up, the Bowery bloomed with Danish pastry shops, bonbon parlors and soft drink stands.

The Bowery's "new front" is due solely to Prohibition. The disintegration began with the passing of the Volstead law.

With the coming of the debacle, the attempted Boweryization of Broadway began. The army of "grifters" bivouacked northward with their dime museums, snake charming parlors and catch-penny devices.

But the invasion withered up in a puff of scorn. A street that had bubbled with champagne foam was not ready to welcome beer-buying invaders from Steve Brodie's stamping ground. The tarnished "Fly-trap" could not compete with the mirrored elegance of a tea dansant.

When the Bowery started to move the soul of it died. It had completed its cycle and is now returning to its pristine simplicity. It is going back to the days of flagstone walks and flowery dells whence it derived its name.

At an old chemist's shop in the very heart of the thoroughfare, the aged proprietor shook his head.

"We don't keep leeches for black eyes these days," he said. The Bowery, indeed, is no more.



By the Woman Who Wrote "The Sheik"



The DESERT

A Résumé of Parts One to Four:

IN ALGERIA and the near-by Sahara occurs the drama of the following lives:

SIR GERVAS CAREW, followed the old call of the desert when the young wife he worshiped left him, abandoning her dying infant son. A somber, mysterious figure, hating and despising women, he found something of peace among the Arabs, whom he served tirelessly as a desert healer, his closest companions a native servant, Hosein, and a blind desert waif, Saba. But the old wounds of memory are suddenly opened, and Carew, who thought himself done with women, is thrust into a terrific emotional turmoil when one night he rescues from

ABDUL EL DHIB—who is an outcast Arab and who later is killed attempting to take Carew's life—the beautiful and wistful

MARNY GERADINE. As for Marny, she too for the first time knows the meaning of love when this silent and chivalrous man, whom at first she thinks an Arab, because of his native garb, comes into her life. Twice again fate brings them together, each time intensifying the attraction between them, and making more bitter Marny's own problem; for she is the wife of

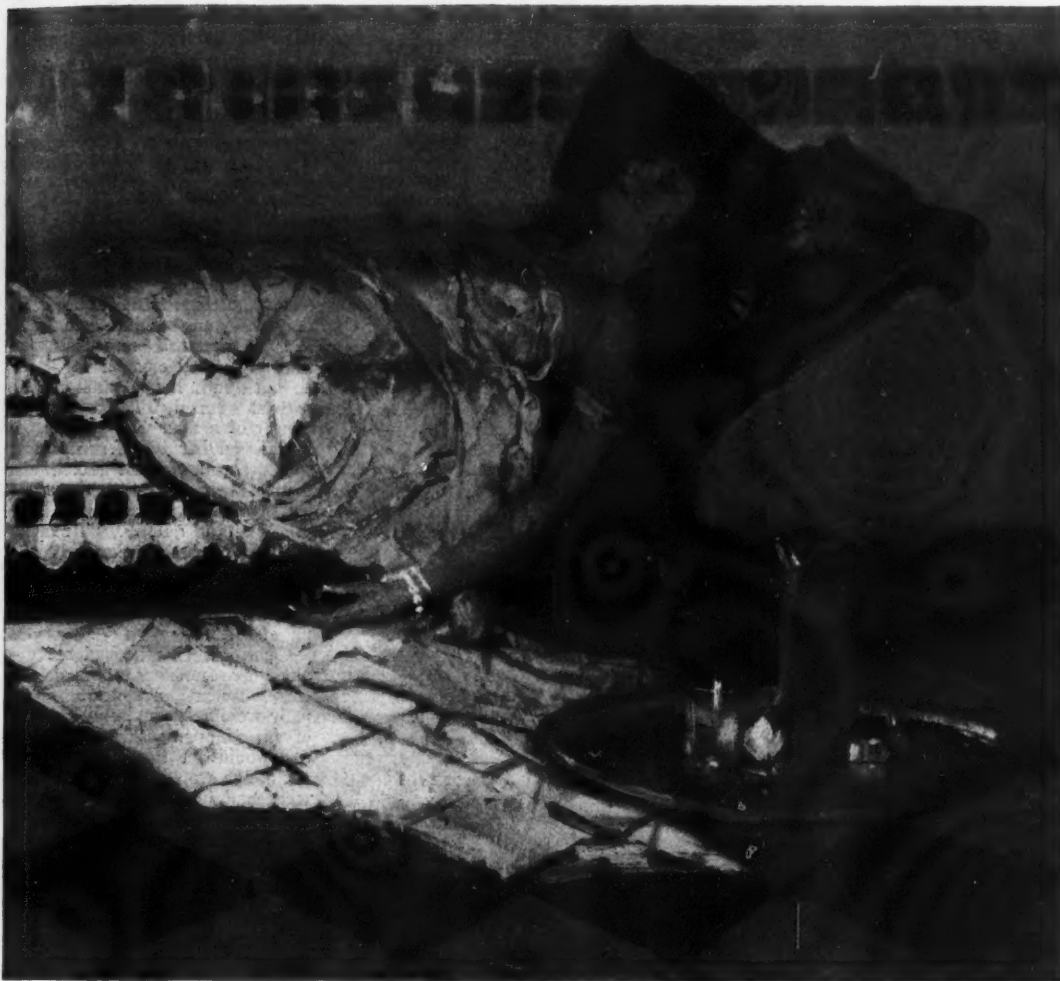
SIR CLYDE GERADINE, the most brutal debauchee in Algiers, and her life with him has been torment since he practically bought her from her dissolute brother five years before. Carew instinctively hates Geradine, whom he had nevertheless rescued one day in a desert sandstorm; and this feeling is not lessened when Geradine treats him with patronizing boorishness on the night of the ball at the palace of

THE GOVERNOR OF ALGIERS, for whom Carew has performed on occasion certain delicate missions among the Arabs. Geradine leaving for a drink, Carew takes Marny—who is dizzy and sick, having that evening been struck by her husband—to a quiet spot away from the throng, where, looking down at her, he sees that her face is convulsed by a sudden spasm of pain.

Part Five: CHAPTER VIII

CAREW was still inwardly raging at the incident of a few minutes ago, still seething with the strange hatred that had laid so strong a hold upon him—a hatred that, aggravated by Geradine's discourteous and overbearing manner, seemed tonight to have reached its culminant pitch. It was with difficulty that he had controlled himself

E^{dith} M^{audie} HULL'S *Romance of the Sahara*



THE HEALER

Illustrations by
Dean Cornwell

just now in the ballroom. But something had restrained him, something more impellent even than his desire to avoid a collision that could only have ended in a public fracas—that had risen up within him at the sight of the girl's strained face. And as he looked at her now with his black brows drawn together in a heavy scowl he was still wondering at the impulse that had come to him to shield her, still trying vainly to understand his own motive in bringing her here. What had prompted him? Was it anger or pleasure or only pity he felt as he stared again at the little drooping figure? A curious expression crept into his somber eyes. What a child she looked—what a weary, white faced child!

"You ought to be at home and in bed," he said, almost roughly. "Can I get you anything—champagne or a cup of coffee?"

She glanced up with a tart.

"No, please, it's nothing. Only a headache," she stammered. "I don't know what's the matter with me tonight," she added with a shaky laugh. "I'm not given to headaches. I'm as strong as a horse, really." But as she uttered her valiant little boast her voice broke and she looked away, twisting her gloves nervously between her hands. He could see that she was struggling with herself but he made no attempt to forestall the explanation he guessed was coming, and waited, still standing, for

her to speak. She turned at last, her troubled gaze not reaching his face but lingering on the picturesque details of his Arab dress.

"Sir Gervas—I'm sorry—that stupid blunder——" she faltered. Then suddenly her eyes met his and words came tumbling out in breathless haste. "But you were with him that night in the desert, you let him think you were an Arab. He couldn't possibly know you were English, that you could understand——"

"Do you think I mind being taken for an Arab?" he interrupted, pulling his heavy cloak closer round him and sitting down beside her. "It was a perfectly natural mistake and not worth a moment's consideration; certainly not worth the value of a pair of gloves," he added with a faint smile. And reaching out he drew them deliberately from between her twitching fingers. His voice was extraordinarily gentle but there was in it an underlying note of finality that made further apology impossible, and with a little sigh she relapsed into silence.

For a time she watched him smoothing the creases from the crumpled gloves, wondering at his unexpected presence.

"I didn't think you would be here tonight," she said at length. "You don't really like—this sort of thing, do you?" she added, with a vague movement of her hand towards the distant ballroom.

"Loathe it," he answered promptly, moving slightly to face



The woman broke off her song with a flip-pant remark and turned to face Carew.

her and settling his long limbs more comfortably into the corner of the sofa. "But I make a point of coming to this particular function if I happen to be in Algiers. I meet old friends."

"Desert friends?"

He nodded assent to the eager question.

"Is that why you wear Arab dress?"

"Partly," he shrugged. "They would hardly know me in European clothes. But principally because I prefer it."

"As you prefer to speak Arabic or French, rather than English?" she hazarded.

"I have scarcely spoken English for twelve years," he said shortly. Then as if to cover the slight piece of personal information he had let slip he added: "There is no longer any need for you to restrict your rides, Lady Geradine. The woods are safe enough now."

She turned to him swiftly. "What do you mean?" she said with sudden breathlessness. And as she listened to his bald, unvarnished account of the end of Abdul el Dhib the color that had risen to her face died out of it, leaving her white to the lips. She was shivering when he finished, her hands clenching and unclenching in her lap.

"And it was because of me—because of what you did for me that night," she burst out passionately. "Oh, I never thought, I never guessed the risk you were taking! And you knew all the time! It was he you meant when you warned me not to ride alone. Oh, if he had killed you, it would have been my fault! And I—I—"

She pulled herself up sharply, aghast at the sound of her own voice, at the confession that had been almost wrung from her. A wave of burning color suffused her face, and tingling with shame she averted it hastily, veiling her eyes with the thick, dark lashes that swept downward to her cheek—but not before he had

seen the look that flashed into them, a look that sent the blood racing madly through his veins and made his heart leap with sudden violence. For a moment he sat rigid, stunned with self-realization, the hands that were clasped around his knee tightening slowly until the knuckles shone white through the tanned skin. With a tremendous effort he mastered himself. "Nobody's fault but my own, I'm afraid," he said with forced lightness. "I knew the man I was dealing with. I have good friends in Algiers who gave me warnings in plenty, and because I chose to ignore them what happened was due to my own carelessness."

"It still doesn't lessen my obligation," she said in a stifled voice.

But his quiet tone, his imperturbable manner, were fast restoring her own self-possession. Indifferent himself, why should he guess the true cause of her agitation? Perhaps what had seemed so blatant to her had escaped him, and he had seen in her outburst only a natural womanly distress for the danger of a man who had risked his life on her behalf. And the formal courtesy of his next words further reassured her.

"There was never any obligation," he said quietly. "I merely did what anybody else would have done under the circumstances." And abruptly he changed the conversation to the recent race meeting at Biskra.

Convinced that he had not divined her secret, her feeling of self-consciousness and restraint gradually wore away and only the joy of his companionship remained. She would get from it what she could, she would live for the moment and its transient happiness and leave to the future the misery and loneliness that was going to be so much harder to bear than it had ever been. Enough that she was with him and that she loved him, loved him as she had never thought it possible to love. A love that should be her secret strength in the bitter years to come.

Silence fell between them again.

Content to wait until he should choose to speak, she sat very still beside him, watching him covertly as he leaned back with his hands clasped behind his head, his half shut eyes staring straight before him as if he saw more than the ferns and fairy lights at which he was looking. Tonight his face seemed graver, sterner than she had ever seen it. A tragic face it appeared to her, a face that bore the deep cut marks of sorrow and disappointment. And she wondered, with a dull pain in her heart, what had been the tragedy that had driven him to the solitary wilds of the desert. She knew nothing of his history—his name and the nature of his work amongst the Arabs were all that Mrs. Chalmers had confided—and she had no means of ever knowing.

A being apart, a type that had been a revelation, he would pass out of her life abruptly as he had come into it, to forget her in the greater interest of his chosen vocation. In the pitiless years that stretched so barrenly ahead she would have only a memory to cling to, a memory that would be at once her consolation and her pain. Into the tender, brooding eyes fixed on him there came a look of mingled pride and anguish. He would never know, thank God he would never know! But if he had cared, if she had brought sorrow to him—her lips quivered, and she began with fumbling haste to draw on the long gloves he had laid on the sofa between them.

"Oughtn't we to be going back to the other room?"

He turned his head slowly.

"There's plenty of time," he said lazily. "They are still dancing."

"But your desert friends—"

"—can wait," he said succinctly.

Dreading the noisy ballroom, too tired and too utterly indifferent at the moment to care if she were outraging the proprieties, Marny did not press the matter. The quiet conservatory,

the restfulness and courage she seemed to derive from the mere presence of the man beside her, were giving her strength to meet the ordeal that still lay before her, the ugly scene that invariably terminated Geradine's so-called nights of amusement. She thrust the thought from her and turned again to Carew.

But before she could speak the peaceful little winter garden was invaded. Not a dancing couple seeking for a solitary spot in which to continue a flirtation begun in the ballroom but two men who, deeming the place empty, did not trouble to modulate their voices as they took possession of a wicker seat a few feet away from the fern-hidden sofa.

"And this *soi-disant* countess—this copper-haired goddess you are raving about—" The words were uttered in fluent French but with a rough Slavonic accent.

"*Soi-disant!* I have it from her own lips," interrupted an indignant voice that Carew recognized as belonging to Patrice Lemaire.

"Possibly," was the caustic rejoinder, "but not necessarily correct for all that. An Austrian, you say, from Vienna? The wife of a Count Sach who held a court appointment, and who abused her infamously—and now, since his death, a lady of independent means who travels through Europe trying to forget her unhappy past?"

"That is what I said. Do you doubt it?"

"Your word, no. But the lady's—yes."

"Why?"

"You forget, my friend, that I am also of Vienna. I have no recollection of a Count Sach who held a court appointment, or of the lady who styles herself Countess Sach. And she is no more Austrian than you are, Lemaire. From her accent I should judge her to be English."

"English? Bah! She doesn't speak a word of the language."

"She was speaking it very fluently half an hour ago with the *grand Anglais* who is drinking himself tipsy in the buffet."

"With Geradine—that *beast!* *Bon Dieu*, she said the very sight of him revolted her!"

"She will probably find the contents of his pocketbook less revolting, my credulous young friend. *Une femme de mœurs légères*, or I'm very much mistaken."

And listening to the cynical laugh that followed Marny wondered bitterly what more of shame and humiliation was yet in store for her. At the first mention of her husband she had been startled into a quick, involuntary movement but a strong arm had held her back in her seat and cool, steady fingers had closed warningly over her ice-cold hands. Wrestling with her own misery, she was scarcely conscious of Lemaire's furious protest or of the stormy altercation that ensued, and when at last the sound of the men's angry voices died away as they took their dispute elsewhere it was some time before she realized that her hands still lay in Carew's firm grasp.

She disengaged them silently. There was nothing to say,



Hardly conscious of what he did, Carew lifted the pitiful figure of Marny in his arms and carried her away.

nothing that either of them could say. They had overheard what was not intended for them to hear. And the Austrian's insinuations were very likely true. Geradine had spoken more than once of the beautiful Viennese who had recently dawned on Algiers society with no introductions but with an audacity of manner that had served her amply instead. That his acquaintance had probably developed into a more intimate relationship was no matter for surprise to the wife who was fully aware of his flagrant infidelities. It was only one more insult added to the many indignities he had put upon her, one more humiliation to bear—and ignore.

But if she was to retain any kind of hold over herself she must end at once the brief companionship that had given her so much happiness. The proximity of the man beside her, the sense of his unspoken sympathy, the sudden realization of the sensuous appeal of her surroundings with their dim obscurity and intoxicating odor of languorous scented flowers, was filling her with an overwhelming fear of herself. She dared not stay with him, dared not give way to the emotion which, growing momentarily greater, seemed to be robbing her of all strength. The exalted feeling that before had made her glad that only she should suffer was weakening in the natural human longing for the love that would never be hers. If she could but tell him, could feel if only for once the clasp of his arms around her, the touch of his lips on hers! She shivered. What was she thinking—what shameless thing had she become? And trembling with the very madness of her own wild thoughts she rose quickly to her feet, her face coldly set, her voice tuned to level indifference.

"I am quite rested now, Sir Gervas. Shall we go back to the ballroom?" Moving away as she spoke, she gave him no option but to follow her, and an incoming stream of people put a period to anything but trivial speech between them.

He did not go back to the public rooms and the end of the evening found him sitting in the Governor's study with Sanois and a few of the more Gallicized chiefs. And for some time after the sheiks had retired he lingered chatting with the General, delaying as long as possible the moment when he must face alone the shattering self-understanding that had come to him.

The chiming of a deep toned clock warned him at length of the lateness of the hour. There were still a few guests wandering about the hall waiting for carriages that were delayed, and a harassed attaché seized upon Carew to beg a lift for an elderly Frenchman who was forlornly contemplating a weary walk back to his hotel at Mustapha.

Only when he had dropped his talkative companion was Carew able to give full sway to his own thoughts, and when he reached the villa he walked up the flagged path too absorbed to notice the shafts of light filtering through the closed jealousies of the big front room which, though kept in scrupulous orderliness, had never been used since his mother's death.

He passed into the Moresque hall and was moving slowly in the direction of his own rooms when Hosein, emerging from a shadowy corner, glided forward to intercept him. "The *lalla*," he murmured hesitatingly, his hands sweeping upward to his forehead in a quick salaam.

His master faced him swiftly.

"The *lalla*—" he repeated sharply.

The big Arab nodded.

"The *lalla* who awaits my lord," he said softly.

For a moment Carew's heart seemed to stand still and under the deep tan his face went suddenly white. She had come to him—God in Heaven, she had come to him! Hosein's tall figure was wavering curiously before him as he forced a question in a voice he did not recognize for his own.

"Where?"

"In the salon, lord," replied Hosein and gave way with another deep salaam. And the whispering swish-swish of his robes had died away before Carew moved.

"In the salon." He started violently. She had come to him—and he—his face was rigid as he went towards the painted door.

It yielded to his touch and swung to noiselessly behind him, too noiselessly to be heard by her who, at the farther end of the room, was standing before the portrait from which she had stripped the curtains that had veiled it for so many years. She was humming a little song, a frankly indecent song of the boulevards, her copper-crowned head thrown back, her gleaming shoulders twitching from time to time with a petulant movement of impatience.

And behind her, leaning against the portière in which his hands were clenched, Carew stood as if turned to stone, staring, staring—not at the slender girlish form he had hoped and yet dreaded to see, but at the tall, sinuously graceful figure of the

woman who had been his wife. His wife—that brazen thing of shame, half naked in a dress whose audacity revolted him! Fool, fool to have thought his own mad longing possible! To have thought that *she*—

He wrenched his thoughts from her. And the other? Why had he not guessed, why had nothing warned him when he sat listening in the little winter garden to the angry protests of Patrice Lemaire and the caustic comments of the Austrian who "was also of Vienna"? And yet, how could he have known, how imagine that she could ever come into his life again? And why had she come? Between them was an unbridgeable gulf—and the memory of a tiny, fragile child abandoned with callous indifference. A rush of cold rage filled him and with blazing eyes he swept across the room.

His soft booted feet made no sound on the thick rugs and still unconscious of his presence the woman broke off her song with a yawn and a flippant remark addressed to the portrait, and turned to find him at her elbow.

For what seemed an eternity they stared at each other, her eyes but little below the level of his; then she turned away with an odd little strangled sound that might have been either a sob or a laugh.

"Why are you here?"

His deep voice was hard as steel and she raised her head slowly and looked at him, a look in which there was latent admiration, wonder and an underlying suggestion of cunning curiously blended.

"I saw you at the ball. They told me you were going back to the desert. I had to come," she faltered.

"Why?" His face was devoid of all expression as he flung the single word at her.

With a lithe, almost feline movement of her graceful body that was undisguisedly alluring, she swayed nearer, her eyes all languorous appeal, her hands outstretched towards him.

"I came because I could not stay away," she whispered, her voice a subtle caress, "because—because—oh, Gervas, can't you understand? I had to come—because—I—love you, because I have always loved you—in spite of what I did. And I didn't know what I was doing—I didn't think, I didn't realize; he swept me off my feet. And then when it was too late—too late"—her arms were round his neck, her palpitating limbs pressed close to his—"can you guess what I suffered, can you guess what my life has been? Gervas, you loved me once; for the sake of that love forgive me now, forgive—"

Throughout her amazing declaration he had stood like a rock, his face averted. But as her voice died away in a trembling whisper he turned his head quickly, too quickly for the comfort of the woman who clung to him with passionate fervidness, for in the eyes that drooped almost instantly under his searching gaze he read not the love and contrition her words implied but a look of hard, eager cupidity. The look of a gambler who watches a last and desperate throw.

Though his heart was dead to her, almost he had pitied her, almost he had believed her. She had played her part with a skill and eloquence that, but for that last fatal slip, had almost convinced him. But self-convicted she stood for what she was, a consummate mistress of deceit—a liar as she had always been. To how many others had she made that same glib appeal? To how many others had she tendered the charms she so lavishly displayed? The hateful thought leaped unbidden to his mind as he looked at her with a kind of horror, fastidiously conscious of the deterioration that was so apparent in her. With a shudder he unclasped her fingers and put her from him.

"I could have forgiven you—anything," he said slowly, "but the child"—his voice broke despite him and a look of bitter pain convulsed his face—"the child you left to die alone—and you knew he was dying—"

"It's a lie!" she cried shrilly. "I didn't know."

He raised his hand with a gesture that silenced her.

"It is the truth," he said with accusing sternness. "Do you think there was nobody to tell me? The doctor, the nurses, everybody but you, my mother, knew that he couldn't live. And you left him. My God, you left him!"

She flung him a glance of furious anger. "You always cared for him more than me," she sneered, and for a moment she braved him audaciously with heaving bosom and quivering lips. Then she flinched under his steady eyes and shrinking from him flung herself face downwards on a sofa and broke into a storm of tears.

Heartsick and shaken by the scene he had gone through, he crossed to a window and stood staring unseeing out into the night, striving to solve the problem of the woman who lay



"Oh, Gervas," Marny cried, "have pity! Take me away! If I see him again I shall go mad!"

sobbing on the sofa behind him. What did she want that she had come to him like any common courtesan, seeking by purely physical enticement to regain the old ascendancy she had had over him? There seemed only one possible solution. And yet, remembering the liberal settlement he had made on her, he wondered how even that was possible. With a deep sigh he

at last pulled himself together and went slowly back to her. "Why did you come to me tonight, Olive?"

At the sound of his voice she sat up, shivering as though the room were cold.

"I told you," she said sullenly.

He made a gesture of impatience.



Maddened with the thought of her suffering, Carew wielded the heavy whip, still

"Don't tell me any lies!" he said wearily. "You never cared for me, you don't care for me now. Tell me the truth. For only the truth will help either of us tonight. Why did you come?"

For a second her eyes met his; then she looked away. "Because I'm at the end of my tether—because I'm broke," she said with a reckless laugh that made him wince.

"And the money I settled on you?" he said slowly, hating the necessity that forced him to speak of it.

"Gone—long since. Did you think that I could live on that?" she flashed contemptuously.

With an effort he restrained himself. What use to point out to her that what she regarded as a pittance would have kept an ordinary family in luxury?



wet with her blood, till Geradine's moans grew fainter and finally died away.

"Then what you want is money—just money?" he said, his voice as contemptuous as her own.

"I must live," she retorted.

"And how have you lived?" he said heavily.

The color rose to her face. "What is that to you?" she muttered.

"Nothing—in one sense. If I am to finance you again—

everything," he said curtly. "But I must have details. Without them I will do nothing." He paused for a minute, fighting his abhorrence of the whole situation. "You call yourself the Countess Sach. It is not the name of the man for whom you left me. Is he dead?"

"I don't know—I left him," she answered, very low.

"Why?"

(Continued on page 146)



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FRANK R. ADAMS

is the sort of man that writes successful plays [like "The Time, the Place and the Girl"], successful songs [like "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"] and successful short stories [see almost any COSMOPOLITAN], and who prefers to live in a little Michigan town and raise dogs and run a movie theater and take long camping trips across the desert to California just to be free and outdoors

*PESSIMIST: One who has
never read a story by*

FRANK R. ADAMS

who now presents

Super- People

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

BEVERLY BINGHAM allowed Horace Amboy Smith to kiss her. That was kiss number two in her life.

No, Beverly was not a babe in arms as you suspect. She was twenty-one or twenty-two and aging rapidly, judging from the rate of speed at which she lived.

She did everything—rode, drove, cooked, flew, smoked, swam, danced, rolled 'em, swore occasionally, took a cocktail when needed, flirted, golfed, tennised, skated, sailed—oh everything! It just happened that she had mid-Victrolan ideas about being kissed by a man. You know how it is. Everybody has his limits; a stock-broker stops at second story work, a pick-pocket hesitates at murder and even an I.W.W. probably has some boundary which he will not go beyond unless especially irritated.

Switch back to Beverly Bingham's second kiss—number one was administered, awkwardly, back in high school days by a lad who was just learning osculation himself. Considering how long she had deferred the stimulus Beverly found the caress rather uninspiring. Was that all there was to it? Why did Horace appear to want to do it again? Well, they were engaged; she supposed she'd have to let him. Perhaps her appetite would increase with practice.

Finally she stopped him. A conversational interlude seemed to be in order.

"Now tell me," she suggested, "about the women you have loved before."

"I never have," Horace replied.

Beverly looked at him suspiciously. Did he think that was a funny line? No. Horace meant it.

"Don't be afraid, Horace," she encouraged. "I was not asking in order to lay up evidence against you. I was merely seeking entertainment and perhaps instruction. Speak right out whether it's the truth or not. What are the interesting facts in your life that are concealed from the public but which the partner of your joys and income taxes ought to know in order not to be surprised no matter who comes to call? Recount your adventures."

Horace looked at her half doubtfully. "Nothing ever happened to me," he confessed. "I volunteered for service during

the war but all I did was drill cavalry in Texas. It was not very exciting."

Beverly agreed that he was probably right. She felt sure, though, that he was concealing something from her, but she was a patient person and could wait. Win his confidence first and get him started once; then, doubtless, he would be a fund of incident and a reservoir of anecdote. For the present Beverly herself could supply the conversational stimulant that elevates a "petting party" from a mere sexercise of the emotions into the realm of adult intellectual entertainment.

—one of the most tantalizing feminine complexes in your entire course of study. Yes, indeed.



Because things had always happened to Beverly. Her life had been so crowded with incident, adventure and even melodrama that she was as full of plots as Scheherazade. She had been a stormy petrel in the midst of whirling world litter from the time she was born in Yung Ching during the beginning of the Boxer uprising in China, through the San Francisco earthquake at six years of age, through two shipwrecks, a hotel fire in New York, a race riot in Alabama, a hold-up in Wyoming and many other minor complications, including the time she was kidnaped, drugged, married and rescued before she regained consciousness when she was spending the winter in Paris. (If she was kissed that time she did not know it so it doesn't count.)

None of it showed on her face. Beverly Bingham was a placid blonde who looked sixteen physically and really much more unsophisticated than that if you compared her face with that of the average high school siren of the "jazzplus" period. There was only one thing that was wicked about Beverly's entire physiognomy—that was the look out of the corner of her eye when she was making up a few facts to entertain you; then the contradictory expression on her face made you realize that you had met up with one of the most tantalizing feminine complexes in your entire course of study. Yes, indeed. And no matter if you were the owner of several of the higher postgraduate degrees.

She was quite small, too, with thin legs that helped to carry out the illusion of youth. That mature swelling at the calf never appeared on Beverly's shin. In fact she was rather boyishly built from neck to ankle—brassières and corsets had never cost her a cent. Her skin wasn't masculine, though. Not so you could notice it. Soft cream colored rose leaves it was that never tanned or freckled or did anything that ladies have to put mud on themselves to remedy.

If the description seems to fit Mary Pickford it isn't intentional. Besides, Mary is older than Beverly even if she doesn't look it. No, this story is about a girl unknown to fame—as yet—and from the way things look now she always will be.

She hadn't really intended to get married at all but Horace Amboy Smith had appeared so overwhelmingly desirable to the other feminine inhabitants of the city of Charlotteville, Pennsylvania, that Beverly had given him an inspection to find out what gave him his kick and in the process thereof had become overpowered by the sheer masculine force of the man and had succumbed to his proposal. There was a lot of him, six feet plus, and all of it sound and good looking; he danced like a feather out of a goose's bosom; and he was making more money than his father had and in the same business. Life was cinched so far as Horace was concerned. Beverly was the ultimate jewel on his escutcheon.

Before giving up hope of drawing him out Beverly pricked him with one more question. "Who, Horace dear," she asked, "is your worst enemy? Tell me so I can help you to put an occasional tack in his garage."

Horace thought. "I don't believe I have any real enemies." "But surely," Beverly insisted politely, "somewhere in all this world there must be someone—somewhere—who hates you—er—your digestive tract—and who won't be entirely happy until the violets are blossoming vigorously on your own personal cemetery lot."

Horace shuddered. "To think that anyone hated me like that would make life a hell."

"On the contrary I should think it would make life distinctly interesting," Beverly appraised him carefully as she said it. She was glad he was shocked. At least that was something. You couldn't plan on living all your life with a man who didn't react to anything you did or said no matter how bizarre.

II

THEY embraced a few more times and parted until that evening. Beverly had a number of things to attend to and Horace Amboy was not loathe to have a chance to tell somebody of the good fortune which had befallen him.

One of the first to hear about it was Hubbard Kirk, the unpopular dramatic critic of the Charlotteville Times and occasional contributor to the standard fiction magazines. For some reason or other Horace and Hubbard were friends—probably because they were so different.

Hubbard received the news sourly. "Am I supposed to up and kiss you to show my glee?" he demanded when Horace suggested that a little enthusiasm would be appreciated.

"Well, don't you think I'm a lucky fellow, Squash?"

"Don't call me Squash. I don't mind much but it shows such

lack of imagination on your part. If I must be nicknamed let it be 'Hub' or 'Bard' or something fairly dignified. Who is this girl?"

"Her name is Beverly Bingham. Do you know her?"

"No, but the alliterative monniker is vaguely familiar. I suppose I've seen it in the society section of the news sheet. But you know what a rotten memory I've got for names. It's all I can do to recall yours and I see you nearly every day. What's she like?"

"Like an angel."

"I can visualize her perfectly then. Tall, commanding, cold, white feathers, sport model portable gold harp and—am I wrong? I see clouds of disapproval gathering upon your manly brow."

"This is no joke."

"I should say not—not if you have gone as far as an engagement. But perhaps we can get you out of it even yet. I suppose that is your real reason for coming to me. Now, I'm busy all day today but about tomorrow I'll agree to devote thirty minutes to thinking up a way for you to retract, in a gentlemanly manner, of course, some of the passionate statements to which you have doubtless committed yourself. Just at present my editorial boss wants me to cover an amateur matinee given by the Ladies' Something or Other to raise money to put flowers on the soldiers' graves on Decoration Day. Sweet assignment—what? You can come along if you like."

"No thanks, I've got to go around to the office and tear off a little work."

"Business as usual," Hubbard Kirk murmured after the retreating back of his friend. "Praise to thee, Allah, that it isn't me—no, isn't I—shucks, Allah, let it go at 'me'—it sounds better between friends. Well, I wish him luck. And you, too, Miss Whatever-your-name-is. I've forgotten."

Hubbard Kirk raised an imaginary beaker of wine on high and quaffed it at a single draft in honor of the happy couple, afterwards wiping his mustache—also imaginary—with great gusto.

"What vintage is that stuff, Bill?" he asked of the white-coated heavy-set wraith who had served him. "Ninety-six, eh? Send two barrels of it over to the house this afternoon."

III

THE matinee was well attended. The lady press committee which had thought up the stupendous idea of inducing the managing editor of the Times to send his real, honest-to-goodness critic to cover the effort thought very highly of itself and greeted Hubbard Kirk rather effusively, and triumphantly escorted him to a box where they sat with him.

Hubbard Kirk never chose a box when he had anything to say about the selection of location himself. He never took anyone to the theater with him and never conversed with his neighbors.

By the time he had listened to the committee for an entire act he was all tied up inside into tight knots of nerves that were all set to let go and break something.

It was certainly a great idea on the part of the chairman of the committee to insist that he address the audience between the acts.

Hubbard Kirk had to do it because he was so conspicuously seated that his attempts to evade the honor attracted giggling attention.

"Ladies and—er—ladies," he said from the stage after looking vainly for another man in the audience, "I never say what is expected of me. Anyone who does might as well bow and be seated without taking up time with articulation."

"Therefore, instead of comparing this performance favorably with the work of Sothern and Marlowe, which would involve a more violent lie than I am accustomed to employing in my business, I will take up the time while the carpenters are repairing the damage done by the actors during the first skirmish by talking on a subject about which we all know nothing and can therefore discuss on even terms."

For the first time that afternoon all the ladies gave their undivided attention to the stage. Their interest had been diverted from their own affairs at last. It looked as if somebody were going to get hurt and they wanted to see the victims carried out.

"My text is taken from the program of this performance. Your program speaks of 'The Unforgotten Dead.' I say 'Let's forget 'em!'"

First blood—a gasp of shocked dissension.

Kirk smiled. Trampling on sentiment was one of his favorite diversions.



CHARLES S. MITCHELL

"Now tell me," Beverly suggested, "about the women you have loved before." "I never have," said Horace.

"Forget 'em!" he repeated. "They have forgotten you and moved on, we hope, to better things. We have a better thing to do ourselves than to shed expensive remembrance on the graves of dead soldiers. What is that better thing, you ask? Of course I had the answer ready before I suggested the question. It is 'Forget the dead, but for Heaven's sake remember the living.'"

Kirk cast a practiced eye over the theater, filled from pit to dome with fluttering femininity. "I don't know what you paid to come in here because I was admitted on a pass but even if it was only a dollar apiece it amounts all told to a couple of thousand dollars which you have spent for entertainment which does not entertain, to which most of you have not even paid attention.



"Get in," invited Beverly. "and I'll drive you wherever you're going. That is, if you're not afraid."

And the money will be spent on flowers for soldiers who would have scorned them, living, and who don't give a damn about them now that they're dead. And meanwhile two thousand live soldiers out at the Soldiers' Home on the outskirts of our city are starving. Not for food—they get enough of that—but they don't get any of the real essentials of life. You know what I mean by essentials of life—a few of them are entertainment, the companionship of women and the exhilaration which was technically eliminated by Mr. Volstead, all grouped succinctly by the poet under the heading 'Wine, Woman and Song.'

"You, the two thousand of you, could have conveniently forgotten the boys up there in the cemetery—they would never have known the difference—and have chosen the five hundred most attractive of your number, armed them with your own or your husbands' pocket flasks, two thousand dollars' worth of phonographs, orchestras, good cigars, cigarettes, candy, cake and ice cream, and sent them out there on a vamping party. I don't know what the result would be but I'll venture to prophesy that it would be worth mentioning in the papers.

"During the recent alleged war a good many of you sacrificed everything for our soldiers. It has been estimated that the women who fell outnumbered the men two to one. Our men were not so interesting then as they are now. Then they were callow youths fresh from the farm and factory. Now they are citizens of the world, they have traveled, have had adventures. And it would take less to make them supremely and unexpectedly happy than it did when you so freely offered your maidenly charms upon the—"

"Treason!"

Hubbard Kirk stumbled over the interruption and tried to see the lady who had thrown the verbal bomb. He even took off his glasses in order to get rid of the glare from the house lights, but he could not locate her.

"I wondered how long it would be before I would be stopped by the voice of convention."

"My name isn't convention, mister," came the same voice protestingly. "Nor is it Legion, American or Foreign. I just wanted to stop you before you ran out of things to say."

"Do you think that crisis was imminent?"

"Yes. I'm afraid that you've passed it. The high point in your speech was where you said you didn't know what you were talking about. I don't believe I have ever seen you out at the Soldiers' Home."

"Do you go there yourself?"

"Yes, sir—once every week—sometimes oftener if it rains."

"You mean if it doesn't rain, don't you?"

"No, I mean if it does rain. You've no idea how difficult it is to be an old soldier on rainy days."

A titter of amusement increasing to a gale of laughter interrupted whatever remark Kirk may have had nearly ready as a reply. At first he thought it was a belated appreciation of something he had said, but a slight twitching at his trouser leg caused him to look down and perceive a black cat clawing at his shin.

"Just a moment, ladies—another of your number has something to say."

He reached down and picked up the animal. Around its neck was a red ribbon tied on a card.

Kirk read it, first to himself and then out loud.

"Dear Sir: We've only rented the theater until six o'clock. Will you be any longer than that? Signed, 'The Actors.'"

Kirk considered a moment. "Cat," he said finally, "go back to the self-deceived egotists who sent you and tell them that I can take a hint. The stage is theirs. Ladies of the audience, including the Bolshevik, I thank you."

The applause which Kirk heard as he went out may have been caused by the raising of the curtain on the second act of the comedy. He never knew because he managed to find the stage door and make his escape to the street. If his luck was good and no one saw him who had authority to bring him back under arrest he was never going to know how that particular play came out.

IV

"I saw your friend, Mr. Kirk at the benefit matinee this afternoon," Beverly told her fiancé that evening.

"Is that so? Squash isn't much to look at but he's a good scout at heart."

"He impressed me as being one of the super-people."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, super-people are most everything that the rest of us are not. They don't care what people think, they say out loud what they think themselves and in general get into a disturbance even if they have to create it out of nothing. Columbus was one, so was Alexander—all men who found the known world a little too small or too crowded and started out to fix it. There haven't been many women in that class. Catherine de Medici, perhaps, was one. A super-person is one who hates ruts and would rather have one good interesting enemy than a dozen friends."

"Who introduced Squash to you?"

"No one. I haven't met him yet."

"You must meet him."

"Oh, I expect to!"

"Good. I'll bring him around."

"Never mind. I'll run into him some rainy day."

V

THAT did not tally in the least with Hubbard Kirk's own expectations. He had no idea of visiting the Soldiers' Home at any time, much less during a rainstorm.

It just happened that the very next time there was a misty drizzle he had very little to do in the office and he ran out of cigarettes and his pipe needed cleaning and there was no book or magazine that he particularly wanted to look over.

Therefore his subconscious mind sorted over the shelves and began handing down interesting items for inspection.

"How about that woman who baited you at the benefit matinee the other day?" suggested the subconscious mind, which had thought about her a good deal in an irritated way ever since she had first scratched him.

"Oh, her!" Kirk acknowledged scornfully. "She's probably some smart Alec matron about forty-two, both as to age and chest measure, who minds everybody's business but her own."

"She seemed clever," reminded the s. m.

"So do lots of 'em, but they aren't."

"Hadh't you better find out? She might be young and attractive and everything."

"No such luck."

"Why not find out?"

"How, I ask you?"

"Humph! You know as well as I do. She goes to the Soldiers' Home on rainy days."

"Well?"

"It's raining today."

Kirk finally lost the argument and took a taxi out to the Home. He spent the entire afternoon there making the old soldiers grouchy than they would have been ordinarily.

Because he was the only visitor. Another one did drive by the door as he was getting out of his taxi, but upon observing him she steered her roadster right on past with a grin and went home.

There would be other rainy days.

VI

KIRK swore he would never, never go out to the Soldiers' Home again. That woman had deceived him, had told him an out-and-out flagrant falsehood.

But the next time it rained he grew restless. She did have a pleasant voice even if she was impudent. Perhaps she had been sick the first rainy day—or there had been a death in the family or something. He found a hundred excuses for the

absence of his irritator. He couldn't help wondering if she were out there now.

He wondered about it for an hour.

Then he went to see.

The veterans were pretty peevish. Aside from the fact that rain increased the voltage of each and every case of rheumatism in the institution and awakened reminiscent twinges in long-healed wounds there were two new, novel and original causes for complaint.

One of these was the fact that the government was issuing O. D. clothing instead of the traditional blue.

"I never reckoned Uncle Sam would want to make me look like a dodgasted nincompoop!" raged Elihu Fiblebender, the oldest relic of the Civil War group and consequently something of an autocrat. He held out a pair of sand-hued trousers at arm's length. They had just come into his unenthusiastic possession. "I fought the Rebs in blue and by God I want to be buried in my fighting clothes! Khaki may have been all right in the skirmishin' that was done in Europe but for the kind



"The high point in your speech," said the girl in the audience, "was where you said you didn't know what you were talking about."

of fightin' we fit in the Wilderness you can't beat Union blue. A man was proud to die in that color."

The only reason there wasn't an argument then and there was because there were no Great War veterans present to overhear the statements belittling their campaigns by comparison with the battles of 'sixty-one. There were only a few of Pershing's men in the home anyway and they were all gathered in the south wing, which had received a new group of inmates just that morning.

That new group was the second irritation under the saddle blankets of the old-timers. They were all men who had been so badly burned by German mustard gas that their lungs were not much good any more and never would be. They had been discharged from the hospitals, not as cured, but as incurable. They had a certain short span of their lives yet to live and they had to be fed, clothed and sheltered until—well, until.

General Grant's followers felt that the government was confused about the nature of their institution, that it had violated what was almost a contract by sending men there who were essentially hospital cases. There was much growling and smothered indignation among the older boarders.

Elihu Fiblebender in a one-sided conversation with Hubbard Kirk divided his anathemas between the khaki pants and the interlopers. "After we've slaved most of our lives to make this home what it is, a retreat for gentlemen, now comes an order to wear these damned mud colored overalls; and not content with that, they saddle us with a passel of sick boys that will probably get all the best of everything there is from now on."

"What nice new trousers!" exclaimed a voice, approaching and pretending not to have heard the irritation in the veteran's tirade. "They ain't blue," Elihu pointed out glumly.

"No, but the Army of the United States doesn't wear blue any more. You're still a part of the Army, aren't you? On the reserve list, of course, but if they needed you you'd still be able to fight, wouldn't you, Captain Fiblebender?"

The old soldier tried not to swallow this but it was no use. He liked it and ate it. He wasn't a captain, never had been anything but a corporal, and his fighting days had been over for forty years. But the music of a feminine voice raised in admiration of himself charmed him reluctantly from his grouch.

"Yes, I'll fight and—I'll show some of these younger fellows a lot about soldiering."

"I thought so. So did Uncle Sam. That's why you're being issued the O. D. service uniforms. So that you'll be ready when the time comes."

The aged veteran regarded the trousers with mixed emotions. He was too old to reason things out very clearly. Besides, the argument had been put by a very pretty young girl, a cherubic blonde of about high school age who was as vivid on that rainy day as a shaft of sunshine in a prison. It was hard for him to resist.

"Well, mebbe I'll wear the pants but I'll keep on my old blue coat. I can change that quick enough after the bugle sounds assembly and I'd feel better in it. That way I'll save my blue pants for Sundays and funerals. I like to look nice for funerals because we always aim to have a kind of military service, you know, a field gun carriage and a flag and reversed rifles and a volley with 'Taps.' Do you think it will be all right to wear the blue pants then, Miss Bingham?"

"I do for a fact. If there's any question about it I'll take the matter up with the commandant." That seemed to settle that.

"Aren't you going to introduce your friend, Mr. Kirk?"

"He ain't no friend of mine," averred Mr. Fiblebender with a reversion to his best rainy day manner, "and this is the first I heard his name was Kirk. Is it, young man?"

"Yes," admitted Hubbard, "but I don't know how the young lady knew it."

"You made a speech on the stage at a matinee last week."

"Were you in the audience?"

"Don't you recognize me? I stood up while I was arguing with you."

"Oh, are you that one?"

"Why, yes. Are you fearfully disappointed?"

"What? Why should I be disappointed?"

"Well, after coming out here twice to see what I was like it must be kind of an anti-climax to find out I'm only me."

She had hit so near the truth, especially in her statement that this was his second trip, that Kirk became confused. For once in his lifetime which covered thirty years or so he lost his poise, became a conventional masculine creature with extra and exceedingly useless hands and feet.

The girl herself was not hampered in the least by embarrassment or lack of conversation. She went right on. "I try not to

be disappointing but I can't get away from the fact that I am rather small for my age and that my face doesn't look as if I knew as much even as I really do. You'll admit, won't you, Mr. Kirk, that I'm all wrong?"

"Well, I did expect a brunette."

"A tall, starved looking one?"

"Yes, slightly sallow but interesting in an acid sort of way."

Kirk was reviving. His steam pressure was going up.

But Elihu Fiblebender was not particularly amused. He had long since ceased trying to follow the conversation and had retired to try on the offending trousers.

"But," continued the precocious child, "you did actually come out to see what I was like?"

Kirk hesitated. "Yes," he admitted reluctantly.

"Good—I admire a man who doesn't lie when he sees it won't be any use. And you don't know who I am?"

"No." Mystified.

"Well, as I know all about you, the great problem of getting acquainted is greatly simplified. All we have to do is talk about me, which after all is one of my favorite diversions."

"Begin."

"I'm twenty-two and I'd dress that way only I look more foolish than in this robe *d'une vierge*. I've been through many prep schools and one university, actually getting a degree from the latter. I read your dramatic criticisms and disagree with them violently. I read your magazine fiction and it—it—"

"It makes you sick?"

"Well, I wasn't going to say that but your stories aren't like you."

"I put the happy endings on because the editors require them. The public, they say, demands that romance shall always eventuate in wedding bells, church aisles, lost wedding rings, rice and grinning Pullman porters. My personal opinion is that a broken heart is one of the very best companions for one's declining years, infinitely preferable to an ideal which has become a physical disappointment."

"Have you ever had a broken heart?"

"No."

"I wondered if you spoke from experience."

Talking, they had gone from the main section of the building to the south wing where the new arrivals were located.

As they entered someone shouted "Tenshun!" and in automatic response the conversation instantly ceased and the men froze into rigid position.

Also automatically, Hubbard Kirk said "Rest! As you were!" and then laughed. "Excuse me, men, I forgot. It's four years since I've had the right to say that."

The men laughed, too. Beverly regarded her companion curiously. No one had told her that he had been an officer. He didn't act like a soldier. His mind wasn't that kind either.

He would have been a better conscientious objector.

Beverly had a way of making friends with a group of men like the one in that bare room that did away with formalities at express train speed. Kirk hung back and watched her work.

Her secret seemed to be that she neither pretended to be another man nor did she assume any airs of superiority. She did not require deference but got it anyway and made her entire appeal on the basis of femininity. She flirted outrageously with everyone she spoke to and several others besides at the same time.

And yet her size and generally innocent appearance robbed her tactics of any hint of boldness. No one knew quite how to take her. That in itself was a considerable factor in the interest she aroused.

"Anybody here got any requests to make?" she asked in an official manner. "Do you want anything foolish that isn't included in the regular unimaginative government line of supplies and amusements? I'll be your good fairy. If I can't grant your wishes at least I can listen to 'em."

Her proposition had a paralyzing effect on the vocal organs of most of her audience.

"Speak up, fellow voyagers," she urged. "If your desires are so violent that you can't express yourselves in the presence of a woman I will leave and you may speak freely to my secretary pro tem, Mr. Hubbard Kirk. Name your wish."

"I'll tell you what I wish," began one long, lanky soldier, mostly bones and a deep voice but topped off with rather pleasant eyes and mouth.

"Good."

"I'd like to be treated just once as if I was getting ready to live instead of preparing to die. We fellows know we've got to go and go pretty soon, but so have a lot of other people who aren't in Homes for one thing or another. (Continued on page 122)

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENT

*The
Story
of a
Poor
Rich
Man*

He Stooped To Conquer

Illustrations by H. R. Ballinger

"TOOT!" said the horn again a little impatiently. "Too-oot." Mrs. Jabez came in from the kitchen at a running waddle. A floury forefinger sought and found the proper electric button, pressed it. Then

she bounced to the door and stood there, beaming, dusting her hands on her apron. The big iron gates outside the gatekeeper's lodge swung slowly apart, letting in a sudden shaft of light from the headlights of the waiting car. Then the motor picked up again and, even as Mrs. Jabez ducked an elephantine curtsy, was slurring its way up the drive to the lights of the big house.

Not before the boy in the car had had time to smile and wave, however, in gay if somewhat hurried greeting. A hand raised, looking stiff as a wooden man's hand in the sudden moment of glare before darkness wiped out the road again, a smiling mouth in a face that seemed singularly, coldly mature for its youthfulness. No words, or if there had been any they were lost in the noise of the car.

"Well—that's *that!*" said Mrs. Jabez conclusively, shutting the door behind her. Her niece, new-come from the country, nodded wide-eyed.

"Honest?" She spoke with a slow pure accent that made her occasional faults in grammar seem personal eccentricities. "Why, he looks just like anybody else, Aunt Sally! Acts so, too. Why, Aunt Sally—the way he waved—I'd have thought he said something, too—just seeing him—"

"Oh, he's polite! Real polite." Mrs. Jabez's formidable visage smoothed a little as she closed the gates again. "Always makes as if he was speaking to me when he goes past and I speak to him, too, generally—makes it easier for him, I think—" What conversation might occur was evidently between equals by her tone.

"All the same," she resumed, turning back toward the kitchen, "all this—houses and gardens and ottymobiles and you and me and all that money—millions and millions, the paper said when his pa died—and there's the New York houses, too, and *his* yacht and *his* private car and his box at the opyra—all of it going to him and him a dummy—well—" She paused reflectively. "Gives me the creeps sometimes—the cold creeps in my back," she confessed. "Not this way—just passing the time. But sometimes he'll stop and ask questions—oh! very nice, and how is Jabez's poor back and does Martha like her teacher, as polite as can be and taking in everything I say just as easy as anybody else with that funny grin of his and having to write out everything *he* says on his little pad like as if he was one of them nosy reporters—it ain't *right!*" She grew broadly ungrammatical under the stress of emotion. "It ain't right no way at all," she repeated firmly. "No way at all! As you'll see!"

"But Aunt Sally"—with a poor attempt to hide hungry curiosity under apparent carelessness—"was he *born* that way? I mean, hasn't he ever talked at *all*? Not once?"

Mrs. Jabez nodded her head portentously.

"All as bright a youngster as ever was and all over the place till his pa sent him to college, thinking himself so clever. Talk? He could talk the ears straight out of your head! But there he went to athletics and that was the trouble. He caught cold in his chest and would go leading those cheers in spite of it. And then"—she sank her voice to a whisper, raised it triumphantly—"paralysis!" she boomed. "Complete paralysis of the vocal cords. In-cur-able."

"I'd have cheered 'em!" she added with a sudden vindictive-ness surprising in one so wholly plump.

"But didn't they have doctors?" said Charity Jabez timidly.

"Doctors!" said Mrs. Jabez, with abolishing scorn.

An accusatory smell drifted in from the direction of the kitchen—a smell of burning.

"Lord," cried Mrs. Jabez desolately, "them cakes!"

She made for the disaster at a flat-footed run, her tongue still busy.

"Burnt to a crisp, I'm bound! Oh, Charity Jabez! And after I'd told Mrs. Wift that you was so neat and careful and never gossiped and losing three currant pies along of your gabble!"

The rest was lost in a flurry of violent action. But when she had gingerly withdrawn the crisping pies from the oven, she turned her flushed face in Charity's direction, sharply. That tidy and helpful young person she had so proudly recommended to Mrs. Wift, the housekeeper, as the kind of girl they used to have before all these cluttery servants' agencies put bounce into the heads of all sorts of trash, was not helping her at all. Instead she was standing at the window like a poor stupid, gazing fixedly out at the road the car had taken a little while before.

"Charity!" said Mrs. Jabez thunderously.

The girl turned with a start as if her aunt's voice had wakened her from sleep. Her eyes looked sort of foolish, too, Mrs. Jabez thought; sort of stary and foolish.

"All the same he is nice looking if he is a dummy," she said, as if she were speaking to herself.

Mrs. Jabez shut the oven door with a clank.

"Now, Charity Jabez!" she began exasperatedly.

II

THE Fetherholme gardens were really at their best, this first week in June—everybody said so, for everybody was there.

Everybody served tea and drank it from thin beautiful cups on the cool wide porch, twittering and laughing, dressed in light pleasant gowns whose colors were the colors of flower dust, of pastel dust. Everybody walked strongly, virilely, along the gravel paths, between the borders, decorously cutawayed, wearing sad colored ties but formally flirtatious behind green hedges. A dozen puffs of smoke rose into the air at once from everybody's cigarettes. Everybody's name would be in the papers tomorrow, guests at the Fetherholme garden party, Miss, Mrs. and Mr. Everybody, in order of importance, to everybody's usual wounded surprise at thus finding himself in print, to everybody's secret, gentle pleasure at thus being once more and very publicly recognized as the only everybody who was really somebody. But Rodney Fether, the Rodney Fether of next morning's paper, looking down from his own window at his own garden party in his own garden, for the moment had got away successfully from everybody.

He looked at his watch again. Five minutes since he had slid away. He would give himself five more minutes—five whole minutes of release from exceeding strain. That would be all. Must be. The Roman sort of crucifixion had been kindlier—it didn't require politeness from the victim of the public reception.

At that, though, what was the use of getting away from everybody? You couldn't get away from yourself—you dragged yourself around with you, a ventriloquist's doll that you had lost the trick of making talk out loud, even squeakily, that you could only waggle in people's faces like a waxwork. A waxwork that grinned and wrote on a pad whenever anybody spoke to it. Oh well, no use of going on like that! He looked out of the window again and smiled.

He had not been missed—that was one lucky thing anyway.

It was easier to be a host when you were dumb, in some ways. You didn't have to talk the same drivel over and over, like a phonograph gone wrong, to a processional line of imbeciles. You just smiled and bowed. Or sometimes you wrote on your pad. Not much, though—social small talk seemed more than usually idiotic, written down.

No, he would not be missed again, anywhere, that was almost certain. He had noticed, as he always noticed with excruciating clarity on the three or four occasions a year on which he threw

Fetherholme open, the individual behavior of every guest in turn. Old friends were much the worst—the women especially. They thought they had to talk to you just as they used to, looking at your mouth as they talked as if they expected you to take an American flag, three eggs and a lady's garter from it, conjuring. Enunciating very dis-tinct-ly—they always did—their eyes always sliding away, hoping for somebody else to come along and release them—

And then, pity. Their terrible pity. You could feel them pitying you with every pore in their skins. And then after five remarks, or sometimes six, they started looking ashamed, as if they had been caught staring at something crippled. Then they went away.

He discovered that he had struck the window in front with the flat of his hand till the palm tingled all over. That was very silly, very. But sometimes things got a little hard to take.

Somehow it would help a little if people wouldn't raise their voices at you as if you were deaf as well as dumb. Natural, he supposed, like shouting at a foreigner. But hateful, pricklingly hateful. You heard things you weren't meant to, too. "Poor old Rodney!" carelessly regretful, from that fool Tom Williams. "He's certainly crocked for keeps!" Poor Rodney. Oh, damn poor Rodney! Better be dumb than a perfumed tame cat like Tom. Better be—

No, that wasn't true. His teeth clenched. Better be anything, anything, anything, than dumb. Better be poor and sick and old and blind than young and rich with a body that would last forty years yet if you took care of it, and everything else, the things that made all life, buried alive in that body forever like prisoners bricked up in a fortress wall. Better be dead than a silent walking monster that never could talk love to a woman or of women with a man, that could never even say "Hello!" to a friend.

Friends. And love. And love.

There had never been anything acknowledged between himself and Janet. But if he hadn't caught cold—well, he very well knew. She knew too; she must have. That was why she saw so little of him these days. Must be. Very much wiser.

He looked at his watch again, then out of the window. They hadn't missed him—but still, he ought to get back.

Turning away, he glanced at the opposite window, the closed one. Before his accident he had never been able to appreciate the whim of his father's that placed his house and built his own jutting study so close to the nearest railroad tracks on the study side that the passing trains seemed almost under the window. Now he saw something in the old man's idea after all. The electric trains in their smooth mechanical swiftness, in the subdued but furious energy of their passage, stirred his mind like running horses. They were not human, or pitying, or pryingly curious; there was something cold and rapid and monstrous about them that made him calm. They could kill, but never in anger; they were personified singleness of purpose and wholly apart from any mortal emotion. That satisfied him—that was the only way to live—mechanical and swift and unconcerned as they. One passed at the moment—he watched it shrink out of sight with odd satisfaction. Then, "Oh!" said a voice behind him, with a little gasp.

He turned, his mouth opening involuntarily for speech before he could think. A gust of irritation blew over him—how pitifully futile to be that way, even now at any new face you saw, even a housemaid's! He reached for his pad—the new girl, Mrs. Jabez's niece—frightened pink, too, probably—never saw him before, and servants' gossip must decorate him with horns and a tail. Anyhow, frightened or not, she had no business in here; he'd given strict orders. Pad and pencil in his hand, he looked up at her again, the irritation plain on his face.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

Well, at any rate she didn't raise her voice to him like most people. Not a bad voice, either—neither nasal nor quacky, though New Englandish enough in its preciseness.

"I didn't see you. I was going to tidy."

He scribbled on his pad.

"This room is never to be tidied. Mrs. Wift should have told you."

He thrust the pad almost under her nose for inspection. There! Now that he was close to her she'd look either pitying or scared, one of the two. And next morning Mrs. Wift would have to look out for another underhousemaid. What a nuisance!

"I'm sorry, sir. I was not told and so had no means of knowing."

She was looking at him quite steadily and there was neither pity nor fright in her eyes. Instead she was wholly composed—and wholly curious. Not cruelly, not coldly, but with the



Rodney's hands reached at Charity again—and fell. Only their eyes fought, brutal and silent.

inhumanly perfect curiosity of a child seeing something unusual for the first time. There was mirth, too, in her eyes—she couldn't quite hide it all. He ached all over of a sudden, unbearably, as some wounds ache in rainy weather.

"Why are you laughing? At me?" he scrawled incoherently.

"No, sir."

"At what?"

A smile—irrepressible.

"Because the room was *never* to be tidied."

"What's your name?"

"Charity Jabez—sir."

"Where do you come from?"

"Litchville Corners, Vermont."

"Do you like being here instead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"The work is easy. And I like—seeing new things."

The pencil hesitated, wrote finally:

"You like it better than home?"

"It's livelier. And I like being lively."

Rodney smiled. Then he was surprised to find himself smiling. Why was he? He remembered the garden party—the familiar blackness of spirit came back. Still, he hesitated—it might be amusing to question her further. Then his eyes, going past her, fell on an ironic relic of college—the tall megaphone with the staring white initial that had been his as a cheer leader. After his illness he had brought it back and hung it up on his wall, with some suitable cynic perversion of precisely the same sort of sentiment that leads prolific mothers to deck the wall of the parlor with a life-size crayon enlargement of Angel Willie (deceased, aged eighteen months). It served now, as often as a jog to a sensitive elbow.

"You may go," he wrote on his pad with careless haste.

The girl did not say "k you, sir," as Mrs. Wift would have done—she went directly with a slight inclination of her capped head that was neither familiar nor subservient. When she had gone, Rodney stood smoothing his hair for a moment, puzzledly.

Nice hands, nice feet, small, slenderish. An astonishingly pretty mouth, some humor, a pleasant voice, clear eyes as gray as Connecticut sky in winter. A pretty girl—not too much the goddess type, yet to suggest State Capitol frescoes—and Heaven, how young! And she hadn't been afraid—or pitying—or anything but sheerly curious—

Hard lines came around the mouth that would never be able to put these thoughts or any others into speech. "I like to be lively." Light love might be very amusing for a summer when one of the protagonists was dumb.

III

"THANK you, Charity. You read very well indeed." But the writing on the pad was neither neat nor as fluent as usual. The story had been to blame, perhaps. He had picked out a volume of fables and opened it for her at random—"to find out if you will be able to read aloud to me a little in the afternoons." But he hadn't stopped her when the first fable ended, so she had gone on to the next. And the next was the one about Ceresus, King of Lydia, who had all the riches of the earth and one dumb son.

He didn't care for most voices. Not now, at least. Envy, probably. And he'd always hated people who slew amusing talk by saying firmly, "There's just one little thing here that I'd like to read you—". Her voice was different. It was a precise little brook of sound, flowing as evenly as water over grass. Limpid water, clear, without color. It healed his mind.

"Do you wish me to continue reading, sir?"

"No thank you, Charity."

She stood up. How straight she was and, defiantly, in the face of all slang, how fresh! No use of getting an attack of free verse emotion over a housemaid. But she was—he searched a vocabulary enforcedly enriched beyond those of his ancient fellows by the last three years—so uniquely New England. Like—

"I'm sorry I didn't read any better." No "sir," nothing but plain declarative statement. New England again.

"You read very well. I should like you to read to me tomorrow—the same time. Please tell Mrs. Wift."

"Very well, sir"—with steady, unobsequious eyes.

She turned to go. He tapped on the desk with his pencil.

"Yes?"

"Getting along all right?" in large, casual looking characters.

"Oh yes, sir! It is greatly pleasant—the work here, I mean. They have all been so kind—especially Mrs. Wift and Mr. Hawkins."

For a moment glow was in her eyes and softness like the first warm, lazy puff of wind that brings New England back her uncertain April, no less beloved because never overpraised.

"That's good. I want"—he hesitated; *servants* sounded theatrical—"people to be contented," he ended, rather lamely.

"Oh, I am contented! And learning much." She was gone.

He couldn't help smiling. Priscilla Alden in a sort of twentieth century pocket-Versailles. What *did* she think of it all?

Then something jogged his mind like the touch of a finger. There was something familiar in the way she walked, familiar and yet odd. What was it? He mimicked her with two fingers along his desk. Step—step—and then suddenly grinned with laughter. She was walking like any of the other housemaids now, when she remembered, that was all. When she came at first she had stepped with a straight long Indian stride. Moreover, there were her stockings—chiffon silk. Being dumb made

you notice little things. Priscilla was not only learning much, but fast.

IV

SHE had other and more vocal instructors than Rodney Fether, too. Witness a scene in the stately Fether-garage, closed territory—supposedly—for housemaids, where second chauffeur George Hawkins is putting the finishing touches on a "manicure" of one of the cars.

Charity drifts in from somewhere with a fine apparent soap bubble ignorance of direction which hides completely her recently discovered certainty that Mrs. Wift is taking forty winks at the moment and the other superior servants indulging in a quiet little game of auction in the laundry. Second chauffeur George Hawkins—whose unremarkable though pleasantly youthful, typically American features caused a sentimental auntie to sob hysterically "They all look so clean and *strong*—our great hearted boys!" when George marched by in the Victory Parade—perceives her presence, apparently through the muscles of his back, for his back is turned. But he knows she is there and she knows he knows it and so along the progression to infinity.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hawkins." Demure enough.

"Good afternoon, Miss Jabez." Ceremonious, this. How servants do copy our etiquette!

"I suppose that I am really not allowed here—Mrs. Wift said not. I suppose you will tell me to go away very soon." With the exercise of that priceless gift possessed by many very healthy young women—the gift of making themselves look frail at will.

"Why, Miss Jabez—well, I should say not—I mean, I should certainly suppose—well, not while I'm here, anyhow—say, is there anything you particularly wanta see? I'll—"

This running incoherency is the politeness of George, whose cool composure, in general, passes that of taxi drivers. But whenever Charity is near he feels funny, somehow. The nearer she is the funnier he feels. This problem in ratios may sometime lead to complications, for George is good at mathematics.

Charity waits cruelly until his speech has died into silence. Then she comes nearer the car, waves a tentative hand exploringly. She is really so interested, for the moment, that she forgets to look frail.

"I should like to know what *that* is for!" she says, with a jab of her finger at the speedometer.

In the next half-hour it is George who is educated, more than Charity. He discovers to his horror that she doesn't like the color of the upholstery, that nothing he can say about ignition will ever make up for that color—

He discovers that Charity's neck is white and straight and her hands white and slim, and that her fingers when they touch his accidentally have the power of making air brighter and blood more sparkling and thoughts light-footed—

Poor George! He begins to dilate upon the advantages of home life for a man, of marrying young, of moving West. Dry farming, California climate, the influence of woman as inspiration to great deeds, get mixed in his speech.

Charity has drifted away again somewhere. George is left to a lengthy, muttering argument with an oil can.

"I'll tell the world she's there!" is the burden of the argument. "I'll tell the world any goof could make good with a girl like that to work for! I'll tell the world—"

Charity drifts back to the big house, wondering.

V

BUT the reading went on in that third story study with the two tall windows that looked upon railway cut and garden respectively. Went on—and stretched like elastic till they took up most of the long summer afternoons. And Charity's education in ways that were not New England's went on also—and the stream of odd thoughts in Rodney Fether's mind.

She was more communicative now—he always tried to make her talk at the end of each reading. Shyly at first, in polite, quaint monosyllables, then more at length, showing always the instant, delicate reactions of a mind that seclusion had made as sensitive as a photographic plate to the contacts of a life luxurious beyond its furthest previous concepts. Accepting that life and its modernity with eager high spirits. Yet with queer fits of doubting, too—a Pilgrim's doubting of a land too pleasant to be anything but a rose-covered pitfall out of Bunyan—when Charity, for days, would revert to the original country Charity—hide her new clothes away under a reproving pile of winter underwear and refuse to laugh (Continued on page 164)

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164)



MARION DAVIES as Princess Mary Tudor in the Cosmopolitan Productions film, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," renders an interpretation whose beauty and gay winsomeness makes memorable one of the greatest love stories ever screened.



SALLY LONG, last year a member of the "Midnight Frolic," is now one of the prize beauties of Mr. George White's "Scandals."

66

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE STUDIO



MARY BETH MILFORD, of the "Music Box Review"—*petite and piquant, lissome and lovely and all the other adjectives.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT CHERRY JONAPPO



AVONNE TAYLOR of the Ziegfeld "Follies," whose loveliness called forth the admiration of the visiting Prince of Wales.

68

PHOTOGRAPH BY ISA D. NEWBURY

By H. C. WITWER

Pack your Troubles
in your old Kit Bag
and Read

Julius Sees Her

Illustrations by
J. W. McGurk



Tryin' to get rid of
these "mashers" is
like tryin' to get rid
of double pneumonia.

YOU know really I feel like Eve must of felt when she opens her eyes in the Garden of Eden—I don't know where to begin. Julius De Haven, my boy friend, claims it was fate which changed him from a gentleman of the chorus to the star part in a Broadway show. Julius is a former graduate of Harvard's college so he ought to know what everything's all about, but I can't give him nothing on that explanation. It wasn't fate which put him across, it was Gladys Murgatroyd, viz, me. That's not my real name, but it's a good one, isn't it? I thought so, too, when I composed it. There's a whole lot more stuff to it than there is to Mary Johnson, the name I am made a present of on my first birthday. Picture stars, actors, prize fighters, authors and people who write books has *nom de plumes*, so why shouldn't a telephone operator have a *nom de switchboard* if she wants one?

Gladys Murgatroyd is the name I cook up for myself when I think I'm going to be another Gloria Swanson and goal 'em in the movies. That was after I win first, second and third prize in a beauty contest at my home town, Bountiful, Utah. As far as beauty contests is concerned, why, I figure I'd finish no worse than second in New York, if having the skin you love to touch and that school-girl complexion means anything. Anyways, being elected the best looker in Bountiful gets me a ticket to Los Angeles, but I fail to set the lake ablaze in the picture business. The best I can do for myself is \$5 a day as one of the supers in the super-productions and that soon gets more monotonous than monotonous itself. Being one of Solomon's wives today and a dashing young waitress tomorrow gets me kind of dizzy and Hollywood Boulevard is Bunk Avenue to me.

Well, I always was crazy to go to New York, having heard the town so well spoken of by one and all, so as soon as I saved the fare—a mere year—I check out of the movies and set sail for Broadway. I would like to say that I immediately land in a musical comedy and I *could* say it for that matter but it's a hobby of mine to tell the truth on the slightest provocation. What actually happens is that I get a portfolio as telephone operator at the Hotel St. Moe and I been carrying on smartly

and clicking off my hundred a month there for nearly two years. While I'm not one of the city's show places I'm getting attention and I bet I could step into the front row of the Follies without causing a laugh.

I guess you know that the telephone switchboard of a big hotel draws more Johns in a fiscal year than a park, a bathing beach, a stage door and a department store combined. These dumbbells has nerve enough to attempt selling celluloid collars in Hades and tryin' to get rid of 'em is like tryin' to get rid of double pneumonia. I been invited to take a ride in every make of auto we both ever heard tell of and I get more lunch invitations daily than the Prince of Wales got when he visited our noble country.

All this thrills me like a drink of water would thrill a drowning man. I'm fed up on what the newspapers leniently calls "mashers," no fooling! Traveling and stationary salesmen, college boys, actors, ball players, bootleggers, lawyers, judges, doctors and what not, ranging in ages from eighteen to eighty, hangs around the board all day trying to do themselves some good and as the result us girls takes cruel and unusual punishment in habit-forming quantities during the course of the day's labors. Some of these beady-eyed, leering clowns stands there and looks at you till you feel you're sitting there in your bathing suit and you'd like to murder 'em! They never get nowhere with me or with any girl which has a ounce of sense, because they hold these auto rides and lunches at too high a rate of exchange. Another thing, I'm still young enough to have dreams in the daytime and my idea has always been that



His bellowing and kicking, Pete says, is disturbing his neighbors in the adjoining rooms.

some afternoon a duplicate of Valentino would come along with probably a million and a wild desire to make me his bride.

Well, one evening I am gaily handing out wrong numbers, "don't answer" and "busy" signals, when a swell looking, snappy dressed young fellow of about twenty-five springs bounds up to the board and asks for Whitehall 1483. When I get them, he says he would like to speak to Miss Fish.

"Be yourself, Harold!" I says, giving him a glance which would freeze two Eskimos, "Whitehall 1483 is the Aquarium. You want to speak to Miss Fish, eh? How do you get that way?"

Honest, his kid face grows as red as a throwing tomato and his Alice-blue eyes takes on the hurt look of a baby's when you refuse it a lollypop.

"Why—why—I beg your pardon," he stammers. "I didn't mean to be silly. I guess I've been kidded myself. You see, I met a young lady last night and she gave me that as her name and phone number." You can see from his face that he's telling the truth and I don't know why I feel sorry for him or sore that he should of met any young lady at all!

"Well, she gave you a pushing around," I says pleasantly. "Hereafter when you go out without your guardian don't pick up with every stranger that offers you candy—hundreds of children gets kidnaped that way in New York every day."

He grins and pulls a blush on a complexion that I could do no more than tie myself.

"I don't blame you for laughing at me," he says. "But I would like to speak to that young lady because—"

"Well, give me a good description of her," I butt in, "and I'll try and guess her phone number for you."

This time he laughs outright. Some giggle he's got, too—makes you warm right up to him whether you want to or not, if you know what I mean.

"Listen," he says, bending over real confidential, "I don't suppose you ever go out to dinner, do you?"

I only hear this about sixty times a day, so I get ready to put on the ice. You have to, no matter how nice they seem. The risk is too heavy. Believe me, I know!

"Listen yourself!" I says. "You may be a fast worker, but mere speed will get you nothing here. I am no Miss Fish from the Aquarium! I never under no circumstances go out to dinner with male kiddies which I have just met. So run along back to school, I'm fearful busy. See you all of a sudden!"

With that I turn back to the switchboard and begin doing my stuff with Mr. Bell's clever little invention. But the handsome city chap is no quitter.

"I won't bother you now if you're busy," he says, as serious as the Johnstown Flood. "But I'm coming back again with that dinner invitation, don't think I won't. I don't know how you feel about me, but I don't mind telling you that you've just about ruined my piece of mind!"

Cute, wasn't he? But of course I can't let him see it.

"You better get somebody to write you a new act," I says. "That stuff used to make Eve yawn. And now I don't wish to be rude, but—here comes the house detective."

"May I give you a ring tomorrow?" he asks, moving toward the door.

"This is so sudden," I smile. "And I don't even know you!"

"I mean a ring on the phone," he says, featuring that killing blush again.

"Go ahead, call up," I says. "I like a laugh as well as anyone."

I think that's the end of him and I can't say that thought particularly tickles me. There's something about this boy that—that—well, you know what I mean. Most of these boobies are as standard types as nail files. Close your eyes and it could be any one of a thousand of 'em trying to kid you—their approach don't vary two words. But this one gives me a mild thrill and even a mild thrill is interesting on a job as dreary as a hotel switchboard.

Well, to make a short story long, he phones me every morning for the next week and makes personal appearances every afternoon till Jerry Murphy, the house detective, who has some wild ideas in my direction himself, has him pegged for a pickpocket and would of collared him on his third appearance if I hadn't interfered. I won't get near as many flowers when I'm dead and gone as I do the following week from the mysterious stranger and candy flowed like water. He also gives me a book of near poetry called "The Ruby Yacht of Omar Kyam" which I think is a lot of apple sauce, but I tell him it's elegant as from the binding it must of cost plenty pennies.

Invitations to shows, auto rides, lunches, dinners, cabarets, ball games and requests to go to about everything else but murder trials is fairly showered on me by this dizzy youth and from the program he offered I could of gone out with him every day for the next ten years and never visited the same place twice. Still, I continue to plead a headache, as I am commencing to like this young daredevil and stalling is one way to keep their interest at fever heat. Then he makes all his other moves look reasonable in comparison by moving right into the Hotel St. Moel! Ain't we got fun?

With a room in the inn where I am one of the features of the telephone switchboard it is hard to laugh off, and finally one day I give up the one-sided battle and go to dinner with him. That's the start of the big romance and likewise the beginning of the young man's rise to fame and fortune. Funny, isn't it, how women can make fools out of men and men out of fools? I wouldn't exactly call this boy a fool, but he is a bit aggravating. He's got lots of stuff, but lacks the nerve to market his wares till I show him how!

After a week of bounding around with him I begin to feel lost without him. He was different and no mistake! His name in even figures is Julius De Haven and I learn about Cupid from him. When we're on a dance floor we look more like Maurice & Hughes than they do themselves. He sure shakes a relentless hoof and I'm not exactly at sea in a ballroom, either. Honest, he's brighter than Jackie Coogan and calling him a prince is a boost for royalty! Just a nice, clean boy, and as cute as he can

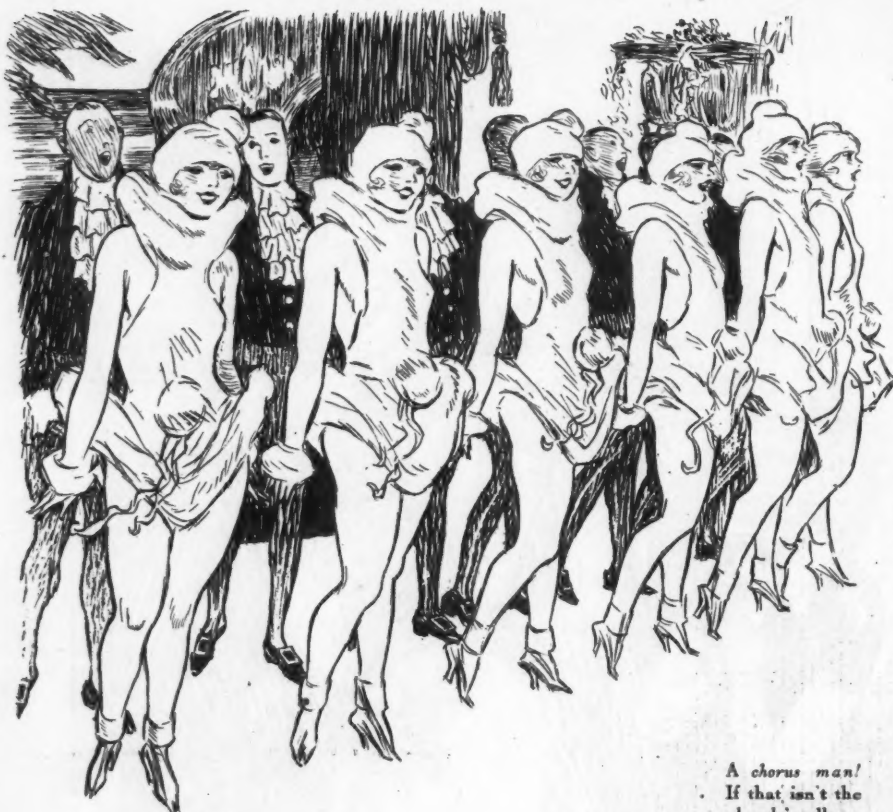


"Not a word!" howls this dumbbell. "I'll sue this hotel for a million dollars. Boy, call an officer!"

be, no fooling. Another thing, he don't once call me "girlie" or "little girl" and that alone helps make him solid with me!

Well, naturally in talking over this and that the subject of what Julius does for his coffee and cakes is bound to come up sooner or later. It comes up sooner and Julius breaks down and

confesses to being an actor. Now up to then I'd been actor-proof, but somehow the thought of Julius being one kind of interests me strangely. With that handsome face of his, those thrilling eyes, that soothing voice, wavy hair and moving picture manner, why, I think the least he can be is a leading man. Probably another Jack Barrymore. So when he asks me to



A chorus man!
If that isn't the
shark's elbow.

come and see his show, "The Girl from Betelgeuse," it's almost more than I can do to wait.

But it's a couple of more weeks before I can arrange my hours at the Hotel St. Moe switchboard to get off and catch Julius De Haven's frolic, which by the way is one of the biggest musical comedy wows on Main Street, having entertained Broadway for better than a year. However, the big night finally arrives and I simply grab some Java and a club sandwich and rush home from the hotel, spending two hours in dolling up so's when my musical comedy star meets me after his labors that night he won't be ashamed of his girl friend. I haven't got a wardrobe like Princess Mary, but what little I have got is bonded stuff and when I'm set for the drama that night I figure I could go anywhere with Julius and not be no handicap to him, even if his friends was all from Wall Street.

The seat Julius stakes me to is so close to the stage that had it been a few inches farther towards the footlights I would of been given a horn or something like the rest of the orchestra. I'm so excited I don't know if I'm in New York or New Zealand and no wonder—I'm about to see my hero do his stuff! I flutter open that program like it was "The Sheik" and I'm reading it for the first time—I want to see Julius's name there and what he does and everything. But lo and behold, as the Peruvians says, there is not the slightest mention of Julius in the "Cast of Characters!" I think there must be some serious mistake and I go over that program till I could stand up and repeat it backwards at the drop of a hat.

Finally something catches my feverish eye that nearly sends me rolling off my seat out into the aisle in a faint! It was this in the back of the program: "Gentlemen Of The Chorus: Julius De Haven, George—" But what difference does the names of the rest of them male chorus girls make? My Julius a *chorus man!* If that isn't the shark's elbow! You could of knocked me over with an aigrette and I must of made a couple of remarks to myself a little too loud, because out of the corner of my eyes I see the customers on each side of me gazing at me in alarm. But the curtain goes up just then and prevents me from being an opposition show myself.

I just sit there and cover my burning face with my hands. I don't wish to see that show or anything else and least of all do I crave to see Julius De Haven. Honest, I'm fit to be tied and I could of got a summons for what I am thinking about my boy friend right then! I have tossed away my heart to a thirty dollar a week chorus man, can you imagine that? And since I been on this job I've turned down whole coveys of millionaires—at least they said they was.

Well, you know they say curiosity is a girl and I guess that's a fact, because in a few minutes I simply got to look up and see what Julius is doing, although to me it's going to be like watching your grandfather hung or something, honest it is! So I peep through my fingers and my Gawd there he is prancing around with a lot of other young men which will never strike Dempsey and they're singing some rough longshoreman's chantey all about "Sweet June has arrived with all her graces!" Now I ask you, isn't that a swell way for a great, big, husky man to cheat the almshouse? I just keep ducking my

head so Julius won't see me, because if he'd ever of waved to me I know I'd of died of shame right there in that theater!

Well, first I am going to rush right out and go home, but then I think it will be better to wait for Julius so's I can tell him just what I think of him for trying to make me love him when he's got a job like that. I not only want to warn him away from my switchboard, I want to warn him away from my life. So I sit through "The Girl from Betelgeuse," but, believe me, I couldn't tell you what it was all about if it was against the law not to know. All I can see or hear or think about is Julius De Haven.

He meets me in the lobby after the show and when I see him in citizen's clothes again and gaze on his thrilling features. I nearly weaken and maybe I might of weakened, only he hums a couple of notes from one of the songs he sings in the chorus and that makes me merciless.

"Well, sweetness," he says, with that ruinous smile of his, "how did you like the show?"

The idea that he's trying to brazen things out gets me red-headed.

"I should think you'd be too ashamed to even speak to me!" I says, and every word is packed in ice. "Listen—I'm going to leave you flat right here in this lobby and I never wish to see you again! If you follow me out of here I'll call a cop and if you ever come near my switchboard I'll have the house detective step on your neck. I'm through with you! If it gives you any satisfaction, I'll admit you fooled me up till tonight, but it's different now. I'm claiming exemption. Good by and good luck!"

He gets first red and then white and then versa vice. His big blue eyes look at me as hurt and surprised as if I had slapped him in the face. Honest, I must admit I get a pain in my heart as I watch him. I like this big kid, there's no use saying I don't, and it murders me to think he should turn out to be a false alarm after all the hopes I had for—for both of us. Why, I can't understand him being a chorus man! He don't look like one, or act like one, or anything, know what I mean?

"Good heavens, Gladys, what have I done?" he gasps finally.

"Not a thing," I says coldly. "You're just a total loss, that's all! What do you mean by trying to promote yourself with me when you're a chorus man? There's about three million girls in this town, why pick on me?"

He studies me for a minute without saying a word and then that hurt look slowly leaves his eyes—for which I am thankful, as it's commencing to hurt me too. When he speaks again, his face is hard as the side of Pike's Peak.

"I see," he says slowly. "All women are alike. No sportsmanship, no sense of fair play! I am condemned utterly without a chance to speak a word in my defence. But what interests me more is how a woman with your knowledge of life and the world can be so narrow as to think all chorus men, or let us say, a man can be degraded by the mere position, as you intimate."

"I don't wish to argue with you," I says. "I merely wish to leave you. Good night!"

With that I turned on my heel—and nearly turned on my ankle, as Julius grabs my arm in a very manly grasp. Afterwards it was black and blue.

"For God's sake, Gladys, don't send me away!" he says, in a voice which sends a thrill all through me. "You represent perhaps the only sincere emotion I ever had in my life and if you go whatever chance I have of getting anywhere will go with you. I will be a total loss, as you've just called me. With you, I can make good. Maybe that's a confession of weakness that a real man would scorn to make, but it's also a statement of fact. Give me a chance to explain things to you—even a murderer gets a trial. You—you once said you loved me!"

"And I once did," I says, looking away. "But those days are over, Julius."

"Good heavens!" he busts out. "Can you switch love off and on as you would an electric light?"

I look at him and I'm lost.

"Go on, do your stuff and I'll listen," I says. "But don't let that give you the idea that you're twisting me around your finger!"

"The ideas I have about you, my dear, will never make you angry," he says, squeezing my arm. "Let's go some place where we can talk."

So we go to the Café Bordeaux where we can not only talk but eat, drink and be merry, as the saying is, and once we get a ringside table for the revue, Julius speaks his piece. It seems that after Julius gets sick and tired of Harvard he has his voice educated at home and abroad, being pointed by his parents for grand opera. He's also a bit fluent at acting. But breaking into grand opera is about as easy as breaking into the vaults of the mint, so while waiting for an opening in the Metropolitan, Julius decides he'll get a job as star in a musical comedy. He figures that once Broadway hears him sing all by himself, why, they'll just

go crazy and roll off their seats and the noise will be heard by the opera directors and from then on \$3,000 a night will be his minimum wage. However, eight months making the rounds along Broadway winds up Julius's bankroll and his parents' patience. The only way Julius can be starred is if he puts up the jack himself. That's asking the impossible, so he dives head first into the chorus of "The Girl from Betelgeuse," thinking his big chance will probably come sooner or later and he might as well be eating while waiting for it.

Well, they hear his voice while he's rehearsing with this frolic and they realize it's far from a jackal's wail, so they make him understudy to Charlemagne Rutledge, the leading man. This drives Julius wild with joy and why wouldn't it? Should any

safes fall on the head of this big blah with the name like an apartment house and a collar, Julius will step into the leading part and knock Broadway silly. For one solid year he's been understudying Charlemagne and he's letter perfect in the part and musical numbers. Likewise, Julius is satisfied he's a better actor and a better tenor than Mister Leading Man. If he ever gets a chance to sink his teeth into this part just once—that's all he wants, just once—Julius swears he'll be the talk of New York. But Charlemagne Rutledge hasn't missed a single performance in the year the show has been on the Big Street, and as it closes in ten days, why, it looks like Julius is another one of these roses which is born to blush unseen. That's Julius—and I can take him or leave him.

I take him!

We go back on a pre-war basis after that night and I find I just can't get that boy's plight out of my mind. I want to help him—in fact, I'm determined to help him—but the thing is, *how*? Then the next day out of the usual clear sky I get the big idea that puts Julius over and come near putting me in jail!

Among the various lobby hounds which hang around the switchboard always looking for the best of it is Hemingway Bryce, a five-minute egg which shares a suite on the tenth floor of the Hotel St. Moe with no less than Charlemagne Rutledge, my Julius's jinx. This Bryce is starring in "Coffee for Two" at the Rainier and he's just about pestered the life out of me trying to date me up ever since he parked himself at the hotel. I like him and arsenic the same way, and for all he knows the only English I speak is the adjective "No!" However, he's an actor and as this is a problem touching on the show business, I think maybe if I tell him about it, without using any names, he may make the one bright remark of his life and in that way I'll get the answer to the puzzle. So this day when he comes over to stall around I toss him a bright smile. That nearly knocks his hat off and the way he flounders over to (Continued on page 135)



At eight o'clock Pete Kift sidles up to the switchboard. "All set, Cutey," he says, in a hoarse whisper.

The Tourists



WHEN Mr. Gogo retired from business, at sixty-five, he made an important discovery. Leisure without occupation can be a terrible bore.

A man who has been an inveterate worker all his life can't suddenly quit working any more than an inveterate drinker or smoker can suddenly quit. He has to taper off or else replace his business activities with an interest of another kind.

It doesn't matter much what the new interest is—golf, stamp



collecting, civic duties, remarriage, organized charity work or something; otherwise he has time to think of himself and it's surprising how many unsuspected symptoms develop after several days of self-contemplation.

Mr. Gogo realized that if he didn't find a new interest or hobby to keep his mind off himself he would soon be headed straight for the family lot in Graceland.

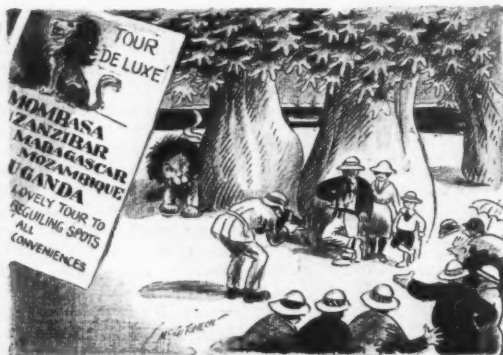
Already, a week after his retirement, he had begun dropping in at the office to see that everything was moving along all right. When he wasn't there he was at home developing into a one hundred percent nuisance.

"I must get a hobby," he announced to his wife, Mrs. Gogo the first, "or else I'll go crazy. Now, the question is, what shall I take up? Stamps, birds' eggs, butterflies, Whistler etchings, Japanese prints or what? I'm not interested in any of them."

"Well," said Mrs. Gogo, "how about travel? We've never seen anything but a fringe of our own country. I think with your efficiency you could travel very thoroughly."

Mr. Gogo agreed that it was a good idea, even though not his own.

"I'd like very much to see the world," he mused, "or at least what is left of it. I want to see how the rest of civilization looks since it has been saved."



Ever since boyhood he had wanted to travel—to see the strange lands where tea, rubber, ivory, nuts and spices come from. Even a long life engaged in the intensive work of making money had not entirely extinguished the hardy hope that some day before he traveled hence he might do some traveling here. He was now in a position to gratify that hope. His bank account was one of the maximum kind.

While helping save civilization, he had managed to save considerable for himself. War is helpful, he reflected, slightly paraphrasing the late General Sherman.

"Yes, I'd like to travel," he repeated, the suggestion sinking in. "It's broadening and besides there's nothing to keep me home."

His first step was to secure a lot of prospectuses that tell you all about the beautiful places somewhere else, places that may be comfortably reached in the winter if you have the time and price, or rather, vice versa.

For their qualifying round, the Gogos selected a thirty day cruise in the West Indies. It sounded attractive. Deep blue skies, opalescent seas, trade winds crooning through the fringed palms, ancient strongholds reminiscent of the glamorous days of pirate and buccaneer. Also "wet," although Mr. Gogo was not a drinking man. He could take it or leave it alone.

They did the cruise and returned laden with souvenirs and so changed that he didn't go near the office for nearly a week after he got back. He was a new man, even at sixty-five.

The effects of the regeneration first showed in the sumptuous home of the Gogos.

Various articles of domestic decoration—mid-Victorian hangovers from their early married life—were surprised to see some



strangers appear amongst them. Certain heirlooms, long entrenched, found themselves eased up to the attic to make room for souvenirs and trophies of the Caribbean cruise.

A pleasant touch of the tropics was evident in the living room. Above the mantel appeared a beautiful swordfish—picked up in Martinique. Upon the dignified old grandfather's clock a porcupine fish, spiky and balloon-like in shape, imparted a slight maritime flavor. Over a picture of Gran'pa Gogo was draped a lovely Spanish mantilla, a souvenir of Havana.

This was only the beginning.

From now on the Gogos settled down in earnest to the business of seeing the world. In swift succession they did a North Cape cruise, a South American cruise, a motor trip along the battlefields, a comprehensive thirty-day jaunt to the wonder spots of North America and topped it off with a dizzy whirl around the world. All the time adding to their collection of trophies.

These were scattered about their house so that when visitors came it was natural to say, "Oh yes! that's a little thing we picked up in Benares." Or "That? Oh! that's just something I found in the bazaar at Biskra," thus leading the conversation easily around to their ruling passion.

Words and
Pictures by **John T.
McCutcheon**



On rainy nights Mr. Gogo was accustomed to sit in his large easy chair—a rakish affair supported by Argentine steer horns, picked up in Buenos Aires, smoking his *chibook*—a trophy of the late Smyrna—and allow his eyes to travel approvingly from one object to another, each fragrant with memory of some phase of a bygone tour.

Here was the Egyptian mummy case, a reminder of the time the dragoman had short-changed him in Cairo; over there was the stuffed elephant's foot, a reminder of Singapore when their laundry failed to get back before the steamer sailed. And so on.

Their house became a scene of oriental and occidental elegance, a scrambled collection where a period piece of furniture shuddered beside a common piece of oriental junk.

Mr. Gogo would now go weeks at a time without showing up at the office. When he did appear everybody would tell him how young he was looking and then he would go away happy and not bother them any more for a long time.

He had gotten so used to being out of range of a stock report that the market ceased to gladden or cloud his afternoons and evenings.

Alas, Mr. Gogo finally had done all the established cruises. Nothing remained to be seen in the comfortable, luxurious form of a special cruise.

His score of countries visited was over fifty, counting Monaco as one and the Philippines as two, being plural. As his score rose toward the hundred mark he thrilled with that keen elation felt by a fifty percent golfer who sees his score go under a hundred.

When Mrs. Gogo suggested, "Why not do the Mediterranean cruise again? You remember how much you loved it," Mr. Gogo would end the conversation with the crisp retort:

beautiful visions began leaping up before him—wonderful travel prospectuses of fascinatingly remote cruises to lands whose names had hitherto been met with only in geographies.

"The Universal Steamship Company begs to announce its newest cruise, a winter tour to the Darkest Congo, with superb steamer and motor trips to the pygmy land and the mountains of the moon. Comfortable hotels and rest houses, picture post cards and camera supplies available at all points. Limited to 500 persons, prices for the ninety day cruise, \$1295 and upwards."



Mr. Gogo stirred rapturously at the next announcement: "A delightful winter cruise to Madagascar, Mozambique and Mombasa, with a side trip from the last port into the big game country. Stopovers in Abyssinia and Somaliland."

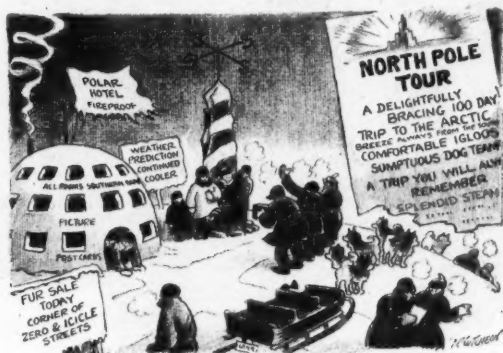
And this one: "Visit Mecca and Medina, by special arrangement with the King of the Hedjaz. Tourists will be required to embrace the Mohammedan faith during the two weeks they are in the Kingdom of Hedjaz. Printed forms will facilitate the procedure, which is a mere technical requirement demanded by local customs and prejudices. Steamer artificially cooled during Red Sea trip. Motor roads in desert oiled and dustless."

Mr. Gogo wriggled ecstatically at a prospectus announcing a "tour to Timbuctu, the city of the Sheiks." That would be popular with the flappers!

But it remained for the Arcturus Steamship to cap the climax! "Visit the North Pole. Comfortable steamer designed for icy seas, built on the principle of a thermos bottle. Commodious dog sledges. Enclosed electric heated passenger planes for water, ice and land. Photographs developed and laundry done. Four-month trip with two-day stay at the Polar Hotel. Southern exposure on all sides."

From this delightful dream he was awakened by his wife's voice.

"It's time to go to bed, Henry."



"I don't want to repeat. There are scores of wonderful countries we've never even seen or heard of. Let's do them before we talk of repeating."

"But we can't go to those countries," argued Mrs. Gogo. "There are no special cruises that reach those places and you know perfectly well you won't travel on steamers that have no bathrooms and modern plumbing."

Mr. Gogo's thoughts leaped forward to the day when the alert tourist agent, quick to sense and respond to the demands of a jaded public taste, would organize new cruises to lands hitherto untouched by picture post cards, camera supplies and travelers' checks. That day was bound to come. Airplanes, ships, motors, roads and railways have penetrated to the uttermost ends of the earth. There is little left for the explorer who even now is likely to find himself disturbed in the midst of his explorations by the joyous arrival of an eager eyed band of travelers de luxe with all modern conveniences.

Just as the cocktail used to follow the flag, when the constitution followed the flag, so the tourist is hot on the heels of the modern day explorer, only a lap or two behind.

Mr. Gogo's eyes closed in a pleasant doze. And suddenly



CYNTHIA STOCKLEY'S

Chapter XIX

IN THE dock next day Flavia looked, for all her male garments, what she was—a woman. The night of anguish had left its mark. Her face was the face of an exhausted traveler who has been on a long and fruitless journey through chill mists and dark valleys and has returned in vain. Her eyes were valiant still, but they were a woman's eyes heavy and shadowed—flowers that had been out in the rain. Only her bearing as she strode light of foot to her place was unchanged.

The court teemed with strangers. Journalists had arrived in shoals from both up country and down, and all sorts and types of men jostled each other in the limited space while some were obliged to be content with listening at the windows.

O'Byrne went over and whispered cheerfully to his client. She had uttered no reproach over night as to his delivery of her into the hands of Loochia, but he had not forgotten the bitter curl of her lips as she listened to his story of how the woman had deceived him with her pretended sympathy. He was thankful to be able now to relate that there were witnesses due who would retrieve the mistakes of yesterday. She had no time to question him further.

The first witness, Mrs. Hope, with her sweet, lined face, soon put a spike through Loochia's insinuations and ripped them to ribbons.

"Did the dead man ever see or speak to the prisoner during the whole time she was in your hospital?"

"Never."

"Could he have done so without your knowledge?"

"No one can come to my hospital without my knowledge. The moment anyone stops at my gate I am instantly aware of it."

"A sort of dragon with seven heads and seventy eyes," Filgee murmured audibly, and gazed at her impertinently through his eyeglass.

"If I do not actually hear them come I am immediately informed by my servants," explained Mrs. Hope, looking at him with scorn.

"Did Lypiatt come to the hospital during the prisoner's stay there?" pursued O'Byrne.

"Yes. He came twice to inquire in a friendly way. On each occasion I saw him and told him how the patient was. He never asked to see her."

"So that to your full knowledge Lypiatt held no communication whatsoever with her between the day he brought her there and the day she left your hospital?"

"I am certain that he neither saw nor spoke to her during that period."



Everything about her
was strange today,
thought Druro.

P O N

"And you are aware that Lypiatt had left for Bechuanaland during your patient's illness, did not return to Rhodesia until two days before the tragedy, when the prisoner as it happened was again staying with you?"

"That is so."

"Therefore the insinuations made by the witness, Mrs. Luff, yesterday to the effect that my client and Lypiatt were in some kind of intimacy after Lypiatt knew her secret are utterly groundless?"

"Absolutely groundless and utterly false and just like a jealous, catty woman," said Mrs. Hope cheerfully, and to the glee of all listeners. Even the Judge had to smile.

Romance of the African Veldt

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops



But he let her alone after that. She smiled confidently at the prisoner as she left the box. Desmond returned it wanly, but the next moment her features stiffened into a haggard mask at the sight of the man dragging himself with unsteady steps toward the witness box—Lundi Druro, barely able to walk, leaning on the arm of Emma Guthrie! The Judge looked at him with friendly concern—he was so evidently ill.

"But your evidence was read yesterday, Mr. Druro . . . There was surely no need for you to leave your bed?"

"Mr. Druro is very kindly here to enlighten me on one or two points," explained O'Byrne suavely.

Druro's gaze fixed itself for a moment upon the occupant of the dock—a strange, burning gaze that she could not wholly read; it seemed to her there was amazement in it and pity and concern but nothing of hatred and disdain—and nothing that made her soul quail as it had quailed at its own thoughts last night in the quiet cell. All was well! She did not know what they had told him or whether he was one of those who knew that she was Flavia Tyrecastle; she never thought of that, and if she had it would not have come first; what flowed through her mind, warming and healing, was the surety that whatever had happened to Lundi Druro's memory all was well with his soul. Nothing in those steady eyes to shake her faith in the inherent decency of human nature. Sacrifice was justified; her own soul blossomed and bloomed within her once more; she sighed softly and sat back listening.

As a matter of course Druro had not had time to hear all the gossip; he knew nothing but the sheer fact that Desmond was a woman and that was so staggering he could hardly yet grasp it. It had burst on him from Guthrie's terse tongue like a bombshell with the news that Desmond was fighting for life in the High Court—dynamiting him out of bed and on the way to Wankelo as fast as six mules could pull him. He had not even got accustomed to the idea yet. Desmond looked the same to him, and it was hard to believe the strange tale. He kept referring to her as "he" and "young Desmond."

The Solicitor-General intimated that he was satisfied with the evidence taken in hospital and had no further questions to ask but O'Byrne became very busy. He elicited from Druro every detail of his actions the day of Lypiatt's death. How he had fetched Desmond from the hospital, and they had lunched together happily and frankly with no thought of Lypiatt or anything but the prospective success of the mine. How he had gone over the workings with Desmond, then instructed the latter to peg out the blocks and put up the notices, he himself going to Selukine to obtain and send them out by Qualimbo. It was at this point in the story that his memory began to fail. He could recollect nothing clearly after being helped on his horse by a friend and leaving Selukine.

J O L A

"I think you have got your point very clearly, Mr. O'Byrne," he said pleasantly. But Filgee could not let things rest there.

"You knew your patient was a woman?" he barked in cross-examination.

"Naturally. I am not a fool—only a nurse," said Mrs. Hope with a derisive smile.

"You did not think it your duty to report the matter to the authorities?"

"I never think it my duty to interfere with other people's private affairs. I leave that to lawyers."

"Ah! Very clever, very clever indeed!" sneered Filgee.

"I suppose I was delirious then, anyway with a pretty high temperature, and I fancy I must have got a bad fall. I have a vague memory of climbing back on to my horse once. I have thought too that the horse probably went straight into the stable with me on his back—and I struck the door with my head. But I've absolutely no recollection of arriving at the camp."

"You *do* know, however, that you had *not* invited Lypiatt to your place?"

"He was the last man in the world I'd ask there."

"He could not have been there for any just reason?"

"Absolutely no right or reason, and a very dangerous thing for him to do. I was liable to kill him myself if I had met him there."

Flavia trembled in her seat and a thrill of emotion passed through the court. Druro's friends thought it a foolhardy thing of him to say. But O'Byrne was delighted. What did he care who assumed the crime so long as his client was relieved of its burden?

"As far as you know, indeed, you *may* have killed him during that period—of which you have no recollection?"

"Certainly I may have," admitted Druro composedly. "It's far more probable than that young Desmond did."

Satisfaction beamed from O'Byrne, but Druro's intimates looked glum. They thought this was going a bit too far. As for Flavia, she had a sensation of drowning. Only by fixing her eyes on the golden flower which still nodded and smiled from the garden could she keep from being submerged by the heavy seas that were pressing her down . . . down . . .

"In your opinion, then, the prisoner was neither able nor likely to kill Lypiatt?"

"The idea is ridiculous. Young Desmond wouldn't kill a fly. Even in self-defense he wouldn't have had a chance against Lypiatt—who though small was an exceedingly powerful fellow and a skilled wrestler. The only possible solution is that in a struggle he fell and cracked his skull. In which case," said Druro, turning and addressing the jury with most unwarranted authority, "how on earth can you accuse the prisoner of murder or manslaughter or anything else? It was palpably an act of God and you can't—"

But naturally this could not be allowed, and he was sharply called to order by the Judge, yelled down by Filgee and glared at through the Solicitor-General's pince-nez all in the same instant. Only O'Byrne was a mass of smiles.

"Thank you, Mr. Druro," said he effusively and sat down, Filgee leaping instantly to the assault.

"You and Mr. Lypiatt were not on good terms?"

Druro regarded him carelessly.

"On the very worst of terms. I detested the fellow."

"Ah!" The lawyer looked significantly at the jury. "You admit that his death would not cause you pain?"

"Not the slightest," said Druro pleasantly, then pulled himself up—"except—"

"Ah! *except* . . ." rapped out Filgee ferociously. "There is an exception then to your content that this man you hated should meet a violent death in your camp?"

The witness remained imperturbable.

"Two exceptions. I regret the pain caused to his wife to his relatives."

"Most feeling of you," snapped Filgee, bitterly sardonic. "I am one of them, and I thank you."

"And that my friend young Desmond should be involved. Otherwise I cannot pretend to any grief."

"In fact, one may put it that you are practically delighted?"

"You can put it any way you like."

Filgee gave another satisfied leer at the jury, then rounded suddenly on his victim.

"We hear a great deal from you about your friend 'young Desmond.' What do you mean by keeping up that pretense? You know the prisoner is a woman, don't you?"

Druro made no answer, only looked at him insolently.


"Answer me, sir!" he shouted. "Did you or did you not know all along that the prisoner was a woman masquerading in male attire?"

Druro turned his back on him and spoke to the Judge.

"I did not know, of course," he said quietly with the air of a man who makes an absolutely unnecessary statement.

Filgee revealed his teeth in a grin of pure savagery.

"You expect us to believe that?"



In a moment the whole camp was illuminated and the natives were racing to the smell of burning.



Lundi Druro, the sporting parson's son, unexpectedly quoted Scripture: "'When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold!' As you have, my loved one—such gold as was never mined or milled by mortal hand!"

Druro looked at him with contempt. There was a deep silence in court. It was the first time such a question had been dragged in.

It was a bad moment for both the man and the woman concerned. But they bore themselves well. Desmond had flushed a deep red, then gone deadly pale. Her gallant figure seemed to quiver for a moment as a ship quivers when struck by a gale.

story of that tragic and mysterious episode of the past. But the jury must not let pity and sympathy blind them to justice. He called upon them to have no hesitation whatsoever in bringing in a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner unless they were entirely satisfied that Lypiatt's death was due to nothing but misadventure.

Immediately he had finished, up sprang Filgee and let loose a



Then she held herself up straight. But she did not look at Druro. Her eyes kept their quiet, meditative gaze as at something far beyond the walls of that building.

But Filgee with his black poodle eyes darting glances back and forth from the jury to Druro pressed the poisoned dagger home.

"Answer me, sir. You expect the court—the gentlemen of the jury—you expect me to believe that?"

Druro threw him another look of loathing and contempt and took his time about it, giving him full measure. He meant everyone to read what he thought of the scurrilous beast. Then he turned and deliberately swept the faces of Judge and jury with a firm glance.

"I expect all men who have ever met young Desmond to believe it," he stated clearly—then flashing back at the lawyer: "As for you, sir, who do not know me and whom I do not wish to know—you are at liberty to further encumber your gross mind with any vile and vulgar illusion that pleases it."

A medley of sound surged up and broke. It was as though a whirlwind passed through the room. Druro left the box triumphant. Desmond's character so far as her life in Rhodesia was concerned had returned to its unassailability. The matter of whether or not she had caused the death of Lypiatt took second place for the time being. Those who thought about it at all were inclined to think Lypiatt had split his own skull for spite. That was the spirit Druro left behind him, and as he was the last witness it was the spirit the Solicitor-General had to deal with in his address to the jury.

He dealt with it very ably. He was himself of the true spirit of Rhodesia and knew very well the frame of mind of the public and sympathized with it and with that valiant figure in the dock. But he had not been speaking more than three minutes before the prisoner's friends realized that she still stood in an extremely precarious position. In grave and measured phrase Douglas pointed out that the charge of causing a fellow being's death had been laid at the prisoner's door and she had offered no serious repudiation of that charge. The evidence all pointed to her being the one person implicated in the tragedy, yet she proffered no frank statement of facts. The sad and remarkable history of the prisoner had become known. They were all moved by the

volume of snarls and fleers; jabbing, biting and sneering at the prisoner and everyone who had spoken a good word for her.

After a deadly enumeration of all the most damning points in the evidence, he flung himself into the opening Douglas had made by reference to Desmond's past, knowing that as the Judge had not pulled up the Solicitor-General he himself was bound to go unrebuked.

"Yes, we know of what my learned friend has described as the 'tragic' episode in the prisoner's past," he howled. "No one who has a memory could help recalling it. The prisoner appears to be endowed with a power to make men fall dead in her presence.

"She behaves like some sort of goddess—or is it a Messallina? Men are found dead about her in the intimate places of her dwelling, and she walks away leaving their bodies to be removed or pushed aside under a blanket—but let no one affront her by the question of how it was done—or why. The world must take her innocence, her non-complicity in the grim business for granted. Aha!

"Only that she does not happen to be a goddess—though she might possibly be a modern Messallina. And this happens to be just the common work-a-day world, and she just an ordinary good looking"—he would allow that—"a good looking but powerfully built, extremely strong and resolute woman. A woman, too, with a taste for drama, for adventure, for wild society. One might almost say a taste for blood.

"Evidence for the defense has been carefully directed to show that it is unlikely that the accused could have got the better of Lypiatt except by the intervention of an accident. In connection with this doubt I beg to call attention to the evidence of Francis Druro—a man who has told you boldly that he hated Lypiatt and was quite liable to kill him if he had met him at the camp. How do we know that these two 'bosom friends' did not lay a plan to decoy Lypiatt there, the man because he detested him and the woman because he knew her secret? Druro we know was ill and



"Did you or did you not know that the prisoner was a woman?" Filgee shouted at Druro.

delirious the next day, but he *might* not have been too ill that night to assist in the foul work! How do we know what time he got back to camp and what transpired before he collapsed? I ask the gentlemen of the jury to use their profound intelligence in considering these points. In her masquerading garb the accused stands before you brazen and unashamed, and I say it is preposterous that you should be asked to judge her by the same standards as you would use for a decent woman—and that you should be invited by the Solicitor-General to consider her tragic story.

"Tragic? Yes, tragic indeed, but for whom? For the two men who mysteriously died three years ago? For Constant Lypiatt mysteriously dead too in the prime of his life? For his broken-hearted wife and sorrowing kinsfolk? No. Oh no! *Their* case, it seems, is *not* tragic. It is only this vagabond Countess, vagrant and disowned, this lawless female scallywag decked in men's trousers—whose position is tragic!

"And so I hope it *may* be gentlemen of the jury. I trust to your intelligence and integrity to make it so. I commend to your sagacity and fine sense the protection of the lives of your fellow men and the responsibility of seeing that this woman meets with a just fate."

The jury looked variously miserable and annoyed at having these fulsome epithets and unwelcome injunctions thrust upon them. The Russian-Jew boy cobbler, not understanding a word, started in deep embarrassment to scrape his boots on the floor. The Teutonic gardener gazed fixedly in front of him. His mind was made up—he would vote with the strongest party. The Greek merchant looked glum, almost stern, unforgiving, uncompromising, relentless. This is what he *looked* like. As a matter of fact the emotions causing his expression had nothing to

do with the case but with another of the jurors—the H. A. P.—who owed him a good sized sum of money and had done so for a considerable time. Hence the relentless scowl that decorated his brow.

The foreman also wore a worried look, because he knew of this difference between two of his men and wondered what would happen when they went into retreat. Personalities on such occasions were not unknown. Sometimes the vital issues of the case were entirely lost sight of when enemies such as these two met over the table of deliberations.

O'Byrne's time having now come to mangle the feelings of those nine sad, patient men, he did it with a will. With harmonious phrase and penetrating and melodious voice, he outlined for them the position of his client.

"This beautiful and unfortunate lady, whose footsteps throughout life have been dogged by fateful things, whose destiny seems inextricably linked with drama the most poignant and profound. Tragedy has lain in wait for her, and sorrow taken her by the hand. Exiled, she sought in the wide silences of the veldt to lose the name and identity that had become so painful to her.

"How does she come to meet the charge of complicity in Constant Lypiatt's death? Does she come pleading your compassion as a woman whom life has ill treated? Has she resumed the subtle aids and accessories of femininity wherewith to beguile your judgment?

"No, gentlemen of the jury. She might have done so had she chosen; but she would not. Garbed and guised as you have known her she stands before you, prepared to take her chance of your justice, not on her sex nor her title nor her romantic history, but on the record of her life among you. Just 'young

Desmond' whom you have all liked and respected; though my learned friend from the Cape, *not being a Rhodesian*, has done his best by taunt and innuendo to undermine that record of clean comradeship and fine, austere simplicity.

"She had come straight from hospital to take up her position as working partner on this mine discovered and started by Druro. On arrival they lunch, and Druro shows her over the place. He is feeling ill but determines to go into town and leaves her in charge. Though still shaky herself from illness, she immediately takes up her share of the work. Druro has explained to her that the claims protecting his find have not yet been pegged and some instinct tells her that it had better be done soon—that her friend's property is in danger. So the instant he has gone she sets to work. For her instinct was unerring. Another man had smelled out the richness of that find and determined to have a share in it. Like many mining men he had few scruples when it came to claim grabbing.

"Except for the greed of Constant Lypiatt we should not be engaged here today. That consummate greed drove him further than merely trying to benefit by another man's mistake in pegging. It drove him by what I am obliged to label as exceedingly foul means to try and make Druro's friend betray the ownership of those claims into his hands. You have heard how he did not disdain to slink and lie in hiding, waiting for darkness in which to go unheard and unwitnessed to Desmond's hut and make his base proposition. He had become possessed of her secret and meant to use it as a lever wherewith to coerce her to his uses. Who among you that has ever had acquaintance with my client can doubt what her answer was? Who cannot imagine the scornful words that passed rapidly into a violent quarrel? Perhaps in the heat and fury of his disappointment and goaded by the prisoner's scorn, Lypiatt forgot her sex. At any rate, in an insane manner he attacked the prisoner, caught her by the throat and terribly injured her. There was a struggle. Lypiatt falls with a crash. How it happened in the darkness my client cannot pretend to say, but she hears a sharp crack as of some brittle object on stone. It is the crack of Lypiatt's skull—extraordinarily brittle as the evidence proves—upon the ironlike floor. That was the end of a terrible and deplorable story—the end of a man's life! But for that end, I contend, my client was no more responsible than if a flash of lightning had streaked in and struck him down.

"Can you wonder that she was dazed and terrified into acting for a time in a strange manner? Prosecutor for the Crown, though fairness itself in his address, did in my opinion dwell too much upon her conduct at this time and upon what he called the crime of concealment. I contend that he forgot one thing—that in spite of her garb the prisoner is a woman, and that once the fierce events that had called for her courage and chivalry were past she was beset by all the panic fears that cluster to a woman's heart in the face of bloody happenings. She did *not* conceal. Merely in her stunned and horrified condition she delayed to act. Is delay a crime?

"Besides, there were her sick comrade's interests to protect. Gold was lying loose at this rich mine, and no one to mind it if she left but half a dozen natives. Druro's partner Guthrie was expected at any moment to come and take charge, and was it strange that she should delay action until he came? Suddenly she is stupefied by the arrival of a native policeman! When he asks if she has seen Lypiatt she says no. That is understandable. No one is going to confess their soul to a native policeman!

"But I put it to you, gentlemen of the jury, that when later she left the shaft and came to the hut to find the police there she was thankful, not sorry. For Guthrie was there too, and she was free to go. The police have described to you her air of frankness and relief as she came up to them. 'Quite right!' she said; and light heartedly rode away in their company. She was light hearted, gentlemen, in the security of her innocence; in the firm conviction that when the facts were known she would be absolved by all clear thinking and unbiased minds of any crime except delay; and in the sure assumption with which she stands before you—of the even scales of Rhodesian justice and the equity of her fellow men."

O'Byrne sat down. He had done his work and he knew it. No scraping of feet now from the Russian-Jew boy cobbler. The Greek merchant, though he still looked relentless, had forgotten his feud with the H. A. P. His was only one of nine relentless glances directed at Counsel for the Prosecution. Plainly the jury were in accordance upon one point at least—scorn for the opinions of the poodle-eyed Filgee.

There seemed little for the Judge to do. Nevertheless he went

assiduously over the evidence, dwelling slightly upon the features favorable to Desmond but not evading the unfavorable ones. Every word was followed earnestly until the moment when the jury were sent off with directions to consider the alternative verdicts of, one, manslaughter; two, justifiable homicide.

They ambled briskly out, grateful for even this brief bodily exercise, and a deep silence remained behind. No one budged. A conviction prevailed that the waiting would not be long, and excitement was at white heat, but the appearance of the prisoner had a calming effect upon impatience. She seemed so very still and pale and unmoving. They could not tell how wildly her heart was throbbing—though not with fear, for it seemed to her a simple thing to die or disappear from the world for the sake of one you loved. She feared for her self-control. She knew that if she heard sympathy and sorrow in that kind voice, tears would flood her eyes and roll down her cheeks. She might even burst into weeping. What a disgrace in the eyes of the world! What would the kindly tribe of hairy armed ones think of one who having swaggered amongst them now burst into tears like a coward at the threat of punishment?

Suddenly there was a shuffle of feet and the opening of doors. The Judge, who had been leaning forward, face on hand and eyes fixed, sat erect. A breathlessness came into the big room. Not a sound was heard except the footsteps of the fatal nine filing to their seats. People gazed searchingly at them, but it is not easy to read the faces of nine solemnly marching men. All that could be definitely ascertained was an unmistakable air of resolution, and the public prepared itself for anything. It was not infrequent for a Rhodesian jury absolutely to stagger the Bench and all in court by the result of their deliberations.

At last they were in their places, and the suspense, now almost unbearable, could be gauged by the loud breathing plainly heard all over the court. Men sounded as if they had been running hard and women were crying. It seemed a year of time before the question was put and the answers boldly proclaimed by the foreman.

"Not guilty of manslaughter. Not guilty of justifiable homicide."

Moreover, in the opinion of the jury the prisoner was guilty of nothing more than having been most unfortunately present at the death by suicide of Constant Lypiatt.

It was said afterwards that the fantastic rider had been invented by the Russian-Jew boy cobbler, the Greek shopkeeper and the H. A. P., who combined so strongly to insist upon it that the others, foreseeing a long sitting without any ultimate difference, gave in.

Whether or not this story was true, no mistake could be made as to the popularity of the unprecedented, dynamic verdict. It had *un succès fou*. There was just one second of acute stillness, an astounded immobility that suggested wholesale paralysis; then with a roar of delirious glee that rose to the rafters and nearly blew the windows out, bedlam was let loose.

"I told you so. He did it for spite!" howled a joyous citizen who wore his shirt slit open to the waist, showing an enormous chest with a bronze beard sprouting from it. It took several hefty policemen to remove this gentleman, laughing like a maniac. Sherry, waving his false teeth and singing a hymn, was also deported. A really disgraceful scene! Judge Verfion had a right to be as angry as he seemed, and certainly no one else could have quelled the row as he so promptly did, standing upright and looking extremely handsome and stormy while he poured out godlike wrath on those who outraged the decorum of his court.

When penitence and a mock humility was sufficiently restored he turned and smote the jurymen. The rider to their verdict, he said, was fantastic, absurd and ridiculous; Lypiatt's death might well be ascribed to the accident of his fall, but suicide was beyond the bounds of probability and would never have been introduced except by a lot of dunderheads. The verdict itself, however, was in his opinion sound, just and in accordance with the evidence. The prisoner would therefore be acquitted and leave the court "without a stain on her character."

After that the storm broke loose again. The court was cleared by the Judge's orders and in the noise and confusion, O'Byrne got his client out of the dock and away to a carriage that waited at a side door in the dusk. Desmond, unable yet to bear the ordeal of meeting a world as eagerly curious as it was kind, begged to go back to Mrs. Brade; and she slept that night a free woman yet behind bars; while Rhodesians went up and down the town and backward and forward upon it seeking her in vain.

(Continued on page 155)

By ELINOR
GLYN



Is
There
A Danger Year
in MARRIAGE?

Please
Read
this
Care-
fully
and
then
show
it
to
a
Friend
who
needs
the
Advice

Photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston Specially posed by Doris Kenyon

IT WOULD seem that this kind of test is given to all married persons, but it would be impossible to fix the actual year because the conditions of each pair may differ. But speaking generally, I should think it might be the second year—because very frequently the first year is taken up with awaiting the arrival of a child, when everything is out of the ordinary routine.

But when that business is over and things between the pair seem normal again, then the dangerous period begins.

The young woman has been ill and physically unattractive, and although the young husband has made every allowance for her, it may have blunted the romance he had woven about her, or physically disillusioned him in some way, if he is particularly sensitive, and all this quite subconsciously and not with his will or because he is a brute.

If only women would realize that physical disillusion is the most dangerous foe they have to face, they would be much more careful, because it acts so insidiously. The woman becomes careless over one little thing and then another, and suddenly she discovers that however kind and affectionate her husband may be to her, he is no longer *in love* with her.

We will say that she gets past this abnormal year without blunting his emotion for her, and he also without blunting hers—because men disillusion women as well as women disillusion men, but not so often, for women are more tolerant. Then they

are at the period when they must look out and not become casual, in either appearance or manners or character; and men should curb their selfishness, keeping in mind that if they establish a perfect understanding with their loved one in this first normal year, when the abnormal one is over their happiness is likely to go on for a very long time. No one should drift, but take stock of how the affair is going every week, and then curb this and accentuate that just as business people do about the goods they are going to trade with.

Women often begin to be jealous in the second year; in the first one they are too sure of their empire to trouble, but by the second year, if the man is at all flirtatious, he is quite likely to want to amuse himself. Or it may be the woman—she is still only a girl in age—who may want to play about. But if they are wise, since they are married and not contemplating eventual divorce, they should “watch their step” and not either irritate one another or break the tender tie which held them.

By the second year they have both eaten of the tree of knowledge, and in these days of change, when nothing seems to last for long, they may begin to feel that the double harness is galling a little.

Once these quarrels begin and a sense of resentment or bitterness is aroused in either, then one might say the game is up so far as real happiness is concerned, although it may seem more expedient to one or both to patch it up and not make a scandal.



The Second Year

Yes—I should say the second year is the critical one.

I was observing a young friend the other day whom I saw about eighteen months ago on her honeymoon in a state of radiant bliss—her bridegroom utterly devoted to her, so that she could have turned him in any direction she pleased. She was a girl who had had things entirely her own way at home and had been much admired in her first season. They were going to live in a set where a good deal of money is spent, and although they would have enough to live comfortably among their kind there would yet not be a great margin for extravagance.

Here, I thought, was a marriage which would turn out beautifully.

I saw them again twelve months afterwards. A little daughter had arrived. Mabel did not look nearly so pretty; she was thin and languid, and everything about the ordering of their charming home in Knightsbridge was a trouble to her. She was peevish—and the servants were leaving. Charlie had to attend to some business he had gone into on leaving his lancer regiment,

and when he came home she was not the delightful companion she had been. She had begun to say things to him which contained a tacit reproach. She told me, however, that they loved with the same passion as ever. I felt uneasy.

I saw them again last week. Their second year was six months old. Charlie now could be quite interested in Mabel's friends when they danced in the evening, and had rather begun to call his wife "old dear." Mabel was bitter, and confided to me that she was now going to make interests for herself, Charlie being quite impossible.

I wonder where they will have drifted to when their third twelve months begin!

But on the other hand, if only the first signs of disillusion are observed by both the husband and wife, and both determine to avoid continuing doing that which causes this state of things, very soon a better understanding takes place, and they pass the dangerous period and settle down to real deep happiness.

It is commonsense which seems to be so lamentably wanting



The Third Year

in so many cases. People seem like naughty children breaking up the fine works of a watch.

It is each one's own fault, or misfortune, if the other ceases to care; it is because the same magnetic attraction is not emanating from him or her. Love is a thing apart in life; it affects the brain and the senses like some powerful drug; it is the *only* intoxicating happiness on this earth; so how tragic to let it go in the second year, when with a little intelligence it could have stayed!

Look around among your friends—you who read—and see how many of them have weathered the second year successfully.

The thing for the young man to do, if he wants to retain his joy, is to examine himself and see whether he is doing everything he can to keep it or whether he is not growing selfish again as he was in his bachelor days.

All Englishmen are selfish, more or less, because for hundreds of years they have been trained to be by the fortunate conditions which obtain for men in England, and English mothers and

sisters have helped to make sons and brothers selfish. So there is no use in bothering about it; much better accept the fact and make the best of it, since the thing is a question of numbers and in no nation where the males are in the minority can they be naturally unselfish.

Well—when he has examined himself the young husband can then pull up and take a little trouble—as much as he would if it were something to do with his sport, let us say.

And the young wife, too, had better take a survey and decide if their love is going on, or if it is growing less—and if the latter, why?—and then she, too, can use her intelligence.

But if people just drift without self-examination they are more than likely to turn happiness into a commonplace humdrum existence. And the first step in this is when *either disillusion the other's senses*. For never forget: *loving* has mainly to do with emotions of the spirit—but *being in love* is chiefly concerned with the senses, and glamour cannot stay with a cold-creamed nose and hair in curling pins.

By GOUVERNEUR

The Revolt of Camposanto

Illustrations by
Harrison Fisher



Mrs. Kelley—

ambitious and worldly-wise.

THE public were not very well acquainted with old Mr. Camposanto's good qualities. His daughters, considering that upon the occasion of their weddings he had made over only two-thirds of his property to them and still piggishly held on to the remaining third for his own use, had forgotten them. He was therefore an unappreciated and misunderstood man.

There was hardly room enough for him in his own house. The daughters, Mrs. O'Ryan and Mrs. Kelley, together with their husbands, children and grandchildren, filled it to overflowing. And this says much for the fertility of the Spanish and Irish cross, for the old Camposanto house is by all odds the biggest adobe in Monterey. The walls it is true are four feet thick and themselves take up a lot of space but there are eighteen perfectly good rooms, and old Mr. Camposanto ought not to have been picked on as the particular individual who made it seem crowded.

It was really the daughters who took up the most room, and always had, from the time, in their late teens, when they had begun to have children of their own. Because of their short, straight noses, short upper lips, gleaming teeth and the regal way in which they carried their heads, the "Camposanto girls" were still rather splendid to look at, and their hands and feet were astoundingly small and shapely; but they were huge women, circularly, and had strong dominant characters which made them seem all the huger.

Circularly, old Mr. Camposanto himself didn't amount to much; he was almost spectacularly thin. But in the waste places above the tops of a crowd's head, his own fine old head, with its shock of white hair and its dark, aquiline face, showed to advantage. At that he had lost the lance-like carriage of

his younger and bolder days. He was the victim of a long series of domestic defeats. Excepting that he had managed to retain control of one-third of his property he had been beaten at every turn. He had been driven from his fine airy bedroom, on the second floor front, to a room no bigger than a monk's cell on the ground floor rear. The control of the big garden with its high wall had been wrested from him, and he had seen the garden spoiled and modernized. His truly wonderful collection of Monterey sea shells had been thrown out of the two large cabinets they had entertainingly filled in the drawing room, and had followed him into the monk's cell where he slept, read, smoked, dreamed and kept himself to himself as much as was possible.

Adobes don't have cellars; but there was a chalk rock outhouse in a corner of the garden which served the purpose. The keys of this had been taken away from him, and when the old man wanted a glass of wine with his dinner he had to humble himself to get it.

In short it looked as if there was nothing much for him to look forward to but the gradual failing of his faculties, mental and physical degeneration, and death.

Already he had put up with so much, and had rebelled so little, the daughters began to hint that he was no longer capable of managing his own affairs. And with their husbands they were already beginning to discuss the advisability of taking the matter into court. They were rich women it is true; but they were ambitious, grasping and worldly-wise. And control of Camposanto's holdings would make each of them half again as rich as she was already. Also, for the daughters were clear headed business women, it was obvious that the property could be more advantageously managed as a whole by two persons acting as one than by three persons acting as individuals, especially when one of them was largely controlled by unworldliness and sentiment. There was the ranch to the southward, for instance; the great headland that thrusts out into the Pacific, and is so vast and varied that it can supply half a dozen different climates at once; a hotel company had offered Camposanto a million dollars for this promontory, and he had merely smiled in his quiet, gentle way, and said that he liked it in much the same way that he liked the Book of Job and that it was not for sale.

This victory of sentiment over commonsense had greatly infuriated the Camposanto girls. And they had fought a battle royal with their father on the subject. And they had so scolded and abused him in swift, cutting Spanish that he had actually turned on them and fought back.

"Why do I want the Camposanto ranch?" he cried. "For the Camposantos, of course. I'm not too old to marry and have a son. And if you don't give me a little peace that's just what I'll do."

MORRIS

A Story of Romance at Seventy



Señorita Felicia—

"I have been keeping this," she said, "for a great occasion."

Thereupon he had darted into his little monk's cell room with his books and his sea shells and slammed the door.

"In the old days," Mrs. O'Ryan commented, "when father would threaten to marry again and cheat us out of our heritage I used to worry and lie awake nights. And there was a time when he was really smitten. But the Diaz girl is forty if she's a day, and I doubt if he has set eyes on her for years and years."

"I think," laughed Mrs. Kelley, "that you are still worrying. I used to worry too. But that which used to be a threat possible of fulfillment is no longer anything but the boasting of a senile old man. Father's seventy if he's a day."

As a matter of fact old Camposanto was extremely fond of his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, even if none of them bore the name of Camposanto, and had no

intentions of doing them out of anything which was rightfully theirs. After his death the ranch to the southward would be sold and desecrated. And he was quite reconciled to that. But he preferred to die first and to take his own good time, or as much as the good Lord would vouchsafe him, in doing it. In the meanwhile it was very silly for two fat women who had plenty to be hankering after more and to be hinting that the brain which had managed to hold on to so much, and even to increase it, had ceased to function properly.

Small as his present quarters were old Camposanto had become attached to them, and it was with grave misgivings that he heard his daughters beginning to hint that sleeping on the ground floor of an adobe was bad for his rheumatism, or would be bad for his rheumatism in the event of his having any. The fact was that the Camposanto girls visited with a lady who had recently turned a small bare ground floor room into a very charming and feminine boudoir in which to receive her intimates, and the Camposanto girls were ambitious to emulate her example. Their father they agreed would really be better off in the attic than on the ground floor and the more he trotted up and down the stairs the better it would be for his old legs. And so they hinted and hinted, but the old man refused to move and the ladies finally made up their minds that it would be necessary to invent a stratagem.

They seized upon the occasion of the next prizefights to be held in the auditorium.

The Monterey prizefights are spirited bouts between youths to whom a little money means a lot and a few raps on the nose mean nothing at all. A good natured audience with a sprinkling of amused women is always in attendance, and the tall and lean Mr. Camposanto invariably occupied a ringside seat.

The youth and energy of the combatants refreshed him. He always returned home from the auditorium with a lighter pair of feet and a more buoyant carriage than he had taken with him. And he did not too poignantly mourn for the old lost days of bull fighting and cock fighting.

Four bouts of four rounds each were fought and decided.

A fifth bout, tame and vaguely scientific, was called a draw, and the announcer announced that the Pride of Castroville would not fight the Watsonville Terror as had been arranged, but a gentleman who had very kindly volunteered to take the Terror's place—Ed Smith of Salinas.

This announcement was not received with cheers. The Pride of Castroville was a good man and so was the Watsonville Terror, and a bout between them was always entertaining. But nobody had ever heard of Ed Smith and nobody had any confidence in his ability to create anything in the nature of a Roman holiday.

He took his corner amid a profound silence and proved to be a half-breed Indian, no longer very young. He had a fine aquiline face with an expression at once gentle, dignified and patient. He was well muscled but too thick through the waist, at once showing his age and his lack of training, and the knowing ones believed that he would be very quickly beaten to a jelly and knocked out. But the Indian is an enduring strain and patience is a great virtue. And while it is true that for two rounds Ed Smith of Salinas took a tornado of blows on his head



At last Camposanto actually fought back:
"I'm not too old to marry. And if you don't
give me a little peace that's just what I'll do."

and thickened waist, it is also true that he came out of his corner at the beginning of the third still placid and undamaged.

His foot work was bad; he had no defense; the Pride of Castroville, full of youth and speed if not of science, hit him when he pleased and where he pleased. A knock-out seemed only a question of time. The Pride of Castroville had many friends in the audience, and during the first half of the third round their cheering was unbroken.

Camposanto began to feel sorry for the Indian. He had a good deal of sympathy with Indians anyway. The California of the Spaniard and the Indian, he felt, had been a more comfortable and saner California than the California of the polyglot present. He began to dislike the excessively blond and white Pride of Castroville. His old muscles began to tingle and twitch. He would like to hand that Castroville boy one himself. The Castroville boy fought wide open. Anybody could have hit him, but that half-breed had no science—didn't know an opening when he saw it. Camposanto sat with his head up, his fists clenched and his eyes shining. Oh to be twenty and to strike one good blow!

Ed Smith of Salinas, staggered by a right to the jaw, crouched low to avoid another and suddenly hit upward, all the way upward from the floor.

The first part of the Castroville Pride to strike the said floor was the back of his head. It was as if a mule had kicked him. When the referee had counted ten, Ed Smith of Salinas picked up the unconscious youth in his arms and carried him to his corner. Then, still with a resigned, patient and gentle expression he returned to his own.



By the time the Pride of Castrovilla had come to his senses the auditorium was empty and old Camposanto was on his way home. Thrice, however, while passing through a dark and deserted alley, he stopped, crouched, doubled his right fist and brought it upward, all the way upward from the "floor," in a close imitation of the blow which had stopped the Castrovilla boy in the midst of his triumphant career.

"And all the old fellow had in him was one punch," murmured Camposanto, "only the one punch; but it was a good one. It did the business."

Highly pleased with the evening's entertainment he let himself into the old Camposanto adobe and went at once to his room. But the door was locked.

He turned the knob this way and that and shook the door. But his intuitions were very keen and almost instantly he began to have a suspicion of what had happened.

He looked up the stair. At the top he beheld the vast

bewrapped figure of Mrs. Kelley. She was smiling and doing her best to appear calm and matter of fact; but the curious, set look in her father's face made her nervous.

"It's all right, father," she said. "You won't be put to any trouble at all. We've moved every one of your things and you'll be ever so much more comfortable upstairs."

"Up two flights of stairs," said Camposanto.

There was a silence.

"There's only one more thing," said Mrs. Kelley, still more nervously. "The children helped move you and I'm afraid that poor little Manuel dropped a box of shells and one or two may have broken."

"May have broken," said Camposanto.

He climbed the flight of stairs stolidly enough, passed his daughter without a word and moved like one in a dream through the corridor that led to the attic stairs. When he had reached them he turned and said:

The Revolt of Camposanto

"Please wait a minute. I want to speak to you." Then he ascended the attic stairs to his new room.

His intuition had already told him that among the shells which had been broken he would find his specimen of *Chrysodomus Tabulatus*. There are only a few in the world.

But he had to be sure.

He found that the spire of this choicest shell had been broken into three pieces and the body whorl into five.

His eyes moistened and he wiped them with the backs of his hands. Then, amid the new and strange surroundings, he began to hunt for old and familiar things—his carpet bag, his linen, his pepper and salt suit. Having located these, he packed the pepper and salt suit and some of the linen into the carpet bag.

Meanwhile Mrs. Kelley had grown impatient. But she was alarmed too. So she followed her father upstairs and pushed open the door of his new room. He was in the act of closing the carpet bag.

"What are you doing?" she said.

"Come in and I will tell you."

When she had entered the room and closed the door behind her, the old man said:

"I am going away. I am going where you will never find me. You will never get another penny of my money. I have stood all the abuse and humiliation from you and your sister that I am going to stand."

Mrs. Kelley tried to temporize.

"You can't rush off like this in the middle of the night," she said.

"I am not going to rush off," he said. "I am going in the flivver. I shall leave the two big cars for you."

"You must be crazy," she exclaimed.

"To leave the best of everything—as always—for my daughters?"

He shrugged his shoulders and started to pick up the carpet bag.

"You are out of your mind," she exclaimed. "I shall prevent you by force."

"No," said Camposanto, "you will not prevent me by force."

The reaching down for the carpet bag had given him the thought. He clenched his fist and brought it upward, all the way upward from the floor, and with all his force.

It was a fine blow, well struck. The bewrapped Mrs. Kelley, knocked cuckoo, knocked cold, lay flat on her back, in such a state of stupor that a referee could have kept on counting her out till he was tired.

It was the first time in his life that Camposanto had ever struck a woman. He felt no remorse whatever. A man's life is his own and if he must strike a blow for liberty, let it be a good blow and let the recipient be any kind, or sex, of a tyrant!

He picked up the carpet bag, put on his hat and at the door of the room turned and remarked to the unconscious hippopotamus on the floor:

"Let's see how you like to sleep in the attic."

Presently the serenity of the soft Monterey night was disturbed by the ambitious roaring of a flivver. To one listener the roaring said one thing, to another it said something else. But it is very doubtful if anybody heard the true message—that it is never too late to resist tyranny or to fly from oppression.

"Give us liberty," roared the flivver, "or give us death."

With old Camposanto driving, a short term of liberty seemed apt to be followed by a very long and sudden term of the other thing; but presently his brain cleared and then lamp-posts, curbs and buttons at the intersections of streets stopped missing him and he began to miss them.

He and the car climbed Franklin Street almost to the top. Then they turned to the right and lurched and bumped for several blocks along one of those typical Monterey thoroughfares upon which no money had been spent since the days of the Spaniards. A half moon sailed in the heavens. The air smelled of heliotrope and roses.

The flivver paused, to take breath as it were, and Camposanto descended at a little white gate in an untrimmed hedge of thorny acacias. The very little white house to which the gate belonged was altogether hidden from the road. And even after the hedge had been passed there was disclosed at the end of a straight and narrow path between mature shrubberies, only a front door between two white posts of a veranda, and a flight of steps.

There was no light showing and the little house looked pearly in the moonlight. It was the retreat in which a pretty girl,

defying the conventions, had nursed a breaking heart, learned gardening and grown middle-aged.

Camposanto knocked in a peculiar way. And heard almost instantly a flustered hurrying of approaching footsteps.

There was nothing the matter with the Señorita Diaz's lungs. The distance between the kitchen, in which she had been pouring over the adventures of a certain Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the front door was not great. Nevertheless when she had reached the latter and flung it open she was all out of breath. Camposanto himself was breathing quickly.

His head, however, seemed to have recovered the alert grace of his youth, and in the moonlight he no longer looked like an old man.

"Señorita Felicia," he said, "you once told me that if ever I were in trouble to come to you."

"Señor Felix," she announced, "the years must have dealt kindly with you. For very many have passed since we spoke of possible trouble coming to you."

"The years," he said, "have dealt more than kindly with me. But my daughters for whom I sacrificed your happiness and my own have not. Tonight the persecution to which they have steadily subjected me became intolerable and I have left the house in which I was born, for ever and a day."

"But come in, Señor Felix, and rest yourself."

He hesitated.

"At our age!" she exclaimed. "Who would gossip about us?"

"Truly, you are right. It is many years—too many—since the world and his wife had our names on their tongues. I will come in, then, since you are so gracious as to invite me."

He followed her into the kitchen and she told him that he was in his own house and that he might smoke if he wished. While he rolled a cigarette, she got out a bottle of very old wine.

"I have been keeping this," she said, "for a great occasion."

Camposanto's vision was unimpaired and he studied her comely and tranquil face. He tasted the wine which she had poured for him and pronounced it delicious.

"In the old days," he said, "they had the secret of capturing sunshine and the spirit of spring and the color of rubies and imprisoning them in bottles."

He lifted his glass and clinked it against hers and added:

"For the strengthening of hearts!"

The tone of his voice touched some old reservoir of feeling and, when she had drunk the toast, tears gleamed in the corners of her eyes. She laughed them away.

"Men of my blood," he said presently, "sometimes live to be a hundred. I have preserved a third of my fortune for my own use, and I am on my way to Camposanto to begin life all over again. If I were to plant acorns tomorrow I might still live to see good sized trees. Hidden in one of the little valleys of Camposanto there is a little adobe of four rooms. The ancient roof of red tiles is intact. There I intend to make my home."

"But who will cook for you and take care of your clothes?"

"Even in these degenerate days it is possible to hire servants. But just at first, when the weather is so lovely, I had the thought of doing my own work. I am very strong still. I feel"—he said this with a reminiscent smile—"as if I could fell an ox with a blow of my fist."

"But after you have settled at Camposanto you will not often be seen in Monterey."

"Never," he said.

"Never?" She paled a little.

"No man can begin a new life until he has altogether broken with the old."

"But your children and—"

"My grandchildren?" He smiled. "Yes. And my great-grandchildren? They will get along very nicely without me."

"The thought that you are no longer in Monterey will be very painful to some people," said Señorita Diaz.

"To you?"

"Of course."

"Pour me another glass of wine, I beg you."

She did so. He drank it at one gulp and put down the glass in a decisive and determined way.

"There was a time," he said, "when you loved me. I was persuaded that it was my duty to abandon the loving thoughts and plans that I had for you. I was thereby false to you and false to myself. It is this which hurts me, for my feelings toward you have not changed in any way."



Old Camposanto kept himself to himself and lived with his books and his dreams.

"Neither," she said, "have my feelings changed toward you."
 "Then you will come to Camposanto with me, stopping only at Carmel to be married by the priest?"

"When?" she asked.

"Tonight. Now."

"I could hardly get ready before dawn."

"Let us start then at dawn."

"I must write some letters," she said, "leaving directions with certain neighbors about my doves and chickens and the disposal of such things as I cannot take with me. Meanwhile you could be comfortable on the sofa in the parlor. Tomorrow will be a long and hard day."

"We shall drive as far as Pfeiffers. Beyond, the road is impassable and we shall proceed on horseback. But it wouldn't be proper for me to spend the night in the house of my affianced bride. Lend me a pair of blankets. I will make shift to sleep a little in the car. But I shall not sleep very much because of the peace that is in my heart and the happiness."

He did not sleep at all. He saw the moon set and the dawn break. He enjoyed all the romantic feelings of a young man. For after all the "Diaz girl" was only forty, and she would always be beautiful and he had always loved her.

"And as for me," he thought, "I am not nearly as old as I ought to be."

And he recalled with infinite satisfaction the tremendous blow which he had landed on the point of Mrs. Kelley's jaw.

The door opened just as he was about to knock. The bride was ready, and so were her two suitcases, her letters and a package of sandwiches and another bottle of the old wine.

"The dispute between you and the dawn," said Camposanto, "as to which of you is the lovelier and the rosier would be fast and furious if either of you were in the least quarrelsome."

For a moment she laid her cheek against his shoulder. He was thrilled through and through.

"At my age," she said, "a woman thinks only of peace and contentment; but she doesn't feel too badly if a little romance is thrown in."

Camposanto broke a full blown rose from the vine that covered the porch and scattered the petals for her to walk on. Just then the sun peeped up over the rim of the mountains and it is possible that he winked at them.

During the night the self-starter with which the car was equipped had fallen to pieces and it was necessary to turn the engine over by hand.

(Continued on page 135)

Bringing Up Children

Illustrations by

THERE is probably no subject in the world in regards to which people is worse informed than in regards to bringing up children and this in spite of the fact that pretty near everybody who has got a fountain pen has wrote a book of advice to both young and feeble-minded parents. You go in the book dept. of practally any store and the shelves fairly reeks with \$5.00 volumes by alleged infantile specialists advicing you what to do with the kiddies from the time they are born till they join the Rotary Club. And these volumes outsells pretty near everything except writers like Sinclair Lewis and W. L. George because the minute the word gets around that somebody has got a new baby, why all their friends say to themselves she is too much of a dumbbell to take care of it so we would better buy her a book. The trouble is that the books was mostly wrote by unmarried men and women doctors of both sexes that never roomed with a baby personly and can't even talk baby talk.

That is the worst trouble and the editors of this publication realizes it as well as I do and has asked me to write a article on the kiddies and how to handle them as I am in a position to know what I am talking about haveing broughten up what might be termed a bevy of babies and all of them a howling success. The article may not be as long as some of my admires might wisht but that is because I get paid by the mo. and not by the wd.

It is not my intentions to go into details in regards to the raising of each of my own little ones but rather to give a gen. outline or set of rules that will fit the average, subnormal, unhealthy child. I may bring in a few incidence out of my personal family experiences to illustrate this or that pt. but will try and not put nobody to sleep with same.

For the 1st. day or 2 after a baby is born they ain't hardly no trouble because they are too excited to want to eat. When they finely do get hungry it is my advice to give them the regular dinner instead of leaving them order a la carte as they are libel to go too strong on meats and sweets and not get enough vegetables.

Practally all the text books is agreed on one pt. namely that a new baby should not be picked up every time they cry. My crede is to pick them up the minute they let out the 1st. squawk and then keep picking them up and dropping them, a little harder each time, till they get it through their head that you mean business.



One of the earliest bad habits which a baby gets into is biting their thumbs. A great many doctors contends that the best way to cure them from this evil is to soak the thumbs in iodine or wooden alcohol or similar delicacy that they may not like the taste of, but I have knew babies that fooled everybody by acquireing a genuine passion for these kind of liquors and the next thing you know they are going around 1/2 the time with a fair size bun. The way I cured several of my kiddies from the

thumb chewing episode was to hang them up by their thumbs till these digits was so sore that nobody would think of nibbling on them.

When the baby is from 4 to 8 mos. old they begin to cut their teeth which is the next thing you have got to stop, as teeth was never meant to be



cut, only hair. In the 2d. place it looks to me like the high of foolishness to encourage a baby in haveing their first set of teeth as they no sooner get to know how to handle them when they all fall out and a entire new set comes in which is a whole lot bigger and has got to be mastered with a different technique. These big teeth generally always crops out along about the age of 8 to 10 yrs. old and if a baby can't get on for that lenth of time without teeth, they are a mighty poor fish. Before I got to be a expert on babies I use to let these 1st. little teeth grow and wile they was growing the kids was all kinds of trouble, sometimes even breaking down and crying a specially at night. The books will tell you that this is natural and you

By RING W. LARDNER

Gordon Ross

should ought to let them cry and not walk the floor with them, but the babies I did have that cried over their teeth, I not only walked the floor with them but I mopped the floor with them till they got over the crying habit.

In this connection I might relate one little incidence which

In the general gale of laughter that followed I forgot all about the threatened punishment and Clumsy was allowed to remain in his upper, unscathed.

When the baby is from 3 to 4 yrs. of age you have got to begin thinking about sending them to school unless they are going to be a cartoonist or a chorus gal. Personally I use to be strong for private schools till I got so many children that even if I sent $\frac{1}{2}$ of them to one school it would half to be called public. However what kind of a school you send them to depends of course on if they are a boy or a girl and what subjects they seem to take the most interest in them. The majority of mine is too young so far for a person to tell exactly where I am going to send them with the possible exception of 2 boys who seems to be pointing themselves for Leavenworth.

I believe in every child male and female learning some profession or trade and in the case of a girl that don't show no special talents in any special direction, why I would certainly send her to some good barber college as lady barbers is one of the highest paid and most neglected profession in the world. Then even if she marries well enough so as to not half to support herself, think what a helpmate she will be to her husband.

The way it is now, how few men can look you in the eye and say "My wife shaves me"? Two at the outside.

In regards to gen. culture I think it is O. K. for kiddies of either sex to have a smatter of good and bad language and enough reading so as they can go to the picture shows alone and laugh themselves sick over the sub-titles.

In my own family all the children has been obliged to study French so that if they are in the draft age during the next war they can go as interpreters. And I might add that I am the originer of a scheme which has proved very effective as a aid to their mastery of la belle France's tongue. The last time I was on the other side, as I have nicknamed Europe, I bought me a French chien gendarme, or police dog. Dureing meals the kiddies is compelled to converse only in français and Rover sits at the table in a regular chair, just like people. The instant he hears one of the children mispronounce a wd. or use one wrong, he reaches over and bites the culprit's cheek. As this is all the meal he gets you can bet that le petit chien keeps his ears and mouth open for mistakes.

Those is just a few of my idears in regards to bringing up children and as far

as results is concerned, why we don't hardly ever half to call in a doctor more than once a wk. and the veterinary not that often.

The disease that seems to appeal to them the most is getting bored to death and in that case we call up the post office and have them send over the roulette wheel and let the little ones indulge themselves in gambling. But my children is never allowed to play more than \$50.00 on a single number. No checks cashed.



shows how quick a

baby can think when they are scared. The baby

referred to was my 12th. born who I named Clumsy after prac-

tally all his relatives. Well one night when Clumsy was about 8 and $\frac{1}{2}$ mos. old he set up a terrific howl and I jumped out of bed and right after him like a wolf.

"What is it, Clumsy?" I said. "Cutting teeth?"

"Yes," he sobbed.

"Well," I said, "you know what that means; it means a good licking."

But just as I was about to grab him the little fellow suddenly stopped crying, smiled and then began to sing:

"Teething, teething, I was only teething you."



By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Maggie Qunanne

IT IS an accepted fact in Hollywood, which is necessarily a paradise of pretty women, that there are more beautiful girls to the square inch on the Savage lot than any other place on earth.

When you come to think of it, they are probably right. Nor is it strange.

For Aaron Savage collects girls for his bathing beauties as a connoisseur collects pearls for his favorite string.

He has scoured the world to find gems of feminine loveliness that might set all men mad with desire and all women mad with envy.

More or less, he has succeeded.

And so high has been his standard, so keen his artistic vision, that at last his name has become a synonym for the beauty of woman.

Each year, as one or another steps from the ranks of the Savage beauties—steps up to motion picture stardom, to millionaire marriage, or down into a mire of dissipation that stains and ravages her face and body beyond redemption—each year he searches the highways and byways of the world anew, to reset his necklace.

From the boulevards of Paris. From the candy shops of Iowa. From the docks of Limehouse and the prairies of Canada. From the sands of Newport and the golf links of del Monte, he gathers girls as a naturalist treads deadly swamps and poisonous valleys for rare orchids.

Adrienne Latour, slim, impertinent, restless, her long black eyes set like the eyes of an Egyptian mummy, and her fluttering, white, butterfly hands never still. Speaking with the lure of the Parisian pavements that bred her.

Stately, placid Lucy Haverton, whose beauty was the beauty of an Italian lake at sunset and whose hair fell below her knees, spraying about her like a waterfall of pale gold fire. Hair that photographically occupied more space yearly than Congress.

Bobby Brown, with her turned-up nose and her bee-stung, scarlet lips parted over too perfect teeth, and her pugnacious gamin grin of a pretty baby boy. Her daring, audacious grace. Her impish bobbed curls.

Ethelyn Wells, all tenderly colored in rose and ivory, small and sweet and helpless. Ankles a man's two fingers overspanned. Eyes of a lovely nun. Smooth, silken, shining hair.

Patsy O'Brien, whose figure outrivaled that of the famous Venus of Milo. And who proved it by a series of comparisons that thrilled the newspaper reading public for several Sundays in succession.

Shrewd, cool, tantalizing, olive-skinned Maria Camarillo, round bosomed, sensuous throated, who could do things with a mantilla across her melting brown eyes that ought to be forbidden by the police.

Jill Manton, and Betty Adair, and Polly Forsythe, and Lillian Loring, just pretty—pretty.

About them, too, because of hard outdoor work and intense competition and the fact that they could depend so little upon clothes for their effects, a freshness that usually withers swiftly beneath the Cooper-Hewitts. Yet, after a time, all bearing a sort of family resemblance to each other.

It is almost too obvious, the things that are bound to happen on or in any place like the Savage lot.

The voltage of charm is too high. Normalcy cannot exist there. Disaster will come sometimes. Ambition will be smothered by the age-old call of mating. Or it will call to its aid every weapon that the rules of the game forbid. Passion and jealousy and hate and love—love in every guise, in every degree—all these are bound to stalk unleashed where beauty runs thus rampant.

It is a honey pot—a honey pot.

It is like an eternal springtime, where thoughts are dragged helpless and unwilling victims to love.



*The Story
of a Woman
the
whole World
Loved but
who was the
Loneliest
Woman
in the
World*

*Illustrations by
Wallace Morgan*

"No gutter pup like her,"
said Bobbie. "can make
fun of our Maggie."

For the bathing girls were the picked beauties of a world.
And they had made Aaron Savage rich and famous and a power
in the land of motion pictures.

The bathing beauties—and Maggie Qunanne.

Maggie Qunanne sat in her dressing room reading a book
and eating large and very sticky chocolates from a big brown
box.

It was a pretty dressing room, done tastefully in pale yellow
chintz. A be-cushioned chaise longue. A beribboned rocking
chair. A wicker fern stand. An expensive Persian rug.

Nevertheless Maggie sat upright on the dressing stool, one
foot crooked through the rungs, her elbows planted on the littered
dressing table.

Maggie nearly always sat on the stool. The truth of the
matter, which she never explained, was that because she was so
tall and so thin the chaise longue and the chairs and the daven-
port all hit her in exactly the wrong places and made her very
uncomfortable.

It was cool and quiet in Maggie's dressing room. In reality,
it was a specially constructed bungalow, built upon a bit of open
space and boasting all the conveniences that should be given a
woman who gets \$2500 a week and is worth more.

Outside the latticed window a voice suddenly sang violently:
"Hi, Maggie. Maggie! They're ready for you. Hurry up, 'cause
it's late and the girls are getting cold on that open stage."

pounding and throbbing and she felt the hot flow of a sweet,
nameless loveliness rushing into her very temples.

That one:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Yes, women loved—were loved—like that. Why, all around
her, every day, though they couldn't put it into words that
sang and painted pictures, love existed that way. If she ever
loved—

Her eyes fell on her image in the mirror, the triple, all-revealing
mirror, circled round and round with glaring, high powered lights.

Then she grinned. Maggie's own famous, heart-warming,
irresistible grin.

But her eyes were wet and she said impatiently: "Doggone,
I'll have to fix that mascara again. Ain't I a fool? Well, any

time an Irish old maid like me reads Portuguese sonnets, there's bound to be international complications."

The voice outside, very close, said: "Say, Maggie, you asleep? Didn't you hear me?"

Maggie Qunanne flamed instantly. "Doggone, Jimmy, get out from under my window before I pour dishwater on you. What'd you want me to do when you come round, burst into tears? You trying to bawl me out or show me a good time, which? I'm getting ready. I been sitting around here all day with my make-up on not turning a wheel, and then because you get ready you expect me to come leaping out of here like a young tuna. Go tell Derck I'll be on the set in a couple of minutes."

Jimmy O'Flaherty chuckled.

"All right. Don't wear yourself out, old girl."

But he said it lovingly and the chuckle ran through his words like a golden thread. Everybody on the lot spoke like that when they spoke to Maggie Qunanne, with a golden thread in their words. Not only to her, but of her.

Maggie now regarded herself with businesslike attention.

She was wearing a wide-striped dress of black and white, and after squinting a moment she pulled it about so that it swept the floor in back and hung almost to her knees in front, revealing the famous shoes and the dangling, tangled shoe laces. On her head was a hat that was the pride of Maggie's life, because she had actually found it in an ash can down on Los Angeles Street, and she lovingly regarded its bedraggled feathers and the stiff braids of her red hair.

One long, bony arm swung up with the inimitable gesture, and Maggie tilted the hat to exactly the right angle.

"Ain't that a feature?" said Maggie, openly tickled.

Swiftly she rearranged the mascara about her small, twinkling gray eyes: Added a line of lip rouge to the big up-quirk of her mouth. A last coating of powder to the pug nose that sat so impudently, so absurdly, in the wide expanse of her round face. She looked at herself again and laughed.

She was right.

Just to look at Maggie was always a laugh.

As she went down the little steps of her dressing bungalow, quite unconsciously she stumbled over her dangling shoe laces—just as she stumbled over them on the screen and brought roars and deluges of laughter from the audiences that loved her so.

Their Maggie Qunanne!

Nobody knew, except perhaps dark, quiet Rosa—who had been with Maggie since the very beginning of things—that there was a time when that famous stumble and those marvelous dangling shoe laces had been very far from funny. When Maggie Qunanne had been cuffed and shaken and sent supperless to her narrow hard bed in the cold dormitory of the orphan asylum for entering the refectory just that way.

The beauties were all on the set. Attired in bathing suits constructed of a piece of black lace, a red, red rose and a Spanish comb.

"All of them put together wouldn't make me a respectable lamp shade, you shameless hussies," said Maggie as she came on the set.

With delighted laughter they swarmed about her. For above everything in the whole world the bathing beauties loved Maggie Qunanne.

And not only the bathing beauties.

Maggie was godmother to every child, cat and cockroach on the Savage lot.

She earned her twenty-five hundred a week and the rest of the studio borrowed it.

She had been maid of honor at every wedding the Savage lot ever had anything to do with. From the gorgeous spectacle that made little Eloise Hart the wife of young Jacky Van Alystyne and mistress of more millions than Maggie cared to count, to the small ceremony in the O'Flaherty's parlor, when Jimmy married the telephone operator and Maggie kissed the priest by mistake.

It was characteristic of Maggie that she sent exactly the same present to both weddings.

There were eight children named after her already and Maggie herself had held the slim, trembling hands of at least two young things and joked with them and laughed at them while life and death all but joined hands across their beds.

"Glory be," she said to Rosa afterwards, "but every pang should be dear to them, to think they're bringing a child into the world. What is a woman that's never had a child? The same as a ship that's never been to sea, I say."

Partly for these things the bathing beauties loved Maggie and went to her with tales that the world would have given much to

hear. But it was mostly because Maggie always laughed. And when she laughed, you laughed. Maggie Qunanne was just as funny off the screen as she was on.

The scene for which Maggie had been called progressed famously.

It was a simple scene, and played by anybody but Maggie Qunanne it would have been only a trifle funny and more than a trifle vulgar.

A neglected wife strays into a brilliant, hectic cabaret in search of an erring husband, and once there by accident drinks more champagne than is good for her.

First, Maggie reduced the entire troop to such hysterics that it delayed getting the scene by an hour.

And yet, somehow, as she sat there in the gorgeous set, with the stupendous beauty of the bathing girls about her, with her funny old ash can hat on one side of her head and her shoe laces dangling and that impudent, bewildered smile on her face—somehow you got a picture of the heartache and the loneliness and the tortured bravery of every neglected wife everywhere. And you laughed through hot tears that you never intended to shed. And sobbed a bit in the midst of laughter that rocked you.

That was Maggie Qunanne's genius.

Back in her dressing room, Maggie tied a towel about her braids and began to take off her make-up, whistling softly.

She had almost covered her face with grease from a rubber brush when the door banged open.

No one ever knocked at Maggie's door.

"It's a good thing I'm virtuous," Maggie had once remarked, "because I get about as much privacy around this lot as a street car conductor in the Chicago Loop."

Bobby Brown perched like a pretty humming bird on the yellow chaise longue. Her scarlet underlip shot out. Her exquisite, slender body still revealed by the lace bathing suit.

"Hell," she said briefly, "I wish all the men in the world were at the bottom of the ocean!"

"Ye-uh?" said Maggie, intent on the cold creaming process. "That's an expensive and idle wish, Bobs, because you'd go buy yourself one of them deep sea diving suits in about six days."

Bobby shook her small dark head, her face aflame.

"You think I would—you're crazy. Men are the cat's whiskers. More than that, they're all alike. You think you've got one that's different, and what a sap you turn out to be. They're about as different as a lot of hen's eggs. Some are rotten and some are fresh, and that's all the difference. When you know one of 'em, you know 'em all. I'll tell the world."

"You and Warren had a row?" asked Maggie calmly.

"You can call it a row if you want to, but I'm going to call it a war. Why, that big spark plug misses me a couple of minutes at Henriette's party last night and—well, see for yourself."

She rubbed the heavy layers of powder from a slim firm arm and a dull purple spot glared up like a blind eye.

"You're lucky you haven't got any men hanging around you, Maggie," said Bobby Brown, with the suggestion of a whimper.

Beneath Maggie's freckles, where the cream had left her face soft and bare of make-up, a slow flood of dull crimson welled. Painfully, as though every throb tore loose a heartstring. And in Maggie Qunanne's gray eyes grew a look of fascinated, embarrassed anguish as they gazed down on that ugly dark spot that seemed to shriek aloud of primitive, elemental love of a man for a woman.

"Well—I don't know, Bobby," she said slowly. "A woman's a woman, and if she's a real woman she needs a man. A woman can't ever know what life is all about until she's known love. I'm—I'm only twenty-five, you know."

Bobby's brain was as shallow as a teaspoon and her heart as fickle as a bee in a flower garden, but she did adore Maggie.

"You don't mean—why, but—" she stammered, startled by the look that for the first time in all the months she had known her had now swamped the twinkle in Maggie's eyes; the look of a small and ugly and hungry child who stands daily amid beautiful toys she may not touch.

Maggie grinned. "Say, I tell you, Bobby, I think you're as much in love with Warren as you'll ever be. He's a nice boy. He'd make any girl a good, clean, decent husband. You ain't much good, you know, Bobs. You're an awful little darn fool. But you're so pretty you'll always be getting in trouble, with men falling in love with you. Funny, ain't it—you and me? Well, if you had even one brain cell working, you'd quit chasing around with morons like Eddie Welch and marry Warren, if he'll have you. He beat you up—don't lie to me, darlin'—because you were probably in some mischief. I know you. But



Maggie tilted the hat to exactly the right angle. "Ain't that a feature?" she said, openly tickled.

it gives me respect for the lad, and he might make you behave yourself. But I don't suppose you will. Doggone, a home and a man that loves you and a baby"—violins came through her voice then, as violins creep through the brass of a Wagner overture—"that sounds more like my idea of Heaven than a tin harp and feathers. If I had——"

A boy's head, clean-cut, with the faintest scent of hair tonic and tobacco, poked itself through the half open window.

"Hello, Maggie," said the boy briefly. "Bobby, you coming home with me?"

Bobby, a little pale, her eyes unaccustomedly wet, nodded. Went out.

Maggie Qunanne

Maggie Qunanne put on her plain, expensively tailored brown suit. Adjusted her crush hat over the heavy, stiff red hair. Wrapped a luxurious fur about her throat.

In her shoes, Maggie's garments had cost her almost a week's salary.

And she was just as funny in them as she had been in the ash can hat.

Just exactly.

The gate of the unpainted, dilapidated, dirty old Savage studio at five-thirty is not unlike the stage door of a fashionable musical show at eleven-thirty.

Maggie saw Warren tuck Bobby Brown in the front seat of his stripped lizzie.

Saw Lucy Haverton, who was married to a young real estate dealer, run into his arms.

Saw Adrienne climb into Aaron Savage's twenty thousand dollar touring car.

Of course, she was Maggie Qunanne.

A nation loved her for the laughter she gave them.

Yet in all her life no man had ever looked at her as that boy looked down at Bobby Brown.

It beat all about her like the spiced scent of poppies. Like the throb of cellos. The thing in her own heart that created—created laughter and tears for a whole world—cried in a sudden ache of loneliness. Bled a little with desire to know the thing that creates life.

Patsy O'Brien stopped her. "Say, you going to the preview of de Gamut's new picture out at the Beverly Hills Hotel? I hear it's going to be quite an affair, with supper and dancing afterwards. If you like, Porky and I'll stop for you."

Maggie patted her arm. The girls were so sweet to her. For that matter, everybody wanted Maggie Qunanne on a party. She was the wit, the soul, the life of it. And after all she was Maggie Qunanne.

But today she shook her head.

"You needn't mind, Patsy darlin'," she said, and this time the color came in a smooth, even flow. "I'm—I'm going with someone else."

Patsy shot her a surprised and delighted glance. "Why, Maggie Qunanne, you—you going with a beau? Have you got a beau?"

The woman who had so blessed the world with laughter walked to the expensive limousine that stood at the curb. The liveried chauffeur flung open the door for her as though she were a queen he loved to serve.

"Patsy, my child," said Maggie, "you're getting too fresh. I'll bet the first thing you know you'll be telling all the reporters I'm engaged or married or something. And then everybody'll laugh themselves to death. I may be a great comedian, but me in a wedding veil'd be the funniest scene I ever did in my life."

But as the big limousine sped over the crowded boulevard the great comedienne bowed her head against the purple velvet cushions and cried as only a child can cry who has never had a mother.

The de Gamut preview was the first time the world ever saw Maggie Qunanne and Al Cassidy together.

II

NOBODY on the Savage lot had ever paid any particular attention to Aloysius Cassidy.

He was the assistant manager of the local Savage exchange, from which the films were distributed, and now and then he came out to the studio for a consultation with the publicity and advertising departments or with Savage himself.

That was how he met Maggie Qunanne.

He seemed a nice enough fellow. Rather short and fat, with big blue eyes perpetually smiling and dimples that showed surprisingly in a smooth, tanned face.

Aside from a really nice smile there wasn't anything to notice about him, on the surface.

"But he certainly isn't good enough for Maggie," said Ethelyn Wells one night, when even her friends had begun to wonder if there was anything serious between them.

She and Bobby Brown had gone to bed and lay side by side in the darkness of their burgalow bedroom, speaking softly.

"W-well," said Bobby slowly, "if you come to that, Lyn, nobody's good enough for Maggie. But—she talked to me once, and I think Maggie's just crazy to get married and have kids. And you know what men are, Lyn. No use you and me kidding each other. Maggie's the greatest in this world but she's as homely as mud—and funny. That's what men think about mostly. Did Maggie ever have a beau before? And you and me have had thousands."

Ethelyn curled her knees up under her chin preparatory to sleep and murmured: "Al isn't a bad guy, at that."

"No, he ain't a bad guy at all," said Bobby sleepily, "and I don't care what that eel-nosed wife of Derck's says, I think he's crazy about Maggie."

"She's the kind of a woman somebody ought to put ground glass in her mashed potatoes, that Mrs. Derck," said Ethelyn. "I think he is, too."

He was.



"You're such a wonder to me, Maggie," came Al's voice, softly. "And I'm cuckoo about you. You know I am."



"And he's got a mudder and a daddy," Maggie gurgled. "He's always going to have 'em, too."

The truth of the matter was that Al Cassidy loved with his sense of humor.

It has happened now and then.

Al didn't know it himself, but he would have hung his grandmother up by her toes for a good laugh. And he was very fond of his grandmother.

Never in the whole course of his easy-going, enjoyable, adventurous young life had he been able to take anything quite seriously. Even himself.

He played the piano better than well, he was full of ideas about how to exploit pictures, some of them good, and when he got a bad bumping at poker he usually had to dash down to the bank early next morning to cover the check.

He adored Maggie Qunanne with the breathless and delighted admiration an archaeologist bestows upon a perfect discovery.

All his life he had wanted to know somebody that was always funny, but he had about given up hope when he met Maggie.

He loved her so much for being funny that he failed to realize her lack of many things which, as a young and hot-blooded Irishman, he had always assumed would belong to any woman he could love.

If, also, he thought occasionally, in unintentional flashes, of all her wealth and fame and the position she occupied in the film company for which he worked, it was only as a side issue. He had no objection to taking the good things of this world if he didn't have to go to jail for it, and life had always been beautiful and entertaining and comparatively easy for him so far.

But it was because he wanted to live with Maggie and be near her that he wanted to marry her.

Maggie's big gray shingle house hung on a hillside, and from the open porch the splendid tapestry of velvet blackness and spangled lights that was Hollywood flung itself at their feet.

Just the slimmest slice of a moon hung in the sky, and a soft backlight, from the shaded lamps in the big drawing room, shone luminously on Maggie's braided hair.

The perfume of the magnolia trees, from the hillside below fairly beat in their faces, and the night about them was full of hill noises, the throbbing song of trees and crickets and sleepy toads. Faintly, from another house across the little gully, came the thrum of a banjo.

Maggie sat in one corner of the big swinging seat, the shining folds of a satin cloak about her.

And young Aloysius Cassidy smoked placidly in the other.

"'Tis a wonderful night," he said at last, under the spell of it all. "A night made for lovers, is it not, Maggie?"

Maggie chuckled. "And how should I know that? Did your mother bring you up to ask such questions of an unmarried young lady, now?"

"But in the dark, Maggie?"

"So much the worse, since you can't see my blushes. I dare say it's nights like this fill the divorce courts as well as the marriage license bureau."

"You're not very romantic, Miss Qunanne," he said, turning to smile at her.

"Is that so? Much you know about it. Because I'd not wear my heart on my sleeve for a bait the way some girls do nowadays."

"Well, all women are born actresses, so 'tis hard to tell," he sighed at her.

"Then there are some on our lot that aren't," said Maggie with a giggle.

Al moved instantly across the seat and leaned softly, pleasantly against the expensively perfumed silk of Maggie's shoulder.

And he felt the vast breath that shook her at the touch of him and at the little scent of tobacco and hair tonic and clean shaven skin that mingled suddenly with the magnolias.

"If—if you and I should be romantic tonight, Maggie darlin', d'you think you'd regret it in the morning?" he asked, a furry note in his voice.

"I'm willing to try any drink once, I guess," said Maggie slakily.

"Maggie—d'you mean that? Don't kid with me now, Maggie. I'm—I'm deadly serious."

"You don't know the meaning of the word, nor how to spell it. But a woman that won't believe a man on a night like this has no business sitting in a hammock with him. Go on, dear."

"Ah, but I am serious. You're such a wonder to me—and I'm cuckoo about you, Maggie. You know I am. I'm a fairly worthless sort of pup, but if you've got no other plans that would interfere and you've got no constitutional aversion to marrying—I'd like to try it, Maggie."

It was well that it was dark on the porch. For the tears suddenly flowed over Maggie's smile and a wave of gorgeous, uplifting, primeval passion took her by the throat and almost sent her to her knees before him.

Instead, softly, she said: "Well, we'll both be taking a terrible chance, I doubt not, Aloysius. You marrying a nameless waif out of an orphan asylum, and me marrying an Irishman, whom God knows make the best soldiers and the worst husbands on earth. But I have took the short end of worse bets in my life—and you'd never believe me if (Continued on page 126)



MR. DAUGHERTY by his recent opinion has given fresh impetus to the output of Prohibition anecdotes. People are now telling about the American Shipping Board vessel which encountered a heavy storm, and as a reward for the plucky way in which the crew worked the pumps all night the captain served them each an extra tot of vanilla ice cream soda. On another voyage, a U. S. Shipping Board vessel was fog-bound off the Grand Banks and as the lookout finished his turn in the crow's nest the poor, half frozen fellow was immediately restored to warmth and comfort by being given a Volstead Act prescription calling for one pint of rye whisky to be filled at the nearest registered pharmacy some 2,200 miles away.

In thus pitying the poor sailor at sea "on such a night as this," Mr. Thomas Maitland Cleland, the well known decorative artist, told me the following story:

Two men were discussing the untimely demise of a friend.

"I understand he died of lumbago," one of them said.

"He did not die of lumbago," the other insisted. "He had lumbago, but he didn't die of it. He died of an accident."

"An accident?"

"Sure!" said the man who had the straight of it. "He had lumbago, and they rubbed his back with alcohol."

"And did it poison him?"

"It did not," the man who knew the correct version replied.

"They rubbed his back with alcohol, see? And he tried to lick it off, see? And he died of a broken neck."

DURING the fairly recent revolutionary disturbances in Mexico, marauding bands of Carranzistas and Huertistas wandered around the villages of the Mexican mining country south of the Arizona border.



Whenever one of these bands entered a village they immediately entered the first store they came to and asked the proprietor, "Who are you for—Carranza or Huerta?"

It was then up to him to do some quick guessing. If he shouted "*Viva Huerta!*" and the band happened to be Carranzistas, they cleaned out the store and beat up the proprietor.

One Chinaman who kept a store in a little village in

the State of Sonora was raided by a band of Huertistas. He was a poor guesser, for when they asked him who he was for he shouted "*Viva Carranza!*" and immediately suffered the penalty.

Stories That Have

By

Montague Glass

Leaving him half dead, they next entered the only other store in the village, kept by a man called Finkelstein. Mr. Finkelstein had heard his neighbor shout "*Viva Carranza!*" and had witnessed the consequence. When the leader of the band, therefore, asked him who he was for, he at once shouted "*Viva Huerta!*" and escaped scot free.

The following week another band of marauders entered the village and once more the Chinaman's store was visited. He was no better guesser than before. This time the raiders were Carranzistas and after the Chinaman had shouted "*Viva Huerta!*" there was absolutely nothing left of his store and very little of the Chinaman himself. Again, however, Mr. Finkelstein profited by the Chinaman's hard luck and also got rid of an active business competitor, for the Chinaman, now thoroughly discouraged, abandoned the wreck of his store and decided to smuggle himself into the United States.

Just one week later a third band of revolutionaries entered the village, and on this occasion Mr. Finkelstein had nothing to guide him in his choice of sides. The leader brought in a vile looking Chulo who spoke Tia Juana English.

"What you going say?" the interpreter asked the storekeeper. "*Viva Carranza or viva Huerta?*"

Mr. Finkelstein patted the interpreter's shoulder affectionately.

"My friend,"

he said with an ingratiating smile, "you *viva* first, and then I'll *viva*."



THE low

railroad rates to the Pacific coast last summer caused a number of people to travel on transcontinental trains who had never traveled before. One of these, says Mrs. Leroy Scott, was an old man with a long white beard. He sat in a Pullman

seat as the Overland Limited sped through the State of Illinois on the first night out of Chicago, and every few minutes the old man beat his chest as mournfully as the Wedding Guest in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," without, however, the bassoon obligato. He supplemented this by exclaiming at intervals: "Oy!" and sometimes: "Oy! Weh ist mir!"

A fellow traveler across the aisle was much interested in this exhibition of grief, but during the first night he respected the old man's private sorrow and said nothing. Nor did he out of a mistaken sense of delicacy try to find out what was the matter with the old man on the second day out when, as the train passed through the States of Iowa and Nebraska, the old gentleman continued to present a picture of great woe, beating his breast and exclaiming: "Oy!" and once in a while: "Oy! Tawrist!"

On the third day, however, while the train was passing through the desert, the sight of the old man's misery became too much for his fellow traveler. All day long the bearded gentleman had

Made Me Laugh

Illustrations by

Rea Irvin

groaned and beat his chest, and finally his sympathetic neighbor came over and sat next to him.

"My friend," he began, "you seem to be in serious trouble. Maybe I can help you out."

The old gentleman shook his head and groaned some more. Also he beat his chest and said "Oyl!" a couple of times.

"Now come," his neighbor said, putting his arm around the old man's shoulders. "Tell me what the trouble is."

"Oy, *Weh ist mir!*" the old man said. "Three days already I am on the wrong train."

EX-BARTENDERS have been forced by Prohibition into many industries so foreign to their late calling that one is not at all surprised to hear about Ed Callahan, formerly of a



well known San Francisco bar, who obtained a job as a shepherd. Ed knew nothing whatever about sheep except that they had rib chops and loin chops which he had usually seen on a plate with potatoes and vegetables flanked by a large schooner of steam beer. Nevertheless, when Ed was offered the position of shepherd on a lonely ranch in Northern California by an old patron of his late bar, he gladly embraced the opportunity. Ed figured that as long as there were no more bars to tend, he might just as well tend sheep. His boss took Ed up to the ranch and left him there as shepherd for about six weeks. At the end of that time the boss returned and Ed met him at the nearest railroad station with a couple of horses.

"Boss," Ed said as they rode toward the ranch some twenty miles away, "have you come up here to tell me you don't want me to be shepherd no more?"

"Why no, Ed," the boss said. "I'm satisfied if you are."

"I'm satisfied all right," Ed said.

"Then you like the job of being shepherd?"

"Like it first rate," Ed replied. "The only thing is, are you sure you want me to stay on as shepherd?"

"Why certainly," the boss replied.

"Then if you want me to stay on as shepherd, boss, you'll have to get some new sheep," Ed said. "All them old ones has lit out on you."

MR. CHARLES DILLINGHAM, the theatrical manager, said the other day that in one of his musical comedies the ladies of the chorus were taking off their make-up when the stage doorkeeper stuck his head in the door.

"Miss Katie," he said to one of the veteran performers,



"there's a lady outside says she's a friend of yours. Shall I show her in?"

"What's her name?" Katie asked.

"Johnson," the stage doorkeeper replied.

"I don't know no Johnsons," Katie said. "Tell her I ain't in."

A few minutes later the stage doorkeeper returned.

"She says you do know her, Miss Katie," he said. "She says Johnson's her married name. She used to be a Miss Anderson and she says she went to school with you."

"She went to school with me, did she?" Katie said. "All right, show her in."

One of the youngest and prettiest members of the chorus turned to the stage doorkeeper and said: "Wait a minute, Bill. Did you say this lady went to school with Katie?"

"That's what she said," Bill replied.

"Then don't show her in," the young thing said. "Wheel her in."

A COLORED preacher in a small Southern town was standing in his pulpit one day when a most unfortunate incident occurred; that is to say, unfortunate for him. He had led a blameless life for forty-odd years except for one term of five years in the San Quentin penitentiary, and the unfortunate incident was the presence in the congregation upon that particular Sunday of a fellow convict. No other member of the congregation knew of its pastor's early fall from grace, since San Quentin was some two thousand miles away. All along he had felt quite certain that the dead past had buried its dead, when this jet-black bolt from the blue arrived plumb into the front row of his church.

However, the pastor was quite equal to the occasion. He glanced sternly over the congregation, and then taking the Good Book in his hand he emitted a loud impressive cough and thumbed over the pages as though seeking for an appropriate text. At last he found it.

"Brethren," he said in rich, unctuous tones, "Ah will take mah text this mawnin' from the eighth chapter, the thirty-first verse of the apostle George, whar' it say . . ."

Here he cleared his throat in saintly fashion and fixed his former associate in San Quentin with a meaningful glance.

"Whar' it say," he continued: "Dem what see me, and reckernize me, and don't say nuffin about it to nobody, yea verily, dem will I see afterwards."



The Lone Wolf Returns

(Continued from page 23)

ring that had begun to form, and away from the curb, where the grumbling chauffeur was settling into place behind his wheel, and where Lanyard had been preparing to beckon in the first vacant cab.

"But you want another taxi—"

"Not I, monsieur. It is but a step, where I am going. As for this rain, it is nothing"—she held out a hand—"already it has ceased. And surely I can count upon your gallantry . . ."

He consented with entire good nature—"As ever, irresistible, Liane!"—and found himself with the woman on his arm rounding the corner and moving toward Sixth Avenue. "New York, by what appears, has the honor of entertaining you once again . . ."

"Again? But still, if you please!"

"Proving the weakness of deductive reasoning," he observed. "When one saw you in a hired cab, one inferred you were merely a bird of passage."

"But I have never been away, monsieur; never since that luckless voyage which landed us here last spring. I find it amusing, this great town; as Paris is no more, alas! Thanks to the war and the poor health of the franc . . . As for that infamous taxicab, I ask you: what is one to do when one's own car is, as these quaint Americans put it, laid out?"

"Laid up."

"Laid out or laid up—it is all the same."

"I believe you," Lanyard chuckled—"at my age, Liane."

He was aware, but seemed not to be, of sidelong scrutiny, keenly inquisitive.

"Is it that you begin to find yourself bored with this America, Michael?"

"Ah!" he replied, "I must not complain."

"The old life calls, eh?" (So she construed that equivocal as confirming her surmise; which argued an anxiety to do so. But why?) "You miss something, my friend, in this land where more things are *verboten* than in Germany before the war?"

"I miss my youth," Lanyard admitted, with a rueful sigh—"those misspent years!"

"You would have them back?" she demanded inquisitively. "What for? To misspend them all over again?" He smiled illegibly; she laughed in impish glee. "I felt sure of it when I thought of you today, Michael. I said to myself: By this time he will be well weary of this country of atrocious cookery, ice water and virtue with the indigestion."

"You, then, knew I was still here?"

"One was so informed."

"One has, it seems, friends of whose kind interest one was unaware."

"It was a little bird that told me."

"An idle little bird, if it finds no better gossip to twitter than the tale of my dull days."

"It is truly as I said!" She squeezed his arm. "You are bored. So, then! a little patience and you will call it, as do I, a happy chance that threw me in your way tonight."

"Impossible that one should esteem it otherwise."

Lanyard smiled down at the woman, openly taking advantage of the illumination of a street lamp to study her.

In her day reputed the most beautiful

demi-mondaine in Paris and the most dangerous, the old allure of her charms, by this tricky light at least, seemed unimpaired; while that she was still dangerous one had memories of events by no means stale to prove. And now what diablerie was she fostering behind that mask of fair, seductive flesh? What mischief had she in mind that required his cooperation?

An innate flair for anything in the nature of an intrigue stirred in its sleep, lifted its head, sniffed the wind with eager nostrils . . .

They arrived at Sixth Avenue; the hand under his arm gently led him south again in the shadow of the elevated.

"It is a long step to this rendezvous of yours, Liane."

"Patience—we are nearly there. Or is it that your soul has grown so deeply ennuied even I—"

"To the contrary, as you see, I am coming along quite peaceably. I have but one regret."

"And that?"

"It desolates me to know we must part so soon."

"This way, incorrigible." Guiding him across the avenue, the woman held on toward Broadway. "What hour is it, do you know?"

"A quarter to one," Lanyard reported on the advice of his watch.

"Then I am fifteen minutes before-hand—"

"That is to say, practically unsexed."

"Furthermore, my friends are never on time. Why not keep me company while I wait, and enjoy a little raking over of old scandals?"

"It would be a pleasure, Liane; but are you sure—"

"We are arrived."

The woman was diverging toward a dwelling which wore an aspect of too much decorum; a modest establishment with just two windows on the street level diffusing a benign domestic glow through heavy draperies behind stout bars of iron, and a tight-lipped look about the solid door at the back of its mildly lighted vestibule.

Coupling the atmosphere of its environment, which was both tawdry and rowdy, with certain rumors that had come to his attention, the reticent expression of the house with the rank of private cars that lined the curb before it, Lanyard hazarded with an accent of distaste: "The Clique Club, eh?"

"You are acquainted?"

"Only with its reputation. One hears that the percentage of mortality resulting from indulgence in its bootliquor is unusually low."

"Do you suspect me of luring you here to poison you, Michael?"

"Not while you remain incontestably the mistress of weapons so much more deadly than mere lawless moonshine. Moreover, it is written in my horoscope, curiosity will be the death of me."

Liane giggled, planting a finger on a push button which, Lanyard remarked, she located without looking. By way of response a horizontal slit opened in the upper half of the door and through this a pair of anonymous eyes looked them over. Lanyard without favor, but otherwise in

respect of the woman. Then with an impressive clanking and thumping of chains and bolts, the door swung wide, disclosing an entry, the habitat of a good actor in the make-up of a movie gangster, functioning as Cerberus to this institution of post-Prohibition New York. And passing through a second and less formidable door, Lanyard and the woman entered a reception hall of voluptuous embellishment and devilishly subtle illumination.

Here, in a chair before an ardent grate, a youthful odalisque was lounging with crossed knees, a waspy young blood of the town was holding a pose of elegance with elbow on the mantel, and both were engaging in conversation an overmannered person distinguished by ornate evening dress and the beak and bald head of a bird of prey: a scene that might readily have passed for one in a private home but for wild squalls of jazz drifting down the broad staircase and the vibration of the floor above with the rhythmical shuffle and stamp of many feet.

At sight of the newcomers the hairless animal with a perfect bow excused himself to his gossips and glided forward, smirking, shaping deferential shoulders, giving his bleached talons a good air-wash.

"Mademoiselle Delorme!" he uttered in accents of intense gratification.

"Good evening, Theodore," Liane gave him in French, with friendly nonchalance. "Monsieur Morphew is here so soon, no?"

"Not yet, mademoiselle. But before long, beyond doubt . . ."

"The usual room? We will go up and wait . . . But I believe you do not know Monsieur Lanyard, Theodore."

"The Clique Club is so unfortunate," Theodore deplored, saluting Lanyard profoundly, "as not to number monsieur among its members."

"And very stupid of it, if you ask me," Liane retorted. "See that he gets a card, will you?"

"You are much too gracious, Liane; I shall have so little use for a guest card—"

"What are you talking about, Michael? Guest card! I should say not. I am proposing you for membership. It costs nothing when one is properly introduced. Eh, Theodore?"

"As mademoiselle says . . . If Monsieur Lanyard will be so kind as to let me have his full name and address . . ."

With a shrug, Lanyard gave in. After all, it didn't matter . . . And when he had duly been entered in the club register, Theodore escorted the newly fledged member to the foot of the stairs, upon which Liane Delorme was picturesquely waiting and there turned both over to the guidance of a highly polished subaltern.

Wide doorways on the first landing disclosed a chain of rooms dedicated to the rights of jazz—liquid, instrumental, terpsichorean. Calculated to remind a crusading clergyman of Belshazzar's feast, they reminded Lanyard of almost any Broadway restaurant at midnight.

On the second landing, however, a break in the dance music below made audible the heartless laughter of an ivory ball coquetting with a roulette wheel behind one closed door, while a waiter emerging from another room permitted a glimpse of a private

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supper party at the peak of its load an interior tolerably Hogarthian.

Lanyard exchanged amused glances with Liane. "Busy little club," he commented, "but wants rechristening—Clique's far too conservative—should be known as the Liberal."

At the rear end of the hall another door admitted to a prettily furnished supper room, where a table was being laid and, in coolers on a side table, several bottles of champagne were enjoying their last rest. Requesting the waiter in attendance to open one of these, Liane shrugged out of her wrap—which Lanyard took, though he kept his overcoat on by way of pointing an intention to stop for a few minutes only—and having made himself at ease upon the club fender of an open fire, clinked her glass to Lanyard's.

"To you, my too long lost friend, and to me—to a friendship that has known too many interruptions and must henceforth know fewer."

He toasted with cool ambiguity: "To a rapport more complete."

And when with professional ease the waiter had faded from their knowledge, the woman dimpled bewitchingly and patted the broad seat of the fender.

"Come, sit by my side, Michael; let us talk."

"With all the pleasure in life," he assented, placing himself at a discreeter distance than she had designated. "On one condition, my dear Liane—none of your artfulness."

"Michael!" she reproached, delighted. "You don't trust me?"

"Really, you read one's mind."

"Don't be alarmed, my old one." She made a face to match her tone of mocking reassurance. "I was mad about you once, I don't deny, but that was long ago. Besides, you little know me if you think it likely I would lay myself open to be scorned another time."

"I little know you," Lanyard conceded, "whatever I may think; and I've got the quaintest notion, Liane, that the less I learn about you the more likely I am to enjoy ordinary peace of mind. Be a good child, now; treat me as you would a father, not as you might a prospective papa. Tell me: what the deuce is your little game?"

"Game?" she repeated, petulant. "Michael, my dear—your manners aren't as good as they were when your morals were worse."

"Admit that you didn't ask me up here to amuse yourself with innocent flirtation."

"That is true."

"Admit, then, I am pardonably curious."

"Well! if you will have the truth . . . When I got over being foolish about you, Michael . . . How long ago it seems!"

"A good half-year."

"I found I was still fond of you. When all's said about that sad affair, you know, it was I who was rather a devil, and you who were rather a dear. I owe you for more than one good turn I never did anything to deserve."

"I wish I might think your associates in that adventure had come out of it as well disposed."

"That absurd Monk, that clown Phinuit! Why bother your head about such *canaille*?"

"And what has become of the precious pair?"

Plump but pretty shoulders described a

graphic gesture of indifference. "I know nothing of them since that day when last you saw us all together. I was out of patience with them then—as I think you guessed. When you dismissed us, I sent them packing. And you?" Lanyard, smiling, shook his head, and the woman cheerfully consigned reminiscence to the grave of those dead yesterdays where it belonged. "Tell me now about yourself."

"What is there to tell?"

"Much, monsieur. You are a mystery."

"I am flattered . . ."

"That's all blague," the woman scoffed. "You know I'm interested in all you do. I've just told you so, and why?"

She endured his quizzical scrutiny with an open and friendly countenance, more entertained than irritated by his mistrust. "Surely, my dear, you've not been misbehaving so badly you need hesitate to confide in me."

"But a little while ago you were telling me my life was dull."

"You don't find it so?"

"But you might the tale of it. Tastes differ."

"One is to infer your conduct has been good?"

"Irreproachable—by certain standards."

"Mine?"—Liane twinkled—"or yours?"

"Yours, certainly, since I hesitate to bore you."

The woman gave a moment of playful impatience. "But you are provoking! And not at all polite!" Lanyard looked apologetic and said nothing. "Very well, then! If you won't answer when I ask you prettily, I presume I shall have to tell you all I know about yourself."

Lanyard pricked up his ears. "The little bird again?" he hazarded.

She nodded solemnly. "It is industrious; every day it brings me news of this and that."

"And it tells you what of this?"

"Enough to make you what I styled you just a moment ago—a mystery."

"Is it permitted to ask, how a mystery?"

"Assuredly. To begin with: It is now six months since you settled down, apparently to vegetate in this dry climate."

"You distrust appearances?"

"Always when so far out of character. It is not like Michael Lanyard to become static all at once. But here you live quietly, in the cheapest decent lodgings, you have no callers, you write few letters, you see no friends—but one—and spend no money on yourself; only when you are seen in public with Madame de Montalais you seem indifferent to expense. You see?"

"I see one thing plainly: that it were well to put salt on the tail of that little bird and wring its damned neck."

"But do you not see that this is, in one of your history, questionable conduct? It is too much like reversion to your old days, when you lived solitary and worked alone, making the name of the Lone Wolf famous in Europe by following out your theory that a thief to be successful should have no friends to betray him."

"But today!" Lanyard remonstrated.

"The source of this astonishingly detailed and accurate information about my modest habits can hardly have failed to assure itself that they are all well within the law."

"On the surface. As were those of Michael Lanyard, the famous Parisian connoisseur of art, before the war. But the cunning that made it possible for the

Lone Wolf to maintain that disguise, unsuspected by the keenest criminal investigators of the Continent, has not necessarily failed with years. To the contrary—what you did once you should be able to do again, with even greater success, since you are now older, less hot-headed, more astute. Let me tell you, my dear friend," the woman concluded with an unmistakable note of earnestness, "they have great respect for your abilities, those who are interested in you today."

"It seems, then," said Lanyard, after a thoughtful pause, "I have to thank you for a warning."

"I would be an ungrateful wretch did I fail to give it, who owe you my life twice over at least."

"I think we may call that debt canceled if you'll answer one question."

"No questions!" A jeweled hand flashed a sign of refusal. "I have said more than was wise as it is."

He persisted: "You won't tell me?"

"Ask me nothing, my friend," Liane Delorme begged. "But use your wits; they will tell you more than I dare, perhaps—fond as I am of you, Michael; they are more to be trusted. Remember, with women like me self-interest is ever at work. Perhaps it may be that the pleasure of seeing you tonight has made me for once self-forgetful; another time may find me less indiscreet."

"I will be careful," Lanyard said gravely, "not to expect too much . . ."

With equal gravity she responded, "Then you will be wise."

"And now," he concluded, rising, "your friends can't be much longer; I mustn't put them to the trouble of kicking me out."

Liane put out a hand and caught his, detaining him. "But I wish you to stay. I promise you will be welcome. My friends will be delighted. And one of them in especial I am anxious that you should know. You will find him well worth your while, one of the most interesting men in New York, quite a social power in his way."

"In his way?"

"A quiet way, my friend, but a very real one."

There was more meaning in her eyes than in her words. Lanyard faltered in doubt. Impossible to misread the sincerity of her desire to have him stay on. But her motive?

He had delayed too long. Voices sounded in the hallway, the gay accents of a woman predominating. Then the door opened, five people entered.

CHAPTER III

THE first was a pretty young thing, darkly piquant and petite, with glowing face and merry eyes, at sight of whom Lanyard felt warranted in breathing an invocation to his prophetic soul. For now, it seemed, chance or predestination was making good that presentiment to which he had confessed during supper at the Ritz.

This brilliant little shape of life framed in the dark rectangle of the doorway had been conspicuously one of that party whose forbidding host had excited the aversion of Eve de Montalais and, in himself, half formed forebodings. The man at whom she was so gayly gurgling over her shoulder, who wore both topper and grin at the doggish slant which



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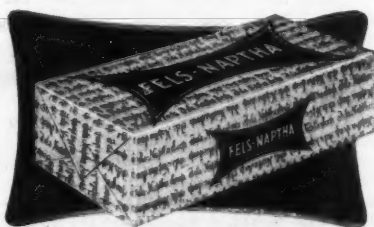
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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © 1923, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

becomes the author of an amusingly improper wheeze, was the little chap of the weakened wise mask whom Lanyard privately reckoned court jester to the Sultan of Loot. The latter in very person bulked in the shadowy background provided by the corridor, a presence vast but vague, betrayed by the baleful burning of fire opals much as a thunderhead on a summer's night may remain more sensed than seen till a glimmer of lightning lends definition to its loom. Behind lurked a fourth, a figure still more indefinite. And in the rear a gleam picked out the hairless poll of Theodore, inclined at a servile angle.

Discovering Liane Delorme all at once, the lady on the threshold registered rapture, then ran to her with glad hands extended, her slight little body bearing an extravagant wrap of Russian sables with a grace as dainty as a fay's. Lips that didn't need paint to point their pretty contours bubbling joyously—"Darling Liane! You luscious thing! How we've missed you!"—she precipitated herself into Liane's arms and printed inconsiderate kisses upon that studiously composed complexion. When she permitted Liane to disengage and present Lanyard, he received an almost disconcertingly cordial smile and a tiny hand on which blazed in insolent beauty what he rated at first glance the most exquisite emeralds he had ever seen, who in his day had been somewhat an amateur of emeralds.

"Mr. Lanyard!"—Liane's introduction had been effected in English—"I am so glad to know you! It seems to me Liane knows all the interesting people—and nobody else!"

"One trusts very truly you will not tonight find need to revise that recommendation," Lanyard returned, bowing low over the little hand. He added with an inquiring inflection, because he wasn't sure of having caught the name aright: "Mrs. McFee . . ."

"Mrs. Folliott McFee," Liane supplied, with an accent on the Folliott that supplemented something to this sense: Surely you must know that magic name!

All the same, Lanyard didn't . . .

"Folly for short," laughed Mrs. McFee. "Folly to my friends." Then she gave a small make-believe shriek because the sable robe was being lifted from her shoulders by the gentleman of the carved countenance. "Peter Pagan! how you startled me . . . You know Peter Pagan, of course, Mr. Lanyard; everybody does."

"Business of initiating you to the inner circle of certified somebodies, Mr. Lanyard," quoth Mr. Pagan solemnly, shaking hands and leaving Lanyard with a feeling that no man had a right to look like that if he couldn't extemporize more tellingly.

But Liane had dropped a hand upon his sleeve and was drawing him aside to be made known to the Sultan of Loot.

"Mr. Morphew—Mr. Lanyard . . . You must become good friends, you two who are both such good friends of mine."

This impressive figure of the immobile and livid face and the hooded eyes, this Mr. Hugh Morphew, met Lanyard with a manner subtly allusive beneath a show of noncommittal courtesy. His smile was grave, reticent and fugitive, a solitary cat's-paw flaying the surface of plumbless deeps; his few words were carefully chosen

and cast in polished periods by an orotund voice: he was honored to make the acquaintance of Mr. Lanyard and hoped that he, as a friend of Mademoiselle Delorme, would be so very good as to become one of their number for the remainder of the evening . . . But in the cast of his eye, the clasp of his hand, in an undertone his accents had as he pronounced these perfunctory phrases, there was meaning intended to be seized by Lanyard only, and which the latter interpreted much to this effect: We have been waiting a long time for this meeting, you and I. But patience; all in good time we will come to understand each other perfectly . . .

To this finesse Lanyard returned no acknowledgment of any sort. Indeed, he contrived to appear unconscious of it, to interpose an amiable and modest manner between a nature anything but easy to impress and the scrutiny of those inquisitive but illegible eyes. He had lived so long in this world, in the course of a busy life had had so much to do with pretentiousness, that, secretly and the innuendoes of Liane Delorme to the contrary notwithstanding, he inclined to suspect Mr. Morphew of being a pompous fraud, a character of the utmost commonplaceness skulking behind the consequential false front of a jerry-built personality. He might be mistaken; but for the present the best he was disposed to grant Mr. Morphew was suspended judgment.

Moreover, at the moment, Folly McFee was demanding his attention on behalf of one Mr. Mallison, another whom Lanyard remembered having noticed at the Ritz.

This final introduction was transacted without casualties but without eliciting expressions of ecstasy from either party. Mr. Mallison, indeed, was unaffectedly offhand in his attitude; he didn't care a damn who knew that, to him, Mr. Lanyard was an interloper, an upstart, nobody in particular. A gesture for which Lanyard was grateful since it enabled him to reciprocate the sentiment that shaped it without feeling remiss in the matter of everyday urbanity.

Tall and gracefully made, Mr. Mallison aired evening clothes and hair of a luster seldom to be observed this side of the cinema screen. His speech had the tune of the educated English, or something nearly resembling it; his manners were silky and sulky; he practiced a furtive smile down his nose as if he knew something but wouldn't tell; he had mastered a killing trick or two of the eyes for use in talking to women. And when it transpired, on the word of Folly McFee, that Mally tangoed quite too divinely, one felt that one needed to know no more . . . A person of importance, if you asked Lanyard, solely as he might upon occasion shine with incandescence borrowed from the genius of Mr. Morphew, upon whom Mallison was assiduous to fawn in season and out.

Having offered the apology for his intrusion which custom prescribed and accepted the equally conventional assurance that all hands were ravished to have the privilege of welcoming one so well sponsored, Lanyard settled down to use his wits, as Liane had recommended, and find out for himself what this party was all about; if, indeed, it was "about"

anything more unusual than mankind's native predisposition to make light of whatever laws there be.

Certainly, if its members had foregathered at the Clique Club for any purpose other than the desire to drink forbidden wine upon premises of unholy repute, it wasn't at first blush apparent. Nobody was hungry, every soul present having sat through a supper elsewhere and earlier. On the other hand, everybody was famously thirsty with the exception of Mr. Morphew, who was alleged never to drink, and Lanyard who, having sampled it, didn't care a great deal for the Clique cellar. But all of a sudden Folly McFee, in whom artificial exhilaration was mounting apace, announced that she craved sure enough excitement. Whereupon, at a sign from Morphew, the cloth was whisked away and the green baize of a card table disclosed; whose top manipulation of a hidden catch reversed, bringing to light a small layout for roulette, complete but for chips and the metal wheel to fit in the wooden bowl. These being supplied by Theodore, Mr. Morphew announced that he would take first turn as banker and croupier in one, and that white chips would cost one dollar apiece and the sky would be the limit; Mrs. McFee produced an impressive roll of bills from a jeweled mesh bag and bought chips with a free hand; while Liane Delorme, Mallison and Pagan purchased more conservatively but still eagerly.

But Lanyard, when Morphew's heavy lidded eyes turned his way, shook his head: "Thanks; but if you don't mind I'll just look on."

"Oh, Mr. Lanyard!" Folly McFee remonstrated—"and you look like such a good sport."

"You see how deceitful I am," Lanyard pointed out. "Let this be a lesson to Folly, not to trust appearances."

"But really, my friend!" Liane observed reproachfully, "you are no longer the man you were."

"I have always made it a rule not to gamble without money in pocket."

"But I will let you have any amount you want . . ."

"You are too good, Liane. Another rule I have all my life observed is never to gamble with borrowed money."

"Your credit is good, Mr. Lanyard," Morphew put in tersely.

"Rule number three: Never play on credit . . . I am deeply sensible of your courtesy, Mr. Morphew, but really I will be most grateful if you will permit me merely to sit by and look on. The novelty of seeing myself in such a rôle at a roulette table will be compensation enough for such self-denial."

"As you prefer . . ." Morphew gave in politely. But before long he made occasion to exchange with Liane a look dark with meaning, which Lanyard wasn't supposed to see and which, so far as anybody else knew, he didn't, who was busy just then obliging Folly McFee by refilling her glass and making amused response to the coquetry with which the flushed and laughing face turned up to his was instinct.

All the same, Lanyard was missing precious little that went on; life had too well trained his faculties to overlook nothing that fell within their range and to be wary of dismissing as necessarily



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First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

negligible the most minor and incidental details of any affair. He was beginning now to experience glimmerings, to perceive that this curious post-midnight party was "about" something after all. Even before intercepting that mute consultation of eyes he had felt tolerably satisfied that a community of interests existed between at least three of those present; that Liane, Morpew and Pagan were playing pre-arranged parts in complete mutual sympathy. It was just possible that Mallison, too, was privy to their confidence; but one rather doubted that—Mallison impressed one as more likely to prove a tool, a pawn, a wage-loyal henchman, than a peer of this interesting confederation.

The arguments he had adduced in his endeavor to make Eve understand that he was not a man of the sort she ought to marry began to seem inspired.

Liane had never brought him here simply to gratify a vagrant whim. Neither had her half veiled hints been idly uttered, concerning those nameless acquaintances of hers who were taking such a profound if gratuitous interest in Lanyard, and the one whom she most wanted him to meet—either Pagan or Morpew unquestionably—and who was "quite a social power . . . in a quiet way." Because the woman was well disposed for old sake's sake she had chosen to warn him, if in a characteristically oblique fashion, to be on his guard with those two in whose minds, Lanyard hadn't any manner of doubt, the project for some time had been forming of inveigling him into some shady form of association with them, for purposes of their own in the last degree questionable.

Undoubtedly they had taken a good deal of pains to inform themselves as to Lanyard's circumstances. How they expected to be repaid for their trouble remained for him to find out. Hardly out of his pocket; knowing as much as Liane had revealed, they probably knew more, even that the debacle of his unregenerate days had left him without present resources other than the half-pay attaching to an extended leave of absence from the British Secret Service, and that the not inconsiderable cost of squiring about New York a woman of fashion had brought him to a pass wherein he might no longer refuse to face the prospect of being unable to pursue that sweet association for sheer inability to finance it—he who had been accustomed to waste money away as freely as in more spacious times he had been wont to appropriate it! A plight the more painful in that it was one he couldn't possibly confess to the woman he loved. He had gone tonight as far in that direction as pride would let him . . .

Since, then, it was manifestly not pence that they wanted of him, this precious pair, this Morpew and this Pagan, it followed that they wanted something less tangible but probably in the upshot more profitable, something which they might have found themselves in a position to require of him if he could have been induced to play roulette on credit and had lost—as he made no doubt he would have lost. Setting aside all question of the honesty of the wheel which Morpew's huge hands were manipulating with notable deftness, the observation and experience of this inveterate gambler of other days had convinced Lanyard that luck seldom

or never favors him to whom its smile is a matter of life or death.

Not that he conceived the game to have been planned with any idea of inducing him to play and lose; his attendance had come about too fortuitously. To believe that was to believe Liane had foreseen he would be marching down Fifth Avenue at half an hour after midnight and had deliberately arranged to have her cab skid and land her on the curb a dozen paces ahead of him.

No—by every sign acceptable to a fairly sophisticated intelligence tonight's affair had been plotted for the sole if highly problematic benefit of Mrs. Follitt McFee. Not in all likelihood for the purpose of fleecing her at a friendly little game, though she was punting with feverish imprudence, broadcasting her bets and losing very considerable sums without perceptible care. Lanyard was prepared to credit Messrs. Morpew and Pagan with capacity for any degree of knavery; but their evident affluence and their association with Liane Delorme inclined him to believe that they were in this instance up to some mischief at least a cut above crooked gambling. Liane, thorough-paced rip that she was, had in the course of a highly chromatic career feathered her nest too softly and warmly to be reduced to the rôle of tout to a brace of common sharpers.

What, then, could their purpose be with this engaging and indiscreet young person? If only one knew a little more about Mrs. Follitt McFee—Liane's stressing of that name had implied there was much worth the knowing—it might be easier to guess . . .

In the absence of such specific information, a study of her as she was tonight would do no harm, might quite possibly prove rewarding.

Indisputably a fascinating creature. Divested of her sables, disclosed partially in but largely out of a flimsy piece of impudence which the cynical *rue de la Paix* had fashioned to serve as an evening gown, she cut a figure the most sprightly and slightly heart could wish—an animated miniature of extreme loveliness, abandoning herself to the spirit of play with the heedless vivacity of a charming child; drinking a bit more than she should, perhaps, while she watched her stakes unfailingly fall to the lot of the croupier's rake, but plaguing Mallison with a lightly malicious wit that struck him speechless and left him more than ever sulky, bartering pungent banter with Mr. Peter Pagan, cheeking the taciturn Morpew till he smiled perforce his rare, begrudged smiles, and never for an instant forgetting that Lanyard was likewise an unattached and personable male; and all with a delicate air that robbed her most flagrant audacities of any suggestion of poor taste and made her seem strangely out of place in that ring of hard and selfish faces, in that overheated private room of an establishment whose every purpose was illicit, in that demoralizing atmosphere drenched with perfume of wine and scent of perfumed flesh . . . Strangely out of place, appealingly helpless for all her bravado—a child among thieves and worse . . .

But it were a thankless job to waste solicitude upon her; if Folly couldn't take care of herself, nothing was more certain than that the way to earn her abiding dislike was to try to take care of her. In

New York as every elsewhere in the haunts of men of means beyond their needs or native ability to spend with good grace, no novelty at all inheres in the spectacle of such flighty young women, amusement-mad and gifted with too much freedom from responsibility, going devious ways with dubious guides. And the worst of it is, as a general rule, it's nobody's business but their own . . .

Now, in course of time, when a waiter entered with yet another cooler wherein two more bottles were luxuriously cuddled in cracked ice, the open door admitted stimulating strains of the orchestra downstairs; and forthwith Folly McFee concluded she'd had enough of roulette, at least temporarily.

"Perfectly damn rotten luck!" she declared, pushing back her chair and jumping up. "I'm for a dance—maybe that will change it. Who wants to take me down for this tango? Mally—"

"You can't have Mally," Liane Delorme informed her with serene decision. "You've had him all evening at the Ritz. It's my turn now. Take Peter Pagan; he's a better match for you, dear."

"Pick on somebody your own size," Pagan paraphrased, leaving his place with an alacrity that forestalled Lanyard's intended response to the glint of invitation in the eyes which Folly promptly had turned his way. "If you refuse me, Folly, you doom me to dance with Liane; and that always makes me feel like an enterprising tug waltzing the *Mauretania* round the North River."

Liane retorted with one of those characterizations so dear to the Parisian heart, a deadly insult but absolutely meaningless when rendered into English; and Pagan proved a certain lack of finish in his cosmopolitan education by merely looking blank as mentally he translated her remarks. After which he bowed cheerfully to the traducer of his lineage and ambled off with Folly's hand under his arm; while Liane rose and playfully tweaked Mallison out of chair by an ear, to his indignation, for he had been winning and naturally wanted to go on playing as long as his luck lasted.

"It isn't that I really want to dance," she explained coolly to Morpew and Lanyard as she hailed Mallison to the door, "but simply to give you two time to get acquainted . . ."

Morpew lumbered heavily after her and set the spring lock by way of providing against interruption. "Intelligent woman, Liane," he approved, unsmiling, as he returned to his chair.

"As to that, monsieur, one is entirely of your mind."

Lanyard helped himself to a cigarette and looked civilly receptive under the weight of Morpew's direct and thoughtful stare.

"Odd," that one considered, "we never happened to meet before this, Mr. Lanyard."

"You think so?"

"I've noticed you about town often enough."

"But does not the fact that our paths have sometimes crossed prove that we travel widely different courses?"

"I'm not so sure . . ."

"Not?" Lanyard murmured, lifting the brows of polite surprise.

"I've got a notion, if the whole truth



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Every normal skin needs two creams

Every day dust and fine particles of dirt bore deep into the pores of the skin. Ordinary washing will not reach this deepest dirt—and yet if it is allowed to stay your skin will lose its lovely clear transparent look and become dull looking.

To give your skin a thorough cleansing and one that is actually stimulating you need a cold cream made especially for the purpose. A cream made with oil—just enough to work into the pores and loosen every particle of dirt and of that particular light consistency that will not overload the pores or stretch them.

The cream that is made in just this way is Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it in with your finger tips every night before retiring. After you have let it stay a minute wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how thorough a cleansing the cream gives. The soft refreshed feeling it leaves will tell you how supple and fresh its nightly use will keep your skin.

For day and evening, as a base for powder, you need an entirely different cream—one that the skin will absorb instantly.

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Instead of oil (which will come out in a shine), an entirely different ingredient is used—one famous for its softening and soothing effect, yet absolutely free from grease. It results in a cream so delicate that it can be worn all day without danger of clogging the pores.

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Street.....

City..... State.....

They accused him of cleaning his pipe

But he pleaded not guilty; he had merely filled it with Edgeworth

There is an old story about the youngster who washed his face and hands before going to school and none of his boy friends recognized him.

There is another about—but as this one comes in the form of a letter, we're going to give it to you that way.

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LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

A short while ago you were kind enough to send me generous samples of both kinds of Edgeworth, and I enjoyed every grain of them.

When I lit the old pipe, several remarked on the fragrance of the tobacco and actually accused me of giving my pipe a scouring. But I had to disillusion them and tell them it was the tobacco and not the pipe.

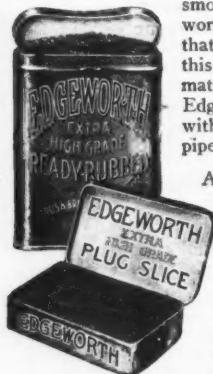
So if I continue to woo Lady Nicotine, my best bet (and her best) will be Edgeworth.

Thanking you, I remain

Very gratefully yours,

(Signed) Apton A. Brown.

This letter gave us a genuine surprise. Although we have often been assured by smokers that Edgeworth has a fragrance that can't be beaten, this is the first intimation that smoking Edgeworth does away with cleaning your pipe.



And of course we don't admit that it does.

Edgeworth smokers may not find it necessary to scour their pipes often, but any pipe should be cleaned now and then—for

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If you haven't tried Edgeworth, write your name and address down on a postal and send it off to us. We will send you immediately generous samples both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

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were known, you and I would find we were traveling in much the same direction . . . in the dark."

"Monsieur does much traveling in the dark?"

"I guess you know what I mean." Morphew's gravity was lightened by a twinkle of genial cunning. "When I say 'in the dark,' I mean, of course, the side of our lives we like to keep covered up."

"This is most interesting," Lanyard protested with animation. "You are going to tell me about that side of your life which you like to keep covered up?"

"No fear." The twinkle broadened into a grin. "Guess I'll let you guess at that, same as I have to guess at yours."

"I hope very truly monsieur does not so waste his time. I can assure him, if his guesswork were to flood with light every corner and byway of my life, what he would see would not amuse him."

The lines running from Morphew's nostrils to the corners of his mouth took on a sardonic set. "I doubt that, Mr. Lanyard."

"My ways of life are very quiet."

"I believe you. Still, I doubt I'd be bored."

"Possibly not," Lanyard conceded. "One is able to judge only by what one has seen of you in public, monsieur; which leads one to believe your interests center by choice in light hearted young people, not sober sided, steady paced elderlies like myself."

"Oh! as to that, I take folks as I find them," Morphew alleged. "And I find them all interesting, one way or another. Now yourself . . ."

"But I do assure you I am not at all interesting."

"Point of view," Morphew contended.

"I'll say you've had an interesting life."

"It is true, one has found it so."

"And still finds it so, eh?"

Lanyard gave a good natured shrug.

"After all, it is the only life I have . . . But monsieur, I am sure"—his manner grew moderately pointed—"would find it tiresome."

"I don't," Morphew countered bluntly.

"Then I am honored—I presume—to learn you have concerned yourself in respect of my modest self."

"I know a lot about you," Morphew admitted, "past and present."

"And yet you tell me you think my present mode of life intriguing!"

"Intensely."

Lanyard laughed. "Monsieur will pardon my suggesting that his sources of information, however busy, are unreliable if they have led him to believe my small affairs worthy of his attention."

"Point of view again," Morphew dismissed argument with a flirt of a massive hand. "But be that as it may: I've been anxious to meet you to ask you to help me answer a certain question."

"Indeed?"

"Perhaps it would be more nearly right to call it a problem in psychology."

"I am all attention."

"Well, it's like this . . ." Morphew had resumed his customary guise of profound solemnity. "What I want your expert opinion on, Mr. Lanyard, is the question of whether it's possible for a man—say he's a friend I'm taking a personal interest in—a man who built up a pretty warm criminal reputation

for himself when he was younger and then hit the sawdust trail apparently for keeps . . . Whether it's possible for such a man to keep going straight in the face of every possible incentive to set up shop again as a master crook."

"Such incentives as—?" Lanyard inquired with every symptom of intelligent interest in an hypothetical instance.

"Well—let's suppose this man I've got in mind, this friend of mine, has fallen for a woman who's got everything, social position, any amount of coin, all that sort of thing. Say she's in love with him, too, and they want to get married. But my friend is broke, or next thing to it; and he's got a touchy sense of honor—sometimes reformed crooks have, you know—so he can't marry the woman because that would make him look like a fortune hunter if she ever found out he hadn't a red cent; and he can't let on to her he's stoney, because then she'd insist on marrying him to support him, and he'd feel like a yellow pup; and he can't do a quiet fade-out, either, because then she'd think he hadn't been on the level with her, and that would break her heart. That leaves him where?"

"He's got to have coin to go on with, and the only way to get it is for him to remember some of the thing's he's been trying to forget. He's living in a city where there's more money and loot lying round loose to be picked up for the taking than any place else in the world, and where police protection against burglary and highway robbery is a positive joke, where a good fat safe is cracked or a holdup pulled off every other day, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the crook's never caught. So you see our friend has just what I said he had—every temptation to come back strong in the house-breaking line and practically nothing to fear—except maybe that the woman he's crazy about may tumble sometime to how he's getting his dough. And that's the problem that's been puzzling me, Mr. Lanyard! What's our friend going to do? . . . What would you do?"

Lanyard thoughtfully ground out the fire of his cigarette in an ash tray and got up. "I imagine," he said quietly, "your anonymous friend would do precisely what I mean to do, Mr. Morphew. He would get well weary of tedious beating about the bush, but at the same time would remind himself that the obligations which devolve upon a guest constrain him to overlook for the present, a piece of damnable impertinence. He would for that reason take his hat and coat and stick—as you see me taking mine—and finally his departure—as I shall take mine, monsieur, pausing only to warn you . . ."

Lanyard stood over Morphew, plunging the stare of eyes ugly with anger into the apathetic and unreadable eyes of his host. "At the first sign, Mr. Morphew," he said, "of any disposition on your part to meddle further in my affairs, either in person or through an agent, I will seek you out, wherever you may try to hide, and break this stick, or a stouter one, over your contemptible back. Be advised—hands off!"

He waited an instant to hear what Morphew might have to say to this defiance; but since the man said nothing, made no sign of any sort, his huge body betraying his mind by not so much as the stir of a finger or the wince of an eye, Lanyard at



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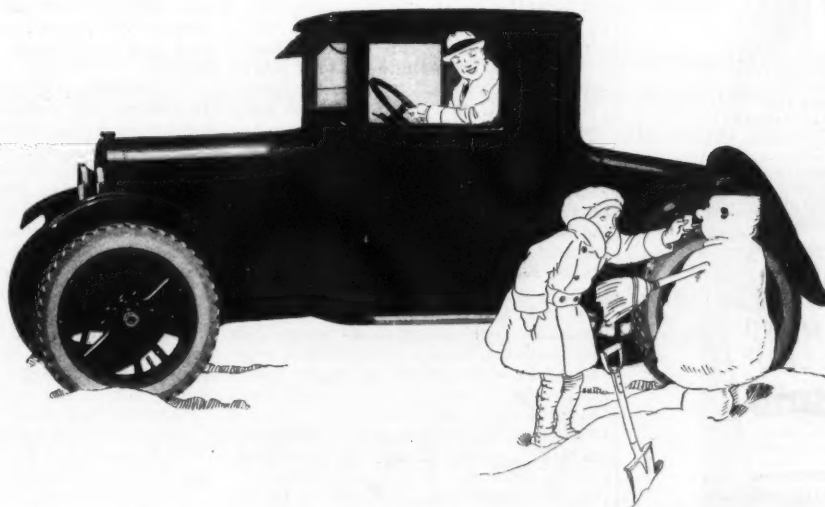
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length wheeled on a heel and went to the door. Only then, as his hand closed upon the knob, Morphew spoke, employing the same conversational tone he had all along employed.

"One moment more, Mr. Lanyard. It may interest you to know I own this joint. When I got up to shut that door awhile ago, I gave Theodore the high sign. Ever since then four of our waiters, the toughest roughnecks on the pay roll, have been stationed in the hall. If you try to leave without my say so, you'll be badly manhandled; and if you should be tempted to try any rough stuff in here, my finger's on the push button that will call them in . . . I am not done talking with you yet, my friend. So now, if you'll attend to me and keep your temper in hand, I'll show you just where you stand."

He rested, watching Lanyard with no perceptible emotion in his bleak, pale eyes; and when, after momentary consideration, Lanyard turned back from the door, the man resumed with the same minatory composure, leaning forward with an arm on the table and rapping out his points with a heavy forefinger.

"Whether you've gone back to thieving or not, Lanyard, I don't know yet. I suspect you have. If you haven't, you've thought of doing so. Whether or not, you've got to come to me. I've got you!" Morphew turned his hand palm up and closed the fingers slowly into a tremendous

fist—"there! You can marry your Mrs. de Montalais as soon as you like, but only with my consent; and you won't get that for nothing. If you're back at your old game, you'll come across to me, fifty-fifty. If you marry the woman for her money, my share will be half what you squeeze out of her."

"And"—Lanyard's fingers were itching to bury themselves in that fat throat and shake the beast till he cried for mercy—"and if I refuse?"

"I'll advertise you to all New York—or anywhere else you try to live with your wife—as the Lone Wolf back at his old dodges. I'll prove you committed every burglary of any size this town has known in the last three months; and if that isn't enough, I'll plant others on you. You'll come across to me, my dear sir, or go up the River for life."

"Such being the case," said Lanyard, shortening his grip on his stick, "I think I would as willingly go up for manslaughter—if killing a blackmailer comes under that head!"

But even as he spoke the door was thrown open, a vast din of angry and excited voices seethed up from below, and Theodore appeared on the threshold, chattering and wringing his talons in antic terror.

"Monsieur!" he stuttered between clashing teeth, "Monsieur Morphew—the police! A raid! A raid!"

Next month you will follow the Lone Wolf through an amazing escape—and into another trap of Morphew's setting.

The Thirteenth Degree

(Continued from page 37)

the start. Now, one of 'em just naturally has to be the right party. It's a cinch, but which one—"

"Hold on," said Crisp, "you're only telling me what I know and what everybody else knows, for that matter. Come down to date. You've had these suspects on the griddle, of course? Been third degreing 'em, no doubt, and all that sort of thing?"

"The whole works. I've tried every trick in the box on 'em—nothing doing!"

"All right then. But if, on what you've got on 'em, you had to go to the Grand Jury tonight, what name would you want written on the indictment?"

"Blessed if I know. Sometimes I say it must be the woman—if I'm any judge, she's mean as a snake and money crazy besides. And she's plenty smart enough in her way. Then again, I take a swing around in my mind and I put it on this party, Rusk. For one thing, he's got more brains, even, than she's got—anyway, he's got more imagination. He's one of these excitable, high strung ones, but a' that you can't trip him up. Being stowed away where he can't hit up the booze hasn't helped his nerves any but he's still there with the nerve—get what I mean? There's one place, though, where he's weak—the alibi he's offered is not any too good, seems to me."

"What does that get you? It's not up to him to prove where he wasn't that night—it's up to you to prove where he was."

"Yes, that's right too," conceded Bryce ruefully. "Then there's this third party,

Melody. There're times again when I'm almost sure he must have done it. Get him in a corner and I'll say he's dangerous and liable to do anything. He's a pretty average low grade animal, taking him one way and another. Outside of the dope peddling trade, all he seems to know is hitting the red eye and following the big league teams. He's one of these box score fans—got the averages of every professional ball player that ever lived in the back part of his head. You know those nuts!"

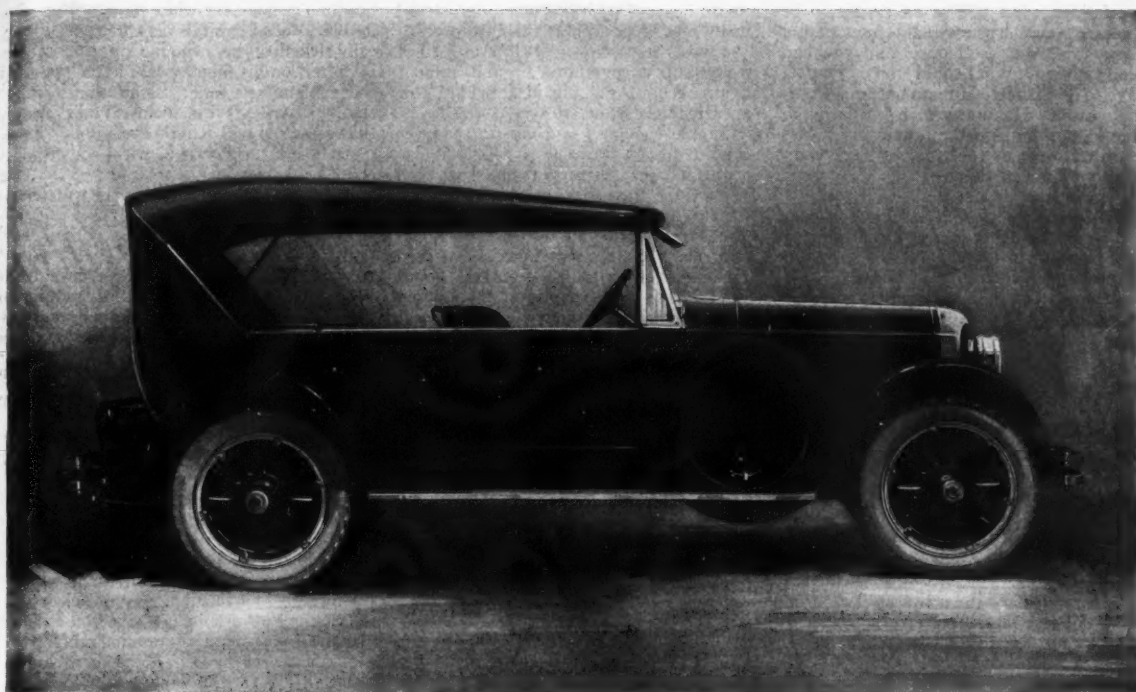
"I certainly do," said Crisp crisply. This scrap of superfluous information seemed to have quickened his interest. "So that's his fad, eh? Good!" He bent across the table, sharpening his voice. "Danny, if, going home tonight, you should see a mishap of some sort or a curious happening—in fact, almost anything imaginable that's slightly out of the ordinary—what's the first thing that you are going to turn to when you open your morning paper at breakfast tomorrow?"

"Why, I suppose I'll be looking for the write-up of the thing I saw myself going home tonight." Bryce plainly was puzzled by this sudden switching of subjects.

"Right! And why?"

"Oh, well"—he fumbled for the words—"well, because I just naturally would. Force of habit, I suppose you'd call it."

"Force of habit be blowed! Danny, I'm ashamed of you. I might forgive you for so far forgetting your early education as to call a story a 'case.' I can even stand for your present-tensing everything you say,



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cop-fashion; but you've no excuse to be thinking like a harness bull. You were a pretty wise youngster once, and you had good training. What could 'force of habit' have to do with it? Human nature—that's the answer. Hand any man a newspaper and watch him skip the important stories in order to get at the story of some comparatively trivial thing—an accident, say, or a street row or a scene in court or anything else of which he has actual knowledge and in which he has a personal interest, either because he figured in it as a spectator or actual participant, or else because somebody close to him figured in it. If there are two stories in the same paper which appeal to him in this way he'll invariably turn first to the one which interests him the most. And then he'll probably go rummaging round for copies of all the other papers to see whether any of them agrees with his version of it. Watch him—that's all. And the same thing applies to a woman or a boy or a child—applies to anybody that can read. They're all merely obeying a law of human nature—and that's a law with no exceptions to it that I know of.

"And Danny, my boy, listen to me: These suspects of yours—that's the law we're going to try them by. Between us, we've got two pretty powerful agencies to fall back on. You've got the machinery of the police department. I've got a newspaper shop with its facilities and appliances behind me. We'll use them both. Since we're partners on the deal, I'll be fair with you. I'm not going to pretend that the idea has just now jumped at me out of a clear sky. I've been carrying it in my mind for years, meaning to make a demonstration of my theory sometime or other when a suitable opportunity came; but what you just said about this chap Melody brought it up again in my mind. To me this looks like a bully chance to test it out. You say that trying on the third degree hasn't got you anywhere. Well, this thing will be the Third Degree Plus.

"As I understand it, you're holding all three of your prisoners in the House of Detention? All right, then. Tomorrow morning, on some pretext or other, you bring 'em down to Headquarters and stick 'em in separate cells, see? Keep them there all day without letting them see their lawyers or anybody else and without letting any of them get a peep at a newspaper—that's specially important. Just leave them where they are, as though you had forgotten them. Then along toward evening drop by one of the cells—say the one where you've got the woman locked up—and jolly her along a bit and tell her she'll have a good hot supper presently, and generally act friendly. Then, as if you'd just remembered it, you haul a copy of the Star out of your pocket and tell her there's something in it she possibly might want to read, and pass it in to her through the grating.

"Then watch her, Danny—watch her out of the corner of your eye without letting her know she's being watched, and see what she reads first. After that you go to Melody's cell and then to Rush's and do exactly the same thing with them that you've just done with the woman."

"Boss," said the young captain, "it must be I'm thick in the head tonight. I'm trying to follow your trail but I swear I don't get you yet."

"Don't you? Well, you will in just a

minute . . . Oh, here comes our steak! Smells good, too, even at this distance."

"Damn the steak! It'll wait. Let Heiney slip a cover over it and keep it warm. What's the big idea behind this paper reading stunt, Boss?"

"Simple enough," said Crisp, "and yet not so dad-blamed simple, at that. We've got this in our favor to start on—that each one of these three has, or should have, a vital interest in a certain definite subject. With Melody, so you tell me, it's baseball. The woman, as we both know, used to be a fake spiritualist and give bogus séances. It's been in print half a dozen times this past week how she learned her trade under that old crook, Ellen Prime, who's now doing a six year bit up at Auburn for extortion. Which likewise is lucky for us, as I see it—circumstances playing right into our hands. And Rusk, you remember, has lately been blowing his money—or his customers' money—on the races." In moments of stress or enthusiasm Crisp had a trick of thinking in headlines and speaking in them, too. Unconsciously he quoted one now: "Evidence Just Unearthed Shows Caspar's Nephew Fell for Ponies along with Burlesque Beauty's Charms—Wine, Women, Song and the Gee-Gees!"

"But still it's not clear to me," protested Bryce. "I don't see—"

"You will. Listen, Danny: Tomorrow morning I'll get busy on a special edition of the Daily Star. It'll be a limited edition—restricted to exactly four copies. One copy I'll keep as a souvenir; the other three I'll shoot up to you by messenger for distribution among your cage pets. I'll take the regular home edition and make it over for our purposes. First I'll lift the running Caspar story and, whatever length it may be, I'll cut it down to half a column or so and stick it away somewhere on one of the inside pages under a single column head. Then, right across the front page I'll smear three stories—all of 'em absolutely imaginary but written so as to sound plausible and authentic.

"I'll detail the swiftest rewrite man I've got on my staff to turn 'em out for me first thing in the morning. He'll do the whole job in an hour and a half. The first one will be a fiction yarn about Bingo Driscoll, star left-hander of the Giants, having broken three of his ribs so he can't pitch in the crucial series with the Chicago Cubs that's starting day after tomorrow at the Polo Grounds. That little joker will be for Melody's express benefit.

"The second one will purport to be a dispatch from our Auburn correspondent saying that old Ellen Prime, under the preachings of the prison chaplain, has got religion and is now writing a book of confessions in which she exposes all the secrets of the trance-medium game, including her own. And the third one will be a double-leaded story playing up a purely supposititious crusade that's to be started against the hand-bookmakers and the pool rooms. We'll have the District Attorney announcing that he's going to clean up the tracks and drive all the talent out of town on the next train; we'll pile on the customary buncombe of threats and promises knee deep. You know the sort of thing: 'Startling Revelations of Graft and Police Collusion Impending—Protection for Gangsters Imperiled—Official Probe to Sink Deep.'"

Again the listener almost could see the

headline gashing the white news print with its black-faced capitals, as Crisp mechanically ticked off his swinging phrases, letter by letter, on his fingers. He fell back into the explanatory tone: "And that one—that last one—is the identical fairy tale that ought to nail Rusk's eye—unless he's more deeply concerned with something else."

A grin of understanding was widening Captain Bryce's lower face.

"I begin to get you at last, Boss," he said, almost reverently.

"I thought you would—eventually. Well, how does it strike you? If from any cause the stunt fails we'll only be out a little trouble. It won't cost the Star fifty dollars to turn out that trick extra of ours—and I'd be willing to stand that much loss out of my own pocket just to test out the scheme. If it works—if one of the three instead of starting in right off to read the thing that's displayed on the front page should merely glance at it and then begin digging through the paper to find the Caspar story where it'll be tucked away in some corner—why, in that case it's a sign to you that here is the particular suspect you want to concentrate on for a while. Following along this line may not clear up the killing but at least it'll give you a definite lead. Instead of ranging about at random the way you're doing now, you'll be able to focus, and while you're focusing we'll be trying, between us, to cook up something else in the way of experiments . . . Say, how about tackling that sirloin of ours?"

Next day's sporting extra off his hands and sent away, Crisp, instead of locking his desk and departing, lingered on in the cluttered city room, deserted now except for the four-hand crew of the late shift. At five-thirty came a copy boy: "Call fur you on the telephone, Mr. Crisp. Police Headquarters speakin'. Says it's poisona'."

He lifted the receiver off his private desk instrument.

"All right, Danny," he said. "This is Crisp—shoot."

"Boss," came back the answer, "it's worked—just like you figured it would." Over the wire he could catch the jubilant quaver in his voice—a professional detective stirred out of the studied professional calm. "Yes sir, your little patent invention worked as slick as grease. I follows the plan just like you mapped it out. I takes 'em the papers you sent me—one by one. Two of 'em takes a flash at those phoney spreads and falls for 'em regardless of everything else. But the third one only gives the front page the quick once-over and then begins digging through to find the cut down murder story and reads it all through twice before turning back to look for anything else. Guess which one that was?"

"I only want one guess, I think," said Crisp dryly. "Rusk."

"You're a wonder," answered Bryce. "That's just exactly who it was, by golliess! How'd you dope it?"

"I had him picked as my favorite entry from the beginning," said Crisp. "Privately, I've been playing him clear across the board all the time. All right then, so far so good. Now then, if you're willing to go on with the next step, this is it—turn your man loose!"



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He could almost hear Bryce's jaw dropping.

"Turn him loose when, according to your own calculations, he's the right party? Why, say—"

"Danny, have sense!" Crisp sunk his voice, making sure that Whitby, at the copy desk twenty feet away, could by no chance overhear. "Merely because a certain individual shows a preference for a certain sample of the Star's literary productions doesn't justify you in swearing out a murder warrant—does it, now?"

"But it's only last night at Mallory's you says to me—"

"Last night was last night. This is a new day and there's to be some different strategy; the old plan of campaign is all switched around. Danny, after I left you down by the Bridge and started uptown I dropped into Keefe's theater. I always try to go to a vaudeville show when I've got any hard thinking to do—usually nothing happens on the stage to distract my attention. But this time something did happen. I saw a thing that gave me a whale of a hunch, and if you'll only be reasonable we'll play it. If you don't trail with me, why that partnership agreement of ours is off right now." It was the masterful star reporter of two decades back speaking to an adoring copy kid.

"I'm not going to tell you the notion over the telephone—it'll keep for a few hours; but if the thing we've just pulled was the sublimated third degree you can bet this one is going to be the thirteenth. At that it's a long shot. But then, I like long chances. Now, here's what I want you to do:

"Hold all three of your prisoners right where they are, say, two days more, or anyhow until day after tomorrow; there's one phase of my scheme that calls for a leeway of time. Then you go to Rusk and you beg his pardon for having kept him locked up so long on a false supposition. Make him believe, if you can, that you're fully convinced now you haven't got an earthly thing on him. Then, through arrangement with your District Attorney's office up there in the Bronx, have him let out."

"But suppose he beats it?"

"Behave yourself—you're letting your eagerness run away with your judgment. If he did the thing—and of that I'm surer than ever—he did it with one purpose in mind—to get the old man's money. If he had nerve enough for cold blooded murder and if he's had nerve enough through eight days to give you the laugh whenever you were grilling him, he's got too much nerve to dish his prospects by running away now when he thinks all he'll have to do is to stick round and wait for the courts to turn over the property to him. Anyway, your men will be shadowing him, won't they? If they're any good he'll never get out of their sight. And if our new stunt fails they can rearrest him any minute that suits 'em. You're not really giving him his freedom—you're only giving him a little rope. And rope, Danny, is what men hang themselves with.

"You have him turned free, just as I'm telling you to do. But before that you give out a statement for publication saying that, as a result of important developments, Mr. Jared Rusk has been entirely eliminated from suspicion. In the interview you can throw out hints about

sensational clues pointing to another quarter. Be mysterious about it—the reporters will do the rest. They'll help your plant along without ever dreaming that they're helping it. To make the bluff still stronger, you must act as though all of a sudden you'd got something definite on Melody and the Cabanne woman. Fuss over them as though they were too valuable to lose. Detail about four men in uniform to take 'em back to the House of Detention. Better still, handcuff 'em together and lead 'em past the door of Rusk's cell just a few minutes before you let him loose. For his benefit make the play as convincing as you possibly can.

"That's day after tomorrow's program. Tonight there'll be some preliminary tactics afoot. For one thing, I want you to meet me at Keefe's at nine-fifteen—in time for the second act on the bill. After you've seen it, I'm going to take you round back stage to meet a certain person—I saw him last night and he'll be expecting us. In the meanwhile here's a private job for you to tackle and when you see me you'll understand that this is the most important part of all—the success or failure of the whole scheme practically depends on it.

"I'm assuming that after the coroner's physicians got through with their autopsy the body was embalmed and sent to the morgue . . . Good! Then of course it's still there. Well then, you get busy right away and arrange matters so that anybody you may bring or send over there tomorrow morning will have the run of the place all day with nobody snooping about keeping tabs on him and maybe tipping your hand by loose talk. That part of it can be fixed easily enough, can't it? . . . Fine! I figured it could . . . How's that? . . . I'm keeping you in the dark? You bet I am, sonny; I'm taking no chances on some outsider listening in on this wire. You'll get the whole layout tonight. But, oh Danny, you take it from me this is going to be one jim-dandy of a smash if only we can pull it off!"

Even though he held his voice at subdued pitch Crisp was fairly singing his words—a huntsman's song, really, it was. A man chase with a human life for the stake is the most exciting sport in the world and Crisp belonged to a predatory breed: he was a newspaperman; not a journalist, for that's a very different matter, but a newspaperman, and made after the proper model of his kind—tireless in the pursuit and with a beagle's nose for an obscured scent. He finished with an authoritative snap: "Remember Keefe's at nine-fifteen. 'By!'"

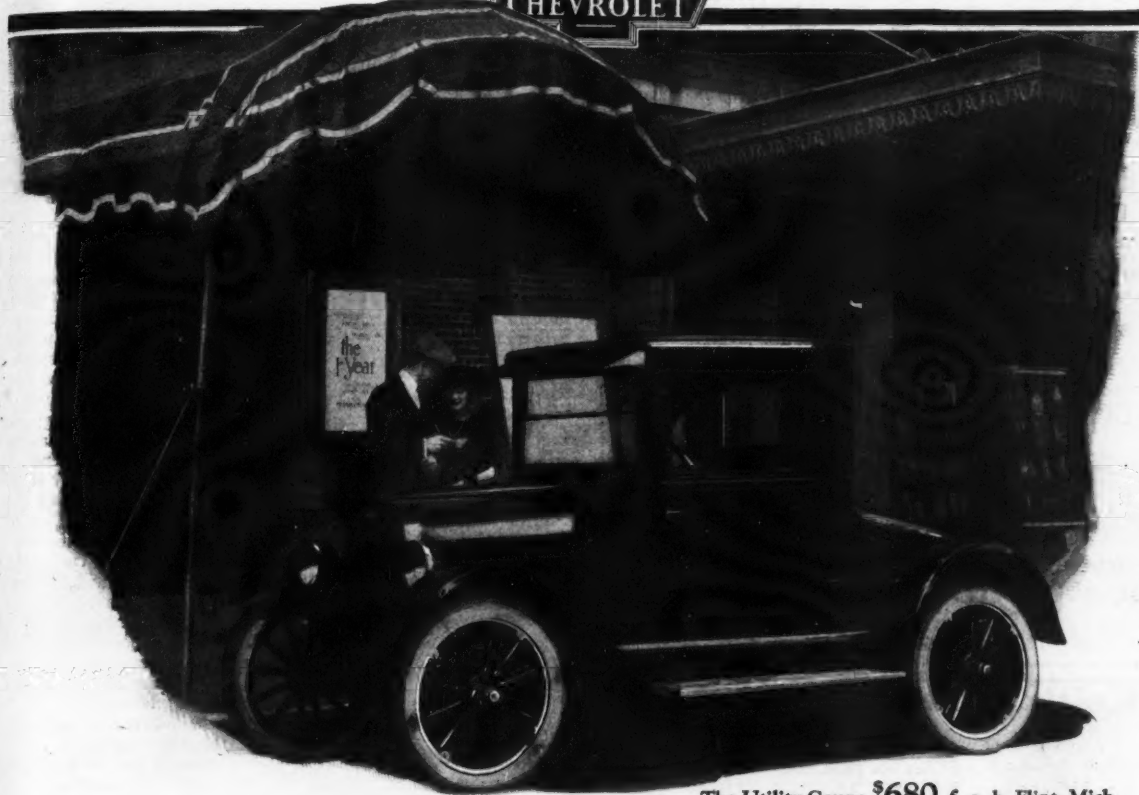
The first thing Jared Rusk did after he walked out of Sessions was to go to the nearest saloon. There he drank raw spirits greedily. For more than a week his denied and tormented fibers had been crying for their customary alcohol; with the whisky stowed in him, this inner screeching subsided to a soothing purr. And the second thing he did was to betake himself to his bachelor's suite in west Fortieth Street. Arrived there, and locked in, with the telephone receiver off its hook as a bar against interruptions, he proceeded to invoice his present situation.

He now was stimulated by a great exultation; but even so, he promised himself. If he was not going to let confidence merge

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CHEVROLET



The Utility Coupe \$680 f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

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It is no longer necessary to pay high prices for quality transportation. Through engineering and marketing efficiency, Chevrolet has achieved volume production of quality automobiles thereby effecting such remarkable economies that it now leads all standard-built cars in volume of sales. Chevrolet possesses quality features usually found only in the higher priced automobiles.

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3 plan books, showing 100 designs of artistic bungalows, cottages, or two-story houses—in frame, stucco and brick—with floor plans and descriptions, and 8 months' subscription to Keith's Magazine all for \$2.50 for over 20 years an authority on planning, building and help and Keith's Plans you can get the most distinctive, comfortable and satisfactory home with greatest economy. 8 plan books (260 plans) and Keith's for 12 months—\$4.50 Keith Corporation, 629 Abbey Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



You Can Dance All Night

—and know that your lashes will be dark, glistening to the very end of the dance. Just use Liquid Lashlux. Easily applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper: beads your lashes and makes them appear longer and darker. Harmless, waterproof, it is unaffected by perspiration, swimming or even tears. At night apply colorless Cream Lashlux to nourish the lashes and promote their growth.

Liquid Lashlux (black or brown) 75c. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug and department stores or by mail.

Send a dime for a sample of Liquid Lashlux. For another dime we will mail you a sample of PERT, the waterproof rouge.

Look for the package with
the golden haired girl.

ROSS COMPANY
74 Grand Street New York

LIQUID LASHLUX

into carelessness—no sir, not for a minute. From the outset he had held himself warily in hand, bearing himself in all situations as one unjustly suspected; disdaining even to canvass for a possible bondsman. His pose throughout had been that of an innocent man having no concern for the outcome other than the hope of seeing justice done and the real assassin apprehended and punished. He would continue to hold this pose. If only he sat tight and made no false moves—if only he didn't rock the boat, as the saying went—the big prize for which he had played would be dropping into his lap like a ripe pear from a bough.

Things were shaping beautifully. It would do neither Melody nor the Morgan woman any hurt to bide in a cell awhile longer. Indeed, he rather approved the prospect of their continued imprisonment. They were in no actual peril—not that he specially cared whether they were or not. It was not humanly possible that either of them ultimately would be punished for an act in which neither had a hand. Nobody would be convicted—probably nobody ever would be brought to trial. Sooner or later the authorities, tacitly confessing failure, would turn these two loose and there would be an end to the whole pother. Merely another entry would be added to an already abundantly long list of New York's unreadable homicides.

All along the police had been so consistently idiotic. At thought of their blundering idiocy figuratively he shook hands with himself. At every turn they had confirmed his prior belief in their stupidity; and today's gorgeous joke—well, that surely was the capsheaf to all that had gone before. But the stupidest of the lot had been this self-sufficient, pouter-breasted Bryce—first with his cocksureness, his blatant belief in his own ability as a detective, his clumsy and shelf-worn artifices for extorting a confession or an incriminating admission; and now, by contrast, this forenoon he had been so crestfallen, so shrunken in port and manner.

Comforting himself from a bottle of whisky, Rusk rehearsed the day's outstanding events. The scene in court had been a perfunctory scene, one without drama to it; the Assistant District Attorney, in moving for the release from further detention of one of the three individuals at present in custody, had borne himself almost listlessly, as though he had lost interest in the proceedings. And, before that, in their private conversation down at Headquarters, Captain Bryce had been downright apologetic. He recreated the picture of the diminished Bryce as that person had said:

"Of course, Mr. Rusk"—it was "Mr. Rusk" now, instead of the rough "Say, you" of the station house back room—"of course, Mr. Rusk, you'll understand I've only been doing my duty in holding you and putting you to all this inconvenience. It's up to me not to overlook any bets; but when I've made a mistake, like I have in your case, I'm the first one to admit it. So now, if you're willing to let bygones be bygones we'll shake hands, friendly. How about it?"

And Rusk, outwardly indifferent but inwardly rejoicing, had said he was willing to let bygones be bygones. And then, still in that new placating tone, Bryce had gone on:

"Naturally I'll have to ask you to keep in touch with me, sort of. It's likely from time to time there'll be things coming up in connection with these other parties that I'll want to ask you about—you knowing more than anybody else about your uncle's personal habits and all—get what I mean? I'll bother you just as little as I can . . . Oh, yes! come to think about it, there is one small detail where I'll have to have your help. I'll have to ask you to meet me up there at your uncle's house—or rather, I should say, it's practically the same as your house now—this evening at eight-thirty. Try to be there on time, won't you? I'm going to have a lot of other things to do tonight. I won't keep you more than a few minutes.

"For one thing, I want to turn the premises back over to you, officially, so to speak. And for another thing, while just the two of us are there on the spot by ourselves, I want you to go with me over the diagrams and photographs that we've been making of the room where—it happened—so as to be sure we've got the layout all properly charted and marked. But the most important thing of all is for me to have you see for yourself that the furnishings and all are in the right places so the men I've had on duty there will be clear in case anything should turn up missing afterwards. Of course, coming up there may not be the pleasantest job in the world for you, considering everything, but believe me, Mr. Rusk, it's absolutely necessary or I wouldn't be pressing it."

Rusk had consented readily enough. Wanting that thing known as a moral sense, he had no remorse and, by the same token, not the slightest repugnance to revisiting the spot where the thing had been done. Besides, wasn't his proper rôle that of a willing aide to the police in their fumbling endeavors? And all the time, secretly, he would be laughing to himself over the gorgeous farce comedy of it all. It was almost too good to be true: these poor, deluded limbs of the law—these broken legs of the law—asking his help, humbly invoking cooperation from him, of all men! Certainly he would go.

He went, slightly befuddled. An empty bottle in his rooms might testify, though, that it had taken the full strength of a commercial quart to produce this result. The stuff hummed pleasantly in him as he came out into the street, bound for the Bronx. His nerves had needed a plentiful lacing of whisky before they warmed and relaxed; all day, until the liquor took hold on them, they had been nagging at him. A conscience he lacked, or even the rudiments of one, but he did have nerves; otherwise this Jared Rusk might have made a perfect type of killer.

The subway carried him to a station within three blocks of his destination. He came up the exit steps and out of the kiosk into a district of lights and movement, there being tall new apartment houses about him and smart new shops on the lowermost floors of all of these. But as he swung eastward and rounded the second turning to the north he passed very quickly out of this hiving congeries into a neighborhood most entirely unlike. Here the darkness of a moonless night contended with the inadequate efforts of street lights spaced widely apart, and old-fashioned detached dwellings reared themselves well back from the pavement lines, each with



PARRACOMBE HILL*

"Oh, Larry, do you think we can get down this wet hill without a smash?"

"Of course we can, dear; I've put her in second, and with Kelly Cords under us we can't slip."

THERE is no more sickening sensation than to feel your car sliding after you have applied the brakes. The driver who rides on Kelly-Springfield Kant-Slip Cord tires does so with the comfortable assurance that he can depend not only upon their mileage but upon their surefootedness. It costs no more to buy a Kelly.

* Drawing by Lawrence Fellows, Devonshire, England



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*Time—and time alone—ages,
cures and mellows the tobacco used
in Tuxedo. Nothing can hurry it.*

**But after it is blended
and packed for smoking,
the sooner you smoke it,
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*Tuxedo is now delivered to
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one dozen tins. The cartons
are dated, showing the last
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*This insures your getting
Tuxedo FRESH From the
Factory.*

*Buy a tin today—try a pipeful
—and see how good fresh to-
bacco can be.*

Now 15¢
**FRESH
Tuxedo
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*Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
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its complement of spindly shade trees which already had begun to drop their yellowed leaves so that, in places, lacings of bare limbs showed dimly against the skyline.

The third house from the corner was his house, a formless clump in the enveloping blackness excepting for three squares of toned brightness which, set in the ground floor to the right of the porched doorway, marked the curtained windows of the limbs room.

Abruptly this place, familiar as it was to him, took on a forbidding and formidable look. Never before had it worn for him this daunting aspect. All at once he began to regret that he had come by night to it; surely daytime would have served as well.

In this sudden frame of regret and almost of indecision, he hesitated, fumbling with the latch of the iron gate in the tall fence of rusted iron pickets. But the metal snicked sharply under his touch and the form of a man materialized where a sprayed clump of shrubbery rose just inside the fence.

"That you, Mr. Rusk? Well, I've been sort of waitin' for you."

The voice he recognized as that of a plainclothes man of Bryce's staff with whom in the past week he had had forced dealings. But the two stood tonight on a different footing; the man's next words, by their cordiality, gave proof of the changed status of things. No longer was it the hectoring truculent detective matching his will and his wits against the wits and will of a prisoner under suspicion. Now it was the good natured policeman showing proper deference to a potentially wealthy citizen:

"I just wanted to catch you when you showed up—wanted to say to you that I hope you ain't got any ill feelin's on account of any little thing that come up while you was under arrest. Well, sir, the captain's waitin' for you . . . He's alone inside there. Just walk right on in, sir." He fell into step by Rusk as the latter went up the bricked path which crosscut the lawn fronting the house. "Purty dark out here, ain't it? But then, I guess you know the way here better'n I do, at that."

With a manner that was ingratiating, the other accompanied him into the wide, dusty smelling hall; then, still in the rôle of usher, opened the first door to the right of the entrance and, becoming suddenly official, made the announcement: "Mr. Rusk to see you, Captain."

As Rusk passed through the opening the man closed the door behind the visitor and stood in the hall with the knob of the door held in both his hands and his body pressed into the angle of the door jamb.

Bryce was bending over a flat-topped desk which stood against the farther wall of the living room. He half turned his head. "How are you by now, Mr. Rusk?" he said pleasantly. "Be at your service in half a minute—just going over these diagrams again."

But Rusk scarcely was aware of him, and the concluding words of the young captain's casual speech had fallen upon ears that did not hear them. For Jared Rusk was seeing something. With eyes popped and riveted, he was seeing something which it was not good for any human in normal case to see, much less one whose nerves had lately been on strain.

There, in that armchair at the farther end of the center table, lolled a slumped figure in soiled dressing gown and worn bedroom slippers. Indubitably it was a solid and tangible shape having flesh and bones and members. And yet it was the shape of his uncle, Watkins Caspar, in posture and dress just as he had seen it there nine nights before—with the great red fresh stains spreading over the bosom of the rumpled, collarless shirt, with the high bald forehead turned waxen white, exactly as he, watching his victim, had seen it turn, with the nostrils pinching in, with the lower jaw dropped so that the teeth showed between the colorless lips—his uncle, dead by all rights, dead by all looks, except for two bright blazing eyes that stared now out of that corpse face and held his fascinated gaze. And now it was moving. It shifted and swayed between the cushioned arm rests, and wriggled its head as though its neck pained it. And now, next, very slowly and stiffly, it was getting on its feet. It shuffled toward him, taking one step—two steps—a third—

With his shuddering body flat on the floor and his face in the carpet and his fingers clutched about Bryce's ankles the murderer made his confession. He made it all the while sensing that The Thing stood very near him, and in his agony hideously fearing that It would put hands on him unless very quickly he told all there was to be told. A dozen times, never lifting his head, though, he broke into his confession to beg Bryce to keep It away from him, not to let It touch him, please to make It go away and stay away until he was through.

After Crisp's death, here a couple of years or so ago, two of his late associates went through his personal belongings, making a sort of unofficial inventory. There were things among the effects which, being lumped together, gave them a better understanding of the man than ever they had had while he was alive; things which enabled them to figure out a creature most curiously complex, a compound of elements seemingly insoluble yet herein shrewdly blended.

For the time, the search took on rather the aspect of a post mortem appraisal of character. By the evidence brought forth from filing cases and table drawers and by certain further evidence which was contained in scrap books and clipping files, they established a case for and against the contrasting facets of a curious mentality, matching paradox with paradox, balancing an incredible professional callousness on a shy, well concealed instinct of charity, finding here abundant testimony to a vast egotism, and there proofs of a cloaked and unsuspected sensitiveness.

There was one item, though, or rather a brace of items, which puzzled them. These two objects seemed to have no connection with any revealed episode of Crisp's private life nor yet any bearing upon any one or another of his journalistic coups.

Upon an upper shelf of a locked cabinet one of the searchers came upon a wooden box that was like a casket in shape, measuring a foot across and perhaps eighteen inches lengthwise. On a slip of paper pasted to the cover was set down in Crisp's handwriting the cryptic legend: "Third Degree—Thirteenth Degree."

There were two articles in the box. One



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The New Willys-Knight Coupe-Sedan—an innovation—an entirely original body creation of steel, combines the chummy sociability of the Coupe with the convenience of the Sedan. A modish enclosed car for five, with doors both front and rear. It eliminates the inconvenience of folding or emergency seats and provides equal comfort for host and guests.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC.
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CANADIAN FACTORY TORONTO

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Coupe-Sedan



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was a copy of the Daily Star bearing a date of late September of the year 1907; with age it had begun to turn yellowish and brittle. The other was a false face, but a false face raised to the *nth* enlargement of a graphic and flexible realism; with a wig attached for added disguising and so elaborated as to enclose whoever wore it, from the nape of his neck behind to the base of his throat in front. Skull, ears, throat, all would be covered. Plainly, the face of some elderly person had served as its model; the hair was gray and coarse and frayed, and it fringed away to a baldness on the frontlet of the enveloping scalp piece. Somehow the finder of it knew that here he beheld a copy that was faithful, in contour and likeness and expression, to the original.

"Well, by Jove," he said as he drew it forth from its keeping place, "I never knew he went in for masquerade parties. See here, Foster, give this cheery little exhibit a look, will you? Why on earth would anybody treasure such a ghastly, uncanny, awful looking proposition as this?"

"I don't know what he wanted to keep it for," said the other man, who was the Daily Star's dramatic critic, taking the thing in his hands. "There were a lot of curious angles, it seems, to old Ben Alibi's nature—maybe he had his morbid side, too. But I know where it came from, or

rather, I know who made it. I recognize the handiwork—there never was but one man who could turn out such a job as this. Don't you remember that foreigner, Borgo, who came over here a good long while back—oh, it must be all of twelve or fourteen years!—and broke into vaudeville with that wonderful act of his that he called 'The Dance of the Masques' and made such a hit that one of the roof shows signed him up for a long contract? I was subbing on dramatics for the Trib then and got to know him well—nice, friendly chap he was, and a real artist. But I'd say this must have been one of his masterpieces." He slid the wig part up over his forehead, pressing the shell in to fit snugly. "Life-like, eh?"

"Yes, all of that—but death-like, too! It was gruesome enough before, like a death mask vivified in some unhealthy, devilish sort of way. By Jove, I believe that's exactly what it is, or was to start with—a death mask! But now, with your eyes shining through those openings, it turns you into a corpse that walks—you're just a corpse with a lost and tormented soul held prisoner inside you—ugh! One look at you, standing there now, would give anybody the horrors. Here, give me the damned thing and let me stick it back in its—its coffin—where it belongs!"

"The Eminent Doctor Deeves" is a powerful Irvin Cobb story that no lover of Mr. Cobb's rich human fiction will want to miss—in COSMOPOLITAN for March.

Super-People

(Continued from page 60)

The trouble about us is that we're labeled. Women come to the hospitals and places like this and cry over us. It's nice of them of course but it doesn't cheer us up particularly. We never see anybody who doesn't know what we are and who would figure on having a good time with us. We've got a lot of good times left in us, too. But what fun is it for us to be entertained by a lot of married dames who dress up like a million dollars and dance with us because they think it's their duty and bring us the wrong kind of cigarettes and call us brave boys?

"Hell, we're just ordinary men who happened to get hurt in a great industrial accident and we'd like to meet a lot of ordinary girls, not necessarily very pretty ones, who dress about the way the girls did that we used to know, who would flatter us by thinking that we are bold bad men who have to be handled carefully and not wrecks to be pitied. I'd trade all the society dolls who ever came out to the hospitals with presents for a talk and a walk in the moonlight with one good live shop girl who was slightly afraid I wouldn't like her, or that, if I did, I might shock her by my awful behavior."

"Hear! Hear!" applauded Beverly, clapping her hands. Then turning to Kirk: "This gentleman belongs to our club—he's another Little Ray of Moonshine in an otherwise orderly but gloomy world. Welcome Mr.—er—"

"Post, Sylvester Post."

"It's a curious idea, Mr. Post, that no one ever before thought that you fellows might like to meet up with some just

ordinary girls who have no particular claims to social distinction, who wouldn't scare you with their culture and gowns, but who would look up to you with the unreasoning admiration which the male of the species has, in some illogical way, come to regard as his due. I think that between yourself and Mr. Kirk here there has been worked out the idea for a new Salvation Army. How would this sort of a scheme go?"

She launched into a rapid fire of planning with suggestions here and there from her masculine aides, threshing out details, bolstering up the plot, rejecting parts and replacing discarded ideas with brand new fresh ones.

They were so busy and were having such a genuinely good time that no one noticed it was getting dark until mess call sounded.

"We'll have to go," Beverly announced to Kirk. "Even if they do invite us to stay I know that unexpected guests are not generally welcome." To the boys she said, "Good by. We'll be back."

Outside it was still raining.

"How are you going to get home?" Beverly asked her companion as he handed her into her little gray roadster.

"Oh, I'll find a taxi somewhere!"

"Perhaps, but you'll be wet through to your innermost soul before you do. Get in and I'll drive you wherever you're going. That is, if you're not afraid."

For answer Kirk demonstrated his bravery by taking the other seat in her car.

The sides of the roadster were high, sort of like the cockpit of an aeroplane, the top sat low and there was a stubby little windshield in front. Altogether it was a very



OLD SMOBILE



The FOUR Sedan

A gentleman's car—powerful chassis and staunch body construction. Unusually roomy for five passengers. Equipment includes deep upholstery, heater, dome light, cowl ventilator, windshield visor and wiper, drum type head lamps and cowl lamps, walnut steering wheel. 40 H. P. motor, 115" wheel base.

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Cars for Typical Americans

Oldsmobile closed cars are built for typical Americans—substantial people who want neither a ponderous drawing room on wheels nor the other extreme, but a thoroughly good, comfortable, dependable automobile.

Built in Fours and Eights, Oldsmobile closed cars serve every motoring purpose. Handsome and comfortable, swift and powerful, rugged and long-lived, economical to buy and to maintain—they are favorites everywhere.

Fours: Three Passenger Roadster \$955; Five Passenger Touring \$975; Four Passenger Semi-Sport \$1075; Five Passenger California Top \$1350; Five Passenger Brougham \$1375; Four Passenger Coupe \$1475; Five Passenger Sedan \$1595. **Light Eights:** Five Passenger Touring \$1375; Three Passenger Sport Roadster \$1625; Four Passenger Super Sport Touring \$1675; Four Passenger Coupe \$1875; Five Passenger Sedan \$2025. **Larger Eights:** Four Passenger Pacemaker \$1735; Seven Passenger Touring \$1735; Six Passenger Touring (Twin Wheels) \$1850.

All prices f. o. b. Lansing.

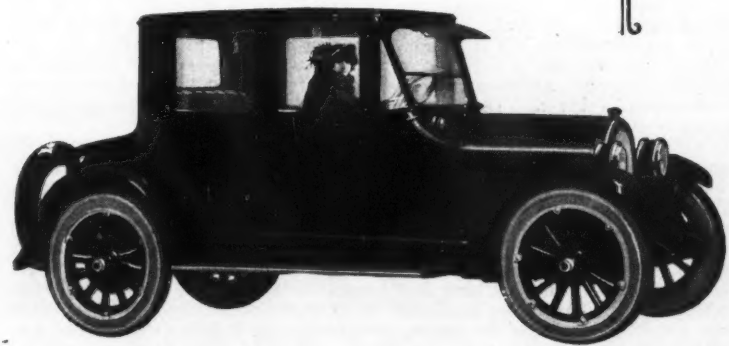
OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

The EIGHT Coupe

A favorite with women who drive. Equipment includes mohair plush upholstery, satin silver finished fixtures, heater, dome and corner lights, cowl ventilator, windshield wiper, walnut steering wheel, sun visor, rear view mirror, drum type head lamps and cowl lamps, Circassian walnut-finish instrument board. 63.5 H. P. motor. 115" wheel base.

\$1875



Founded 1897

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

cozy wren's nest. The rain pounding on the top and windshield cut it off absolutely from the rest of the world.

"It is comfortable, isn't it?" the driver asked corroboratively, interpreting his thoughts. "Let's run a little way toward the foothills. I don't want to forget those poor boys back there but I'd like to get a little perspective on them before my heart gets all bruised up from wanting to cry but not being allowed to."

"I thought it was agreed that they were not 'poor boys.'"

"It is, when we're talking to them, but we all know we're just bluffing, don't we? If they thought I really was as calloused as I seem to be they'd hate me. But they know, too, we're all sitting in our own dark corners whistling for the sake of companionship and to keep each other's courage up. All that ministers are is just especially good whistlers. Hubbard Kirk, do you believe in immortality?"

"Why, no."

"I thought not. Only those who are very much in need of it really cling to the idea of existence after death. I wonder if the theory is not just an anæsthetic drug, invented by some especially ingenious coward, that enables us to face the last of life without shameful panic. I don't think I believe in it either now but I'm afraid I might if I had nothing else to look forward to."

They had left even the suburban traffic behind. The road was their own and the fog-shrouded mountains were just ahead, dim, majestic, with here and there a cheerful twinkling homestead light looking very much as if some of the stars of a fairer night had fallen flambant to be a necklace upon the bosom of the hills.

"I get a new thrill out of them every time," the girl said in a hushed voice, and as she spoke her hand touched his to call his attention to the view.

There was at first a little shocked flutter of withdrawal as if the contact had been different from her expectations. Then she held her fingers almost rigidly still as if fearful that he might notice.

Something unusual was happening to two people who had not hitherto been swept off their feet by a surge of emotions. Galvanic lightnings played between them for a moment. Then Hubbard Kirk, the cynical spectator at the drama of life, drew her closer and closer until his lips touched the mist-damp coolness of her cheek and then, irresistibly, found the softness of her mouth which was not cool at all.

After a moment she pushed away from him with a little shudder.

He sensed the repulsion without knowing why and released her and sat dumbly asking an explanation.

She gave it. "I've always felt superior to other people and now I find that I am much less honorable than they."

"There is nothing dishonorable in the fact that I have just kissed you. It is not an ordinary afternoon pastime of mine and, although it would sound incredible to anyone who did not know how adorable you are, I have fallen hopelessly in love with you. It began the day our voices crossed at the theater and has been growing ever since until now I can't laugh at it the way I always thought I should if I ever showed any symptoms of *dementia amoris*. You don't doubt me, do you?"

Beverly laughed a little herself, but brokenly. "That's just the trouble. I don't doubt you in the least. I don't want to doubt because, strange as it may seem, I've never been in love with anyone myself—ever—until this beautiful rainy day. But"—as he made a movement as if to gather her once more into his arms—"I am engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Yes, to Horace Smith. Surely he told you."

"He told me he was engaged but I forgot the name of the girl. I've a rotten memory. Oh Lord, isn't it a mess?"

"We must never see each other again."

"Never?" He looked sidewise at her. It was still light enough to distinguish the outline of her profile. Her lip was trembling. He had forgotten for a moment how little and how young she was. This idea of having adult emotions over a child was absurd. And yet he remembered—"Of course I'm not going to see you again," he declared harshly. "The principal reason why I'm not going to is because I want to dreadfully. Let's go home."

Silently she turned the car around. The patter of the rain on the fabric top was no longer cheerful and the spattered mist on the windshield was a gloomy veil against the world. The pavement was slippery.

VII

THE driver of the truck which struck them at the street intersection downtown was not to blame. It was a case of neither party seeing the other until it was too late for brakes to be any use on wet asphalt.

The truck was a heavy one and the roadster was pretty well smashed up. It turned completely over once after it was thrown against the curb.

Hubbard Kirk was not hurt much. He was quite able to stand. Therefore he was the one who carried the limp body of his driver to the ambulance when it came. On the way to the hospital she opened her eyes once and smiled at him. "I'm beginning to believe a little in immortality now, Hubbard Kirk," she whispered.

VIII

OF COURSE it was only an incident in a man's life and the world had to go on just the same; still, it was very hard for Hubbard Kirk to settle down to work the next day. Advice from the hospital in the morning had been to the effect that the patient was doing as well as could be expected and that the hopes of her recovery depended entirely upon the extent of her internal injuries.

It was none of Kirk's affair, really. He was not to blame for the accident in any way and could not be held responsible. But his conscience slugged him every second, kept hammering at his nerves until he wanted to cry out. What a fitting example of dramatic irony that a blight should have fallen upon the first girl he had let his emotions dwell upon—well, in years!

He sat at his desk for a while, then got up and paced the office floor for a similar period, lighted pipes, cigarettes and cigars and discarded them, then began the routine all over a score of times. He wanted to be at the hospital with her—the other part of him, even if they had been living lives

that had not touched until yesterday; but, conventionally, he was an outsider. Besides, Horace Amboy Smith, her fiancé and his friend, was there. His presence automatically blocked Kirk from every avenue of contact.

At four o'clock Horace came in.

"Doing anything important?" he asked.

"Nothing but trying to figure out a happy ending for a tragic story that an editor fired back at me with the request to finish it with a kiss instead of a killing."

"That ought to be easy enough."

"If you think so you ought to try it sometime. There isn't anything so very happy about the way things turn out in real life—nothing for Pollyannalists to use as a model."

"Oh, I don't know!" Horace doubted. "Nearly everything turns out for the best as far as I'm concerned."

Kirk surveyed his friend with amazed incomprehension. "Oh, it does? Where can you get the cheery note out of having your fiancée in the hospital with probably fatal internal injuries?"

"That's one of the really lucky things I was going to mention in point. Where it turns out so well for me is that we weren't married. If we had been, why, my life would probably have been wrecked. As it is I can readjust and go on much as before. Beverly has been an awful good sport about it all. When she found out that the doctors only give her a short time to live she sent for me and told me the facts and offered to release me from the engagement. She even suggested that I go and call on another girl to sort of relieve my mind of the depression caused by being with her."

"Well, for the love of Heaven why don't you do it, then?" demanded Kirk exasperated and almost showing it.

"I'm going to, my dear Squash. Don't get hectic about it. I just stopped in on my way to tell you the news. That was Beverly's idea, too. She's awfully thoughtful that way. And a darn pretty girl, too. It's a shame she has to go this way. Well, I've done my errand here. So long, Squash. I wish you luck with your happy ending."

IX

HUBBARD KIRK gave his friend just time enough to get out of the building before he started himself. A taxicab took him to a florist's, a confectioner's and a toy shop en route to the hospital.

He had so many bundles that they nearly sent him around to the service entrance. But finally he got in.

Beverly Bingham did not seem especially surprised to see him. Perhaps she was too wan and listless to have emotions of any sort. She was propped up pretty high in bed, though, and aside from the fact that there was a good deal of adhesive tape showing she seemed to be all there.

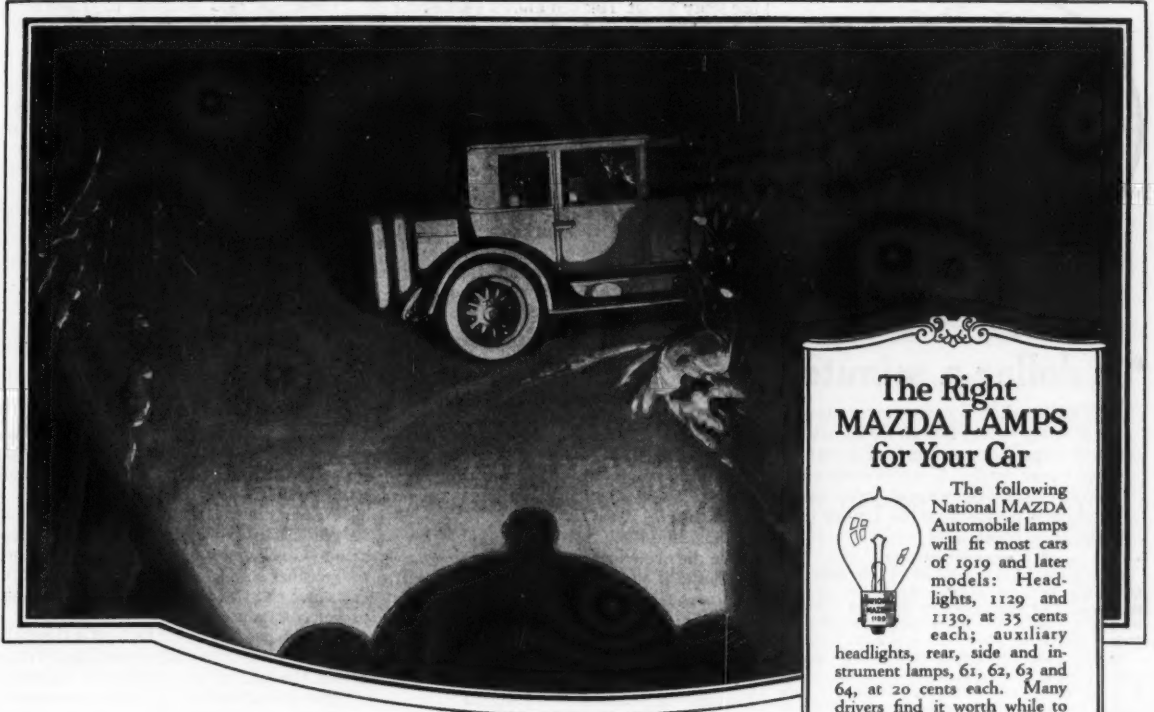
"Why didn't you come to see me until after I sent for you?" she asked imperiously.

"Because you said I must never see you again and—"

"You didn't think I meant that?"

"You said it."

"Girls always have to say things like that to save their faces with their consciences. We can't be blamed for what men do if we protest, can we? You know



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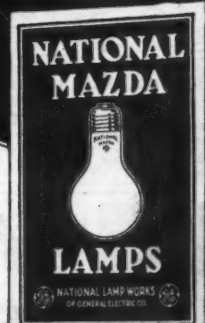
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the story about 'Heaven knows I asked for fish.' Didn't you want to see me?"

"With every fiber of my being," Kirk averred with eyes that said more than that, "and now that I have the right I've come to offer you all of my devotion for as long as we both shall live."

"You still love me even if I'm a physical wreck? Wouldn't you like to be released from your unspoken obligation just as I released Horace from his plighted one?"

"Don't be silly! You know I'm crazy about you and that we were probably made for each other. Anything that may happen or may have happened to either of us doesn't make any difference. How long do the doctors give you? I'd like to know so I can crowd all of my lifetime into that period, even if it's only a week. Tell me the truth and then we won't mention it again. Horace said it was only a short time but I didn't ask him how long. Tell me how long?"

Beverly pondered. "Do you think you could lift me up gently in your arms?"

"I could."

"Then do it."

He did, bedclothes and all.

"Now, if you've got any strength left, kiss me just once."

He did.

"You're right, Hubbard Kirk, we were made for each other. And the answer to your question is that I'm going to live as long as you remember to love me."

"But Horace said—" Kirk began stubbornly.

"Just what I told him. After the last painful examination this afternoon the surgeons told me there was nothing wrong inside and that I'd be over my external injuries in a couple of weeks."

"The Luck That Failed" which Frank R. Adams writes for March COSMOPOLITAN, is a story you can't read and retain an ill feeling in the world.

Maggie Qunanne

(Continued from page 99)

I said no to you, being a man, so—I say yes to you—and God bless us both, dear."

So her head slipped to his shoulder and her lips met his, coolly, virginally, awkwardly.

"My first kiss," she said, "and the blessed saints themselves can see it's a lot of practice I need."

"Maggie," said her future husband, laughing breathlessly in the dark, "you're a fool."

"I know it," said Maggie happily.

III

"GEE, he's getting awful big, ain't he, Maggie?" asked Bobby Brown, kneeling there on the clean, polished floor.

The long low room, all pale blue and cream. The exquisite, creamy walls. The golden nursery rhymes. The impudent Peter Rabbits painted at exactly the right height for tiny hands. The waddling, fat blue ducklings about the white crib. It was all sweetly still in the late sunshine.

The baby, quite naked and very pink, lay between them on a big blue quilt, his fat little legs waving aimlessly in the air and his round eyes solemnly occupied with a sunbeam that danced about his toes.

"Then why did you lie to Horace?"

"To see how both of you would act."

Do you like liars?"

"I adore them."

"All right. I'll make you a present of one just as soon as I get these bandages off. I think we're going to be rather poor because you're too nice ever to be a money-maker and I haven't very much either, but let's be married at the Old Soldiers' Home and have a dance afterward with all the shop girls in town as guests and oodles of punch with an awful kick in it, shall we?"

"All right, Boss."

"Are you being sarcastic?"

"No, I'm merely acknowledging a condition. Order me to do anything you wish." She did and he did.

X

THAT night, after they had forcibly put him out of the hospital, he went right to his office and wrote the final paragraph of his story.

"As her slim dearness rested in his arms he made a promise not only to her, but also to God, never to falter in his trust and to love her and cherish her a little more each day that he was allowed the blessing of her companionship."

After he had written it he read it through carefully, picked up a blue pencil and wrote across the face of the paragraph "Mush."

Then he sat and thought for a moment, visualizing a girl who, in spite of bandages and everything, was the prettiest, gentlest, cleverest girl he had ever known. He sighed and slowly erased the pencil marks.

"Perhaps," he thought, "there are a lot of people who have been in the same boat. Let it stand."

Maggie regarded the young god blissfully. "Yep. He gained a whole pound this week. Bobs, there never was such a baby. It ain't just that he's mine and Al's. Because I'm not such a sap I can't see my own baby like I'd see any other baby. But, glory, he's only four months old and look at him. And he's got a mudder and a daddy, this baby has. He's always going to have 'em, too."

She rolled the baby over and over to the edge of the quilt and he crowed delighted appreciation.

"Hear him? And Bobs, don't he look exactly like Al? Did you ever see anything like it? Look at his blue, blue eyes, just like the sky on a summer morning. And their pretty little smile and their sweetness. And those dimples. Look at 'em when I poke my finger under his chin. See? Aren't they exactly like Al's? Look now. Look. When I turn him over on his stomach he's got a fat little roll at the back of his neck, so sweet. Like nothing in this world is sweet. That's his kiss spot. His mudder's very own sweet kiss spot. And—it's silly, but Al's got a place just like that at the back of his neck."

The great comédienne bent to kiss him. "He's an awful clean baby, Maggie,"

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**AUTOMOBILE
SHOW**

What Auto Show? Why any of them of course.



We are right in the midst of the show season. The biggest one of all, the New York show, is going on right now at the Grand Central Palace.

The Chicago show opens January 27th and there will be hundreds of others, all over the country between now and the first of April.

Every motorist or prospective motorist owes it to himself to visit some of these shows, and see what manufacturers are offering this season. For one thing, he'll find that it's possible to buy more automobile for the money than ever before in the history of the industry.

Many improvements are to be seen this year. The following cars are announcing either mechanical or body improvements, or both. Look for them at the shows, or write this department for particulars.

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said Bobby Brown, touching him gingerly. "He smells so good. And say, you look great yourself, old gal. After such a hard time as you had—"

Maggie blinked at her blankly, her small, absurd nose wrinkled inquisitively. "Hard time? You mean with the baby? Doggone, it's funny but I'd forgotten all about that. Don't amount to anything. Not for one of those fat, curly pink toes—you little doodlebug. You're a buzzard, that's what you are. You're a pink worm."

But her gray eyes grew dreamy and she sat in silence, remembering the heavenly agony of those moments. When nobody in all that big white hospital could understand the smile that never left her gray lips and the smooth sweetness of her brow where the sweat lay like the tears of a god.

Once, when Al bent frantically to kiss one of the stiff red braids that hung down beside her, she actually laughed naturally. "Don't you worry, darling," she said, through a throat that pain gripped like a claw, "don't you worry. Remember I'm a comedian and don't try to make me do any glycerine stuff. I'm too tough an old bird for a little thing like this to bother me. You run outside and buy yourself a smoke. Why, I'm all right."

"I have seen game women," the doctor said quietly to the head nurse, "but this one's got something I don't understand."

He was right.

For happiness like Maggie's heart knew then is an anodyne above medical science.

It had been like that, even before the baby came. From the instant that she stood—still Maggie Qunanne of the twinkling eyes in spite of the stately beauty of Parisian robes—at the altar, before a multitude of the greatest celebrities in film-land, who laughed and wept with her, it had been like that.

It is not easy to describe the joy that flooded all of Maggie Qunanne.

You see, she loved Al not only for the glory of the present but for all the empty longings of the past.

From those dark nights in the cold, silent dormitory when little Maggie lay burrowing her head into a dingy pillow, trying, with eyes screwed tight shut, to imagine it was a mother's nice, warm shoulder.

From the stifling, soul-twisting, body-pinching days in the basement of the big department store, where the gangling awkwardness of her was target for every abuse.

From all the lonely, loveless years of childhood and girlhood and womanhood, with nothing but laughter to warm and brighten them.

From the hard won, hard worked, grinning days of her fame, when even those who loved her saw her as something breathless, sexless, unloved.

From all these things Maggie Qunanne walked into a glory of love-light that blinded her eyes. Her heart sang so that she could not have heard the call of an angel nor the threat of a devil.

Because Maggie Qunanne could only know love greatly.

Love to her could never be the flame of a skyrocket against a midnight sky. Nor the rose glow of a boudoir lamp. Nor even the silver sheen of moonlight on a lake.

Love was the sunlight, magnificent, life-giving, warming every breath, every drop of blood, every smallest thought and dream.

And so that was the love Maggie Qunanne, of the famous smile and the dangling shoe laces, gave her husband.

The hot tears sometimes stung Bobby Brown's wise eyelids when she saw them together, or when, in the tremendous pride of her wifehood, Maggie stumbled, still laughing, into pitiful, glorious confidences.

Bobby knew men.

There were no rose and gold glasses before her eyes when she looked at Al Cassidy.

She liked Al.

He was not a bad guy.

But she knew, and her heart ached sometimes under the knowledge, that he was not the man-god Maggie Qunanne worshipped.

There weren't any men like that. Who should know if she didn't?

She knew Al brought to this marriage no such love—was capable of no such love in his most exalted moments—as Maggie poured out as freely as the sunshine pours itself into the chalice of a flower.

Thus Bobby made of her beautiful and soiled young breast a confessional on which Maggie might pour those dear and needful confidences of a young wife.

Sometimes Bobby even tried to warn her, to teach her, to tell her some of the things life had taught her about men.

But it was like telling a baby on Christmas Eve that there is no Santa Claus.

So once, at the studio, when Adrienne Latour, shrugging restless cynical shoulders, made fun of something Maggie had said, Bobby with tight rolled little fists drove her into a corner and then slapped her until she screamed for mercy.

"Quit it, Bobby," said Lucy Haverton, "you'll hurt her."

"Then make her leave Maggie alone," said Bobby viciously.

They were all in the enormous cement dressing hall, with its ten windows and full length mirrors and great wardrobe presses, where the bathing beauties dressed.

"I don't give a damn what else she does with herself, but no gutter pup like that can make fun of Maggie."

"That's right," said Jill Manton impressively.

"But I do not make fun of her," said Adrienne sullenly. "Bobby here is of a too great silliness. What I say is that some of the things she have said here I do not believe. Nor does Bobby herself. I have say only that yesterday she come here and when Lucy she tell how her husband have combed out her hair for her last night, Maggie she say when she go home last night, Al have kneeled down and taken off her funny shoes for her. I for myself adore Maggie as much as does Bobby, but that I theenk is a bit thick. And she tie to him all the time the clever thing she say herself, to make us believe he is so witty. And she tell how he make so much more of her money by the investing of it."

"Oh you damn fool frog!" said Bobby, beginning to take off her clothes. "Can't you see? Maggie's Irish. She dreams a lot of things and they seem true to her. She wants her love affair to be just as romantic and grand as she thinks ours are. She gets the biggest kick in the world out of talking with us instead of listening like she used to. See?"

"Do you think Al gave her that diamond bracelet, or did she buy it herself?" asked Ethelyn, from the shower bath.

"No other woman is half so lovely"

AT the beginning of Jack's and Sally's engagement, all their friends rejoiced, while the envious others wondered, "How long will it last?" For Jack was a man of rare magnetism, whom all women liked.

Tonight they had been married five years, and his every glance, his every thought, was for her alone.

"There's no one like you, Sally," he said. "You're as pretty now as the day I met you!" She only smiled at him out of tender eyes, while he watched a little dimple deepen.

"No other woman is half so lovely," he thought. "It's her complexion that is her greatest charm. And she belongs to me!"

Quite true, she was his; but then, too, you see, he still belonged to her.



"You're as pretty now as the day I met you!"

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By MME. JEANNETTE

The correct use of rouge is not so generally understood as it should be. Rouge, like perfume, is something to be employed with restraint and moderation, lest it defeat its own ends.

Judicious tinting of the skin with rouge delicately heightens the color and imparts sparkle to the eyes.

Blend the rouge outward with chamois or the tips of the fingers. This fine shading prevents the abrupt line which is often the only way that tinting can be detected. So applied, and well blended with powder, it produces a soft, natural flush.

Pompeian Bloom is a rouge for gentlewomen. The medium shade, especially, is very popular with girls and young matrons of daintiness and refinement.

The lip stick, like rouge, must be used with discrimination. It should be applied to the inside of the lip and then worked out with the tip of the tongue to the natural lip-edge. Pompeian Lip Stick is harmless, prevents chapping, and gives a most realistic effect when correctly applied.

Each night cleanse the pores by bathing the face in warm water with a baby sponge or softest possible wash cloth, and dry with an unstarched towel. Then a coat of Pompeian Night Cream (a cold cream) patted on delicately with the tips of the fingers, just enough so that the pores, opened by the warm water, may be thoroughly cleansed. Do not rub. Just cover the face with the cream and remove with absorbent cotton.

Rinse the face again with warm water to take away all traces of the cream; then bathe with cold water to close the pores, using gentle strokes with the same fine sponge. It is very important not to roughen or irritate the skin by hard rubbing.

If your skin is of the oily type, you should not use a greasy cream by day, confining your use of such preparation to retiring time.

In the daytime use Pompeian Day Cream, a vanishing cream, almost greaseless. This will serve to counteract the excess of oil in your skin and to prevent shine, giving a perfect foundation for powder.

Jeannette

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"He bought it for her," said Bobby briefly.

"Al's not such a bad little guy," said Patsy, her face darkened with the pain of her understanding, "but he's not good enough for Maggie."

"Well, he's got it pretty soft now," said Maria Camarillo, without taking her cigarette from her mouth. "Managing her and getting a big salary for it. Imagine, managing Maggie Qunanne, that's pretty near the biggest box office attraction in America. And she made Savage put him in charge of exploiting all her pictures. Yah, it's hard to put over pictures like 'Miss Tessie' and 'The School Ma'am', I don't think. But at that I think he's mighty fond of her."

"Of course he's fond of her," said Bobby, slipping herself into a one piece bathing suit of black silk, "but no man can be in love the way Maggie thinks he is. I can't explain it very good, but Maggie sees him with her heart. She's kidded herself so much she believes it. Well, like this—she dreamed a home and a husband and a baby. And she got 'em and matched 'em up to the dream."

"We're such a lot of wise crackers—sometimes I wonder if I wouldn't rather be the kind of a fool Maggie is."

To Maggie there was no flaw in her love life.

When Al, smiling but indifferent, came casually through the Savage studio, ignoring the beauty of the girls in his path, came to her, her gratitude was so deep that she could have kissed his shoes.

He was the first thing in the world that had ever been hers.

Hers alone.

Even the rag doll she had once made at the orphanage she had shared with Rosa.

If ever a man had a perfect wife, it was Al Cassidy.

She hung on his every word. Believed in his lightest judgment. Applauded his wildest ideas. Lived only to make him happy. Surrounded him with famous and interesting people. Kept a home that was beautiful and orderly as magic. Never quarreled with him, yet helped him to see more clearly.

Sometimes he was a little stunned by it all. Over his head. Had to rally all his native conceit and joy of life to meet it.

The longer they lived together the better he liked Maggie. And the funnier he thought her.

They could laugh and romp like a pair of children.

Sometimes they would literally shriek and roll on the floor with laughter over some fool gag Maggie pulled.

But he had trouble sometimes in recognizing himself as the man Maggie exalted so high.

Also, as the time slipped by, he had come to realize that Maggie lacked many things which, as a young and hot-blooded Irishman, he had always assumed would belong to the woman he loved. She had no beauty, no allure, no physical charm. She was downright homely.

Still, it was not altogether Al's fault that Selma Larsen came from a little town in Michigan just then to join the bathing beauties.

Selma. Eyes like blue and burning lakes. Dimples so deep a man might put the tip of his finger in them. Corn colored hair that had the fragrance of new-mown

hay. A slim, white, budding young body that no man could look upon unmoved.

Nor that the other girls, uniting in a swift dislike and distrust of her, should send her in a cold and furious Swedish rage to smash anything that might show them her prowess.

Maggie Qunanne was a great star.

And she was the idol of the bathing girls and of all Hollywood—bathing girls and Hollywood that had turned upon her a cold and unflattering shoulder of distrustful disdain.

Al was Maggie Qunanne's husband.

IV

MAGGIE QUNANNE came slowly down the stairs into the stately beauty of the drawing room.

She looked even taller than usual, because she had on a much washed gingham dress and her brick red hair was piled, for comfort, on top of her head, as she sometimes wore it on the screen.

Her smile was a bit perfunctory because, just somehow—she had never cared an awful lot for Mrs. Derck. Moreover, she had been blissfully cleaning Al's dressing room and closets and drawers and desk, and she loved it and hated to be disturbed.

She'd be starting a new production in a few days, and she loved passionately the time between pictures when she could stay at home. With Al and the baby.

Though, unfortunately, Al had gone to San Francisco to put over the opening up there of "The School Ma'am." He had to go. It was only too bad it came during her vacation time and she couldn't leave the baby.

He wasn't back yet.

Mrs. Derck was a rather pretty woman. In her youth, hers had been the delicate coloring of a pink and white sea shell, and her features were still finely drawn and aristocratic. She was little, too, and had pretty hands and feet. But Maggie Qunanne just couldn't warm to her.

Still, Maggie had always been, would always be, grateful to Bill Derck for what he had done for her. Of course he had risen with her; just the same, if he hadn't seen her in that department store basement she might be there now.

"Hello," she said amiably. "I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Derck. The baby's asleep but the nurse will bring him down as soon as he wakes up. He's gained another pound. I think he's going to be a prize-fighter or a policeman. How are you, Mrs. Derck, and how are your family? And has Bill been having a good rest so we can get right into this new story and finish it up in a hurry? You'll have to excuse the way I look. I'm a housewife these days."

"Bill's well," said Mrs. Derck, and when she spoke her voice was pleasant and friendly enough. "He's fishing. You're looking mighty well yourself, Maggie."

Maggie wrinkled her absurd excuse for a nose and grinned. "I look about as I always do, Mrs. Derck," she said, "and that's no better nor no worse than the Lord made me. Nobody ever accused me of being a beauty, but beauty is not everything in this world, glory be."

A pause fell.

And in it, like a distant bugle call, Maggie's heart heard a faint note of warning.

Once, when she had been tramping the Hollywood hills with Rosa on a picnic, she



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had felt like that. A tightening of her eyelids. A prickling of her scalp. Turning, she had seen a rattler, just awakening from sleep.

Now as the silence lay dead and Nina Derck's smile did not waver, Maggie felt the tips of her fingers grow cold.

"Did you want to see me about anything in particular?" she asked bluntly.

Another woman than Nina Derck might have hesitated before those clear and candid eyes, with their merry twinkle never quite hidden. Before the sweetness of that wide, ugly mouth that had taught the world to smile. Might, indeed, have remembered the orphans of the world, and the wounded soldiers so many had forgotten, who owed so much to Maggie Qunanne.

But in Nina Derck's heart lay that serpent of malice that nothing can check. She had hated Maggie Qunanne for five years, because Maggie Qunanne was the woman to whom her husband owed his success. Because her husband had said that Maggie Qunanne was the finest woman in the world.

"Maggie, you're a married woman now," she said, a little sadly, "and you have not very many married women friends."

"Well, now, maybe that's true. The girls are pretty good friends to me, God bless and care for them always, but they're not married, some of them, 'tis a fact. Still—"

"Older married women sometimes understand things that you young wives don't, that's all. We've learned by experience and sometimes we can help you. If you know how a thing is, you can handle the situation so much better. You mustn't be left in the dark, Maggie, that's what I've said to myself. I'd want a friend to do as much for me."

Maggie's eyes showed tiny points of steel in their grayness. Her lips were firm and quiet.

"You're driving at something I don't understand, Mrs. Derck," she said. "Will you please to come to the point and not beat around the bush, which I can't stand?"

"Then I feel, Maggie, that it will help you to know how to act if you're warned ahead that your husband is behaving very badly with that little Selma Larsen. In fact, I happen to know that he took her to San Francisco with him in his car. Now it's nothing to be serious about, Maggie. She's not the sort of girl that could hold a man, but she is pretty. I said to myself, Maggie is sure to find this out, and she mustn't take it too seriously or let her pride trick her into doing something desperate. He'll come back to you, dear, and everything will be all right. Only be firm with him. Take him away for a little while. That's always been my method. But I certainly felt you should know."

Maggie Qunanne did not move.

Her big, strong hands, that could hold a baby so firmly and so tenderly, lay quite still in her lap.

And she sat there so long without moving that Mrs. Derck began foolishly to cry.

But Maggie did not seem to hear her. Only once her lips moved softly. "My husband," she said.

She had not even lost her color.

But the eyes of Mary, the Mother, must have been like that as they looked up at the cross. Like Maggie Qunanne's little twinkling, merry gray eyes that now held every drop of suffering woman has ever known, until you could see right through them into the great heart of her breaking—breaking.

Then, as the other woman watched her with tears streaming down her silly, pretty, middle-aged face, a miracle was slowly born.

The terrible thing that had stood like a crucifix within her eyes melted away, and a light came into them so that you could no longer tell what color they were, nor what expression they held. Only a light.

Quite naturally Maggie Qunanne smiled her famous, heart-warming, irresistible smile.

Quite naturally she got up from her chair and steadily walked across to the other woman.

"I don't believe you," said Maggie Qunanne simply. "Nothing could make me believe you. Because, you see, I believe in God—and God just couldn't let that happen to me—and my baby—now."

And the other woman, trembling before her, knew that she spoke the truth.

She did not believe her.

V

IT WAS Bobby Brown who met Al at the Exchange office when he came in from San Francisco and told him of Mrs. Derck's visit.

"I didn't know in time to stop her," said Bobby coldly, the venom of her hate spitting at him like a vicious kitten. "What she told Maggie I don't know. But for God's sake do your best to protect her, you filthy little beast."

Into Al Cassidy's heart came a fear that hurt.

Shame came to him, too, like a shower of boiling oil.

Poor old Maggie.

Oh God, what a rotten trick to play on Maggie!

He thought of the girl who only a few hours before had lain so maddeningly in his arms. The beauty. The grace. The mass of her hair. Her thick, creamy eyelids.

That was what had lured him. That beauty of hers.

Maggie was Maggie. He loved her. She was the best old thing in the world.

But he had been hungry for the young beauty of woman.

Yet now the thought of the girl's wet, sweet lips nauseated him.

He longed inexpressibly for the cool, clean decency of Maggie Qunanne.

His wife.

What shook him was the horrible thought that if he had been tempted once like this he might be again.

The hideous thought that he might never measure up.

Was it only satiety that made him loathe himself so utterly now?

As he walked up the red brick steps of the house on the hill he could not raise his eyes to the window where Maggie usually waited for him.

To himself, it seemed that he slunk.

Poor old Maggie. It wasn't that she wouldn't forgive. But—to tear down, wantonly to shatter, her dreams.

She was there waiting for him, in the doorway. Tall and terribly dear.

It came to him in a moment that there was only one thing to do. To throw himself at her feet and tell her the whole rotten truth and beg her forgiveness. To show her that he loved her and that the other had been only the beast within. Get the burden of his guilt from his shoulders to hers by confession and repentance.

But the serenity of her face checked him. "Hello, darlin'," she said.

He could not wait until it was out and over. It choked him.

"Has Mrs. Derck been here?" he asked.

Maggie stepped into the wide, cool hall and closed the door.

Upstairs he heard the baby crying lustily.

"Yes," she said.

"Did she tell you some story about me and Selma Larsen?"

"Yes," said Maggie Qunanne, "but of course I didn't believe her."

The man looked into the clear, happy sweetness of her soul, through her little, twinkling gray eyes and knew, as Nina Derck had known, that she spoke the truth.

Suddenly he could not look at her, as a man cannot look straight into the gorgeous pathway of the evening sun upon the water.

His eyes were blind, and he did not know why.

Only he found himself on his knees at her feet, his face buried in the crisp white of her dress. It seemed to Al Cassidy that the tears he shed—the first man tears he had ever known—washed a mist from before his eyes. So that he saw this woman for the lovely thing she was. That he felt the touch of her faith, healing him.

And he knew that never, though his desire tore his flesh to ribbons and ground his bones to ashes, could he again betray that faith that shone upon him. Knew that somehow, in the magic of that light from her eyes, he had become somewhat nearer the man she saw in her heart.

With a cry Maggie knelt beside him, holding him, and her face was so beautiful to him that he even dared to look up—up into the face of the sun.

But then, you remember, the Stranger of Galilee told us many centuries ago that faith, as a grain of mustard seed, will remove mountains.

"Why is Your Man Leaving You?" is discussed helpfully and sanely by Elinor Glyn in March COSMOPOLITAN, on sale at all news stands February 10.

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The Revolt of Camposanto

(Continued from page 91)

Feeling that the eyes of his chosen and appointed woman were on him, Camposanto was not only able to turn the engine over but to spin it with a kind of smooth fury.

Presently a spark flashed, a charge of gas ignited, and the car began to roar as if it were defying an enemy and to shake all over as if it had the palsy.

When Camposanto had taken his place, Señorita Diaz felt of his upper arm. And he, complacently doubling the arm, caused the biceps muscle to swell and harden.

"How strong you are!" she said.

He couldn't help boasting a little.

"I wouldn't be afraid to put on the gloves with any man of my age on the Pacific Coast," he said.

"Imagine!" exclaimed the Señorita Diaz.

And presently they went lunging and bumping out of the little city in which they had suffered so much and for so long and, at a very slow speed, climbed the long hill that leads to the lovely Mission of Carmel and beyond.

Machinery improves, religions rise and fall and points of view change, but human nature remains always the same. And any bully, whether man, woman or child, is always the better for a good sound thrashing.

Mrs. Kelley said nothing about the blow which she had stopped with the point of her jaw. She merely said that her father had insisted on going away in the middle

of the night and that he had put his case to her in such a way that she could not find it in her heart to blame him. As for going into court and attempting to prove that the old gentleman was no longer able to take care of himself—that was buncombe and she would have nothing to do with it.

"After all," said her sister, "we won't have long to wait. Father's seventy."

"True," said Mrs. Kelley with a faint smile, "but if I'm any judge of condition he's very likely to be going strong at a hundred."

And she stroked her chin in a reflective and reminiscent way.

"We had better," she said, "manage to exist on what we've got. We've about a million apiece pretty well invested, and plenty of people in this world manage to struggle along on less."

"I suppose so," sighed Mrs. O'Ryan, "but it *would* be lovely to be rich."

Even when it was learned that the Diaz girl had gone away with Camposanto and that the pair had been married by the priest at Carmel, Mrs. Kelley stood up for her father.

"Felicia," she said, "is an excellent housekeeper. She will make him an excellent wife; they were once in love with each other and undoubtedly they still feel a certain attachment."

"He will leave his money to her," objected Mrs. O'Ryan in a plaintive voice.

"Not all of it," Mrs. Kelley assured her.

"He will provide for her of course; but it has always been father's religion that the Camposanto money should go with the Camposanto blood."

"It's lucky for us," said Mrs. O'Ryan, "that father never had a son. Primogeniture and entailed estates were always a hobby of his."

"Father," said Mrs. Kelley confidently, "will never leave Camposanto out of the family. And when the Coast Boulevard is built and all the country to the southward becomes accessible, Camposanto will cut up for millions and millions and millions of dollars."

"And they will all belong to us and ours," said Mrs. O'Ryan with a brighter expression.

Since the revolt against tyranny and the flight of Felix Camposanto some ten months had passed when one fine day a telegram was delivered at the door of the old Camposanto adobe in Monterey. It was very brief and contained only the words:

"Boys. All well."

After a long time of wonderment and silence, Mrs. O'Ryan said in a faint voice, "I'm so surprised you could knock me down with a feather."

"Surprised!" said Mrs. Kelley presently. "Are you?" Then she stroked her chin in a reminiscent and reflective way and smiled suddenly and said:

"Well, I'm not nearly as surprised as I might be!"

A story that will delight you with its strange characters is Gouverneur Morris's "Argument" in COSMOPOLITAN for March, on sale February tenth.

Julius Sees Her

(Continued from page 73)

my side of the switchboard was comical to see.

"Well, girle," he gushes—the big clown!—"when are we going to have that dinner together?"

I felt like saying, "When Niagara Falls starts running the other way!" But I want to straighten out Julius, so I throw the smile into high.

"I'll let you know later," I says. "I want to ask you something first."

"Anything!" he says, with his hand on his heart. He's one of these fellows which simply can't stop acting, on and off. "Anything I possess is yours, if—"

"What could be sweeter than that?" I cut him off, still smiling. "But I just want to ask you a question. What would you do if you were an understudy and knew you were greater than the star, but couldn't get a chance to play the part and dumbfound the world?"

He looks a bit surprised and then he pretends to be giving the matter the same attention the U. S. Supreme Court gives a trust tangent, standing there with his chin in his hand and a frown puckering his noble forehead.

"Why," says this master mind finally, "why, I'd have the star kidnaped for one performance and take my chances."

And he laughs. A little bit later he was

like the laughing hyena which died. He didn't have nothing to laugh at!

Well, I manage to get rid of Hemingway Bryce a few minutes afterwards and I can hardly keep from yelling with joy, because I've got Julius all set. I know just what I'm going to do and just what *he's* going to do—that's if he wants to keep his little girl friend. So when we go to dinner that night I put all my cards on the table, face up.

"Julius," I says, "after some years of watching you boys perform and in that way getting a good line on the male sex, I made up my mind if I ever fell I'd fall for a great man. Being a shipping clerk's darling or a head bookkeeper's bride never has appealed to me and it don't now. The man I gamble my future with has got to *mean* something. He's got to either get his name in the electric lights or invent something brighter!"

Julius is looking at me like a drowning man would look at you if you threw him an anvil.

"But I thought we settled all——" he begins.

"Don't interrupt teacher!" I shut him off. "As I was saying before you spoke out of turn, I always craved the affection of a really great man and swore I'd fall for no other. Unfortunately, Julius, *you* came

along and you're far from great, but I fell for you nevertheless. There's no question about that part of it. Therefore I am going to *make* you famous, whether you want to be famous or not!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," says Julius—and looks it.

"You want a chance to play the star part in 'The Girl from Betelgeuse' and show Broadway what you can do, don't you?" I says.

"Do I?" says Julius, grabbing my hands while his face lights up like a cathedral. "Why, say, sweetheart, if I ever get a crack at that part——"

"Well, don't cry," I butt in. "You're going to get a crack at it tomorrow night!"

"What do you mean?" gasps Julius, trying to read my face. He can't and he sinks back in his chair. "Don't jest about that, Gladys, it's too near my heart," he says, kind of reproachful.

"If you think I'm kidding, you're crazy!" I smiles. "If Charlemagne Rutledge fails to appear tomorrow night you go on and play the lead, don't you?"

"Of course," says Julius. "But that's nonsense. He hasn't missed a performance since the infernal show opened a year ago."

"Well, he'll miss tomorrow night," I says, still smiling, "because we're going to kidnap him."



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Julius laughs and pats my hand. "You angel," he says, "I really believe you *would* do that for me! But——"

"But nothing," I interrupt, the smile gone. "Kidnaping the leading man is the only way you'll ever get your chance. Well, we're going to do it. If you don't go through with this, I'm through with you!"

This time he must of read my face correctly.

"Good heavens, you can't be serious!" he exclaims. "Why the thing's unthinkable! I—why——"

"I never was more serious in my life," I shut him off. "I've even laid out the details. Keep quiet a minute and I'll tell you how we'll work it."

"Why—why—Gladys—I—we'll be arrested! We——" Julius is at the stuttering stage, as pale as a couple of ghosts.

"Suppose we *do* get arrested," I says. "Look what we're shooting at! If my scheme goes through you'll be a star, won't you?"

"But—but——" He's all but speechless.

"Listen," I says, "cut out the buts. I'll be the goat in this little trifling matter and if you don't do *your* part you're canceled with me as sure as there's a Frenchman in Paris! Of course, if you're afraid you'll fall down if you *do* get the chance to play the lead, why——"

"Fall down?" he butts in, banging the table with his fist. "Why, it will put me over!"

"Then let's go!" I says, banging the table myself. "It's all fun!"

When we part Julius weighs about ten pounds less than he did when we come in the restaurant, but he's agreed to my little kidnaping scheme. About all he touched of the dinner was the check.

The next night I get busy on my own little movie, written and produced by myself and called "The Kidnaped Leading Man." I know I'm never going to get away with this without *something* happening that won't do me a bit of good, but had I knew just exactly *what* was going to happen I almost think I would of allowed Julius to make good in his own way. Before things was over I felt like I had called for a drink of water and got hit by a tidal wave.

My first imitation is to interview Pete Kift, captain of the merry bellhops and a young man who claims he would take great pleasure in diving off the top of the city hall into a silk hat if I asked him to. Well, I don't ask Pete to do that difficult feat, I simply ask him to lock Charlemagne Rutledge in his room that night, so that by no chance can Charlemagne get out till it's too late for him to get to the theater where "The Girl from Betelgeuse" is playing. The fire escape is two doors farther down the hall, as both Charlemagne and Hemingway Bryce, who rooms with him, had kicked against having a suite that opened out into one, claiming it poisoned the view from the windows. So if Charlemagne wants to jump, good for him—it's only ten stories to the pavement and that last story would have a most unhappy ending, now wouldn't it? I then arrange at the switchboard that no calls from that suite are to be answered. That prevents my captive from calling the desk or anybody else which might be weak-kneed enough to release him and

deprive my Julius of his chance to play the lead in "The Girl from Betelgeuse." I know I am crazy to do this, as the fellow remarked before slapping the lion in the face, but then you want to remember I am also in love!

At eight o'clock Pete Kift sidles up to the switchboard as mysterious as a Cuckoo Klan meeting. He looks to the right and left and then he bends over to me.

"All set, Cutey!" he says, in a hoarse whisper.

"You're sure he's locked tight—he can't get out?" I whisper back, and gee, I'm nervous!

"Say," says my noble Pete, "'at bozo couldn't get out of 'at room if his name was Houdini!" So that was all settled.

Well, I'll never forget the night I put in at that board if I live to the ripe old age of a million. Phew! I got nothing to do but think of what will happen to me when Charlemagne Rutledge gets out of that room and realizes he has missed his show. I think and think and think and then every time I get about froze stiff with pure fright, why, the thought comes to me that Julius is out on that stage singing and acting his way to a roaring success. That thought kind of evens matters, for it fills me with a warm glow of pride and satisfaction. Anybody which got a right number from me that night got it by dumb luck and nothing else.

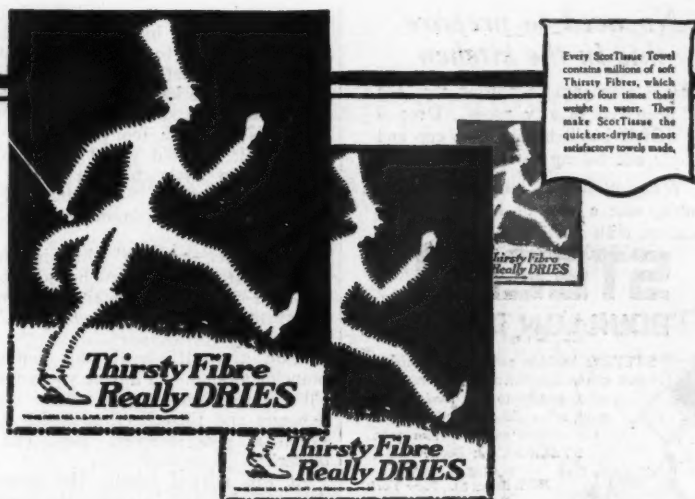
As the witching hour of midnight approaches and I am thanking Heaven that I'm about to go off duty, Pete Kift again slinks up to the board and this time he's got the word "panic" wrote all over his face. He's as nervous as a frightened rabbit and a bit pale and sickly looking. What a swell villian he'd be, I think, but then it's the men which always weakens, isn't it?

"Cutey," whispers Pete, "I have got to let 'at baby out of his cell upstairs. I do for a fact. He's bellerin' and meowin' and kickin' on the door and he's went to work and busted a window on me! He's jazzed around up there so much he's got the people in the adjoinin' rooms all stirred up, and the neighbors' children and the like outside lookin' up at the windows, and you know what 'at will lead to. I'd like to go up and cuff some brains into him, but I got to let him out, kid, or the reserves'll be here!"

Well, I'm ready to faint because the grand finale is about to break, but I tell Pete to go up and unlock the door. It's twelve o'clock now and by this time Julius must be the talk of Broadway. That being the case, I'm ready to take my medicine, because naturally enough I can't let poor Pete Kift be the goat for a frame-up I planned myself. Anyways, Pete springs for the elevator and is shot up to the tenth floor like a bullet. I'm pinning on my hat when the same elevator door opens and out of it almost falls—not Charlemagne Rutledge, leading man in "The Girl from Betelgeuse," but Hemingway Bryce, his roommate and star in another play!

Heavens above, I have kidnaped the wrong leading man, ruined a perfectus good show and in no way helped my Jullity to fame and fortune!

All this comes to me like a blow between the eyes with a mallet and I sink back against the switchboard just about ready for the undertaker. Hemingway Bryce



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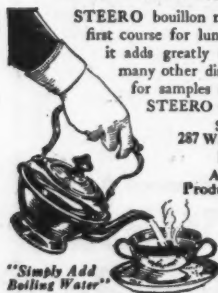
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comes rushing up to murder somebody for not answering his wild calls and one look at me seems to be enough for him.

"By the eternal!" he roars. "I see it all now! You asked me what I would do to give an understudy a chance to play the star's part. Oh, fool that I was! The irony of it. I told you I'd kidnap the leading man, little thinking I was that leading man myself! So you and my understudy did this damnable thing, did you? Well—"

"Mr. Bryce—please!" I butt in faintly. "Please listen. You must listen! It has all been a terrible mistake. I—we—I didn't mean to kidnap you at all. It was—"

"Not a word!" howls this dumbbell, prancing around. "I'll have you arrested! I'll sue this hotel for a million dollars damages and I'll collect, too! My reputation is gone forever. Boy, call an officer!"

At this critical minute the revolving doors revolve and in rushes the cause of it all—Mr. Julius De Haven. He pushes the foaming Bryce aside and bounces over to me like there's nobody in the hotel, or in New York for that matter, but me and him.

"Oh, you wonderful girl!" he hollers. "I owe everything to you! Your blessed scheme succeeded beyond our wildest dreams. I played Prince Danilo in 'The Girl from Betelgeuse' tonight as he has never been played before. Why, sweetness, I got an ovation! I was forced to take a dozen curtain calls after my first act alone and—oh, it's too much to tell you all at once! Seligman came to my dressing room and offered me a starring contract for next season and—why, darling, what's the matter?"

The matter was that I had simply passed out! Things were coming entirely too fast

"*Sherlock's Home,*" the H. C. Witwer story in March COSMOPOLITAN, to use slang, is a bearcat.

The Man Afraid of His Job

(Continued from page 31)

Scott, who indeed had had his first job under Billy's supervision.

"I remember him, a red-faced boor," said Maryland. "He was there in my father's time."

"I don't know where he's been or why the old man is entertaining him—he's married, I know that. Maybe he married money," said Scott. "Anyway he and his wife are going to be at the club, and you can imagine how much Mrs. Iverson will have in common with them. The only one reason I really would like to go is to oblige the old man. He asked me again today if we were coming."

"H'm," Maryland said thoughtfully. Old C. P. had acted disgracefully in the matter of the mail department position, but it was decent of him to care whether they came to his luncheon or not. "I'd just as soon go," she conceded suddenly.

"I told him that on account of your health—" Scott began.

"I could wear my crêpe de Chine," mused Maryland. The crêpe de Chine was deliciously roomy and soft, it fell in exquisite folds. And then there was the broad brimmed hat with the feathers curling on

for little Gladys. Here I have living raving evidence before me that I have kidnaped the wrong man, yet Julius says the scheme went through! Then who in—eh—then who in the name of Kansas City kidnaped the right leading man?

I came to with Julius fanning me and trying to force me to drink water. I will not be forced to drink water, so I straighten up in time to see Charlemagne Rutledge bust into the crowd around me and throw his arms about his dear old roommate, Hemingway Bryce.

"Thank God you are safe!" bawls Charlemagne.

"Safe?" yells Hemingway. "I'm ruined! This woman had me locked in my room tonight and I missed my performance!"

"Then she has saved your life!" says Charlemagne Rutledge. "Haven't you heard! They're crying the extras now. The roof of your theater collapsed, man, and hundreds were killed! The streets were closed by the police for blocks around. I couldn't get through their infernal fire lines until eleven o'clock and I missed my own performance. I don't know how my understudy got through with the part and—"

"Ha ha!" butts in Julius joyfully. "You'll know when you see the morning papers, old dear!"

Hemingway Bryce has turned triple pale when he hears of his narrow escape. He's worse shook up than I am and that's a fact!

"I—I—forgive me," he stammers to me. "I—I owe you my life. I could kiss you!"

"Try it!" says Julius, the ex-gentle chorus man, "and I'll murder you!" And he slides his arm around me.

But, honest, I had nothing to do with the roof of that theater falling in. That was somebody else's idea, no fooling!

her shoulder. Not but what all the women there would be in gowns that made any gown of hers look simple! Still—

"It would be sort of fun to see the club and to eat a luncheon I didn't cook!" she said. And her heart, and Scott's heart, warmed again toward the old firm; Scott should tell C. P. tomorrow that they could come, and Maryland would make her prettiest effort on Sunday to please Mrs. Floyd and amuse the obnoxious Billy Brooks.

This decided, they fluctuated again. It meant an enormous amount of effort after all. Scott's best suit must be pressed, and the old suit mended so that the other could be spared, and the Warners, who were coming to supper and the usual bridge game Sunday night, must be put off until Monday because Maryland would be so tired, and a hundred other details must be adjusted to meet the unusual circumstances. They were to take the eleven-twenty-two to Locust Valley; Scott and Maryland were unused to taking trains; they speculated as to the cost of tickets and the time of the subway trip.

The April day broke untimely hot and

enervating; Maryland awakened at half-past five and could not get to sleep again. She felt ill; if this had been any ordinary day she would have remained in bed. But this was the day of the Beachways luncheon.

She tossed, composed herself, got up and shut out the light. No use, there never had been such a thing as sleep. Her mind went over and over the plan: the subway, the tickets, the Locust Valley train. "How do you do, Mrs. Iverson? You were very sweet to think of Scott and me—how do you do, Bella!"

The crêpe-de-Chine—the feathery hat. "How do you do, Mr. Iverson! No, I never have seen the Beachways Club before . . . Scott does, but I never have tried golf."

She dozed, started up in terror. Suppose they missed the train! Imagine trying to locate Floyd Iverson—probably having him summoned from the links. "Mr. Iverson, this is Scott Waterman—we seem to have missed the eleven-twenty!" It was merely a social engagement, after all, it was supposedly a pleasurable occasion. But Floyd Iverson was not the man ever to forgive the breaking of any engagement. System, efficiency, capability—these were his creed.

Pleasure! Maryland could have wept at the mere thought, when at last she could get up and when she sat at the side of the bed, dizzy and sick. The shimmering spring heat, the odors of the clean little shabby kitchen, the first hot breath of boiling coffee went over her like a wave of anguish.

A dozen times, slowly and shakily dressing, she wanted to say to Scott, "I cannot!" And a dozen times she bit the words back and struggled on.

The kitchen speckless, shaded, deserted; the beds scrupulously made; the bathroom ordered. The crêpe-de-Chine lifted at last in her indifferent hands, the shady hat, and a last touch of powder upon her colorless face.

"I look like a ghost!" she said with a forlorn smile.

They were out in the morning heat of the streets; people were coming and going with bewildering vigor. They were in the station, with twenty-five minutes to wait. They were in the warm, crowded train, off at last for their day at the famous Beachways Club.

The rest of the day became for Maryland simply a blur, shot with a single necessity. She must have some hot, thin tea.

She was thinking of it when they got out at Locust Valley; she was hoping that luncheon would be early, and that there would be tea—the very first thing.

The Iversons' car; closed, lined in fawn color and embellished with an equipment in violet leather and gold. A dazzle of other handsome cars, wheeling and stirring in the bright glancing sunlight; Scott's fingers firm on her elbow to help her in. And here were the Ivers boys, going in another car somewhere, tall, gawky, friendly lads, evidently instructed to welcome the Watermans and see that they were started in the right direction.

The country roads, lined by bare trees, and with here and there the first tender yellow green of a willow showing in a timid waterfall of flowing streamers, rolled by them as they went. Maryland nervously



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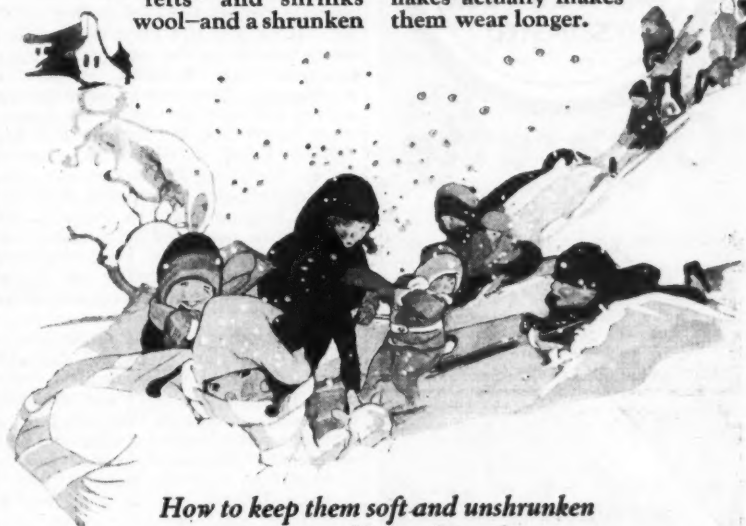
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Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring.

For colored woolens make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly. Lux won't cause any color to run not affected by pure water alone. Dry woolens in an even, moderate temperature.

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commented upon a country mansion here and there. Heavens! what a big place to live in, and what an adorable lodge. Maryland would much rather have the lodge than the house.

"Why is it that girls on horseback always make it a point to look so haughty?" she mused as riders galloped by, their mounts flinging up great clods of the dark, soft earth.

Scott was silent, nervous. Maryland felt her face blazing and her hands chilly; she wished the ordeal would commence. She thought her headache would clear and her nerves grow steady if she could have a cup of thin, hot tea.

The beautiful club house, a sort of glorified Dutch Colonial mansion with green shutters and spreading wings, stood upon a smooth rise of green turf and was surrounded by magnificent trees whose bare branches threw pleasant filigrees of shadow upon the wide porches. Motorcars were coming and going, women filtered up and down the broad steps, and on the greens brightly clad golfers shouted and strode valiantly.

Mrs. Floyd Iverson met the Watermans with a pleasant indifference to their arrival that made both Scott and Maryland, although neither betrayed it, feel oddly flat. It was as if Mrs. Floyd felt that their mere presence at the club was enough; she gilded the lily with no personal graciousness. They were privileged now to see the roaring wood fire in the famous white Dutch tiles, and the girls and men who were riding, and the golfers and tennis players, and young Rennie Brevoort in his extraordinary car. They could study the English hunting prints on the walls and the beautiful flowered English chintzes at the windows, and they could share the merriment, laughter, chatter and excitement of what was the real opening of the season.

She had other guests, a rather heterogeneous collection, Maryland thought. Maryland thought, with some little resentment, that she and Scott had obviously been asked in a group that didn't much matter, a sort of bunching of several obligations, and sweeping of the social boards. Certainly had Maryland Waterman known that the McGavins, of "the firm," were to be included, she would have stayed in her comfortable bed during this dreadful day. She disliked Edna McGavin, who was a sycophant, a toadying little eager, stupid creature who imitated the very accents of Mrs. Floyd's voice. To have Edna here today seemed to put Maryland in Edna's class, the class Scott inelegantly described as bootlickers. Bert McGavin was undeniably that; Maryland could see that Scott was as annoyed as she was to find the McGavins here, and that his brow was dark.

It was half-past twelve; no talk of luncheon. Maryland and Bert McGavin were in neighboring chairs on the big porch, making conversation. The day was very hot; Maryland tried to smile and seem at ease, but she was conscious only of physical weakness and fatigue.

Bella Iverson came up, with her prospective husband. Bella was noisy, unsmiling, rude, bobbed of hair, utterly at ease. Maryland looked keenly, scrutinizingly, at Phil Knox, a red-faced, laughing, too well dressed young man who looked ten rather than five years younger than Scott.

And presently gentle, faded little Mrs. Buckney Ivers, thirty-five, the mother of two little girls, the heiress to a great fortune, came pleasantly up and talked sweetly to Maryland. They murmured about the coming baby, and Mrs. Ivers's eyes watered; she had lost a little boy.

"You must keep a trained nurse for at least the first three months," she told Maryland kindly. Maryland was in too cross-grained a mood to be receptive. Mrs. Ivers was just being polite because she thought it was the thing to be with the firm's trusted underlings, she thought. Maryland wished she had never come—she wished she was dead—she wished passionately for some thin, hot tea.

Half-past one. It appeared that there was to be a special "hunt breakfast" today; they were to have English bacon and kidneys and rashers and deep fruit tart; there were to be favors, and music. But for some reason there was a delay.

"However, we should have to wait for the Brookses anyway," said Mrs. Floyd serenely. The Brookses were motoring down in their own car. Floyd Iverson, clean and slick of grizzled hair, after his golf, asked Scott if he remembered Billy Brooks.

"Very fine fellow, extraordinary fellow," said Floyd. Scott listened respectfully but in secret surprise. Some extremely unkind things had been said of Billy Brooks when he left the firm eight years ago. Billy had been a stockholder; he had sold out with an indifference and briskness felt to be somewhat insulting. The word that had drifted about the offices of Iverson and Ivers then, Scott remembered, had been that he was a fool, that he had been crazy, that he had "blown up," and that he had taken the bit in his teeth.

Billy Brooks, appearing at five minutes of two in a car almost as large as the Watermans' flat, was instantly recognizable. Florid, square, laughing readily and constantly, and yet with an iron clamp of a heavy jaw, dressed correctly in tweeds and green plaid stockings, pulling his cap from his rebellious gray-red curls, Scott felt as if he had seen Billy Brooks only yesterday. Mrs. Brooks was timid, pretty, wearing real pearls over a ready-made silk, glad to be taken under Maryland's charitable wing.

Two o'clock. Half-past two, and still they were sitting here in the basket chairs, and there was no sign of luncheon except an occasional appetizing odor. At quarter to three stewards began to filter through the expectant groups, and certain ones went in to the dining room. But the Iverson party waited.

Floyd, and the octogenarian Ivers, who had joined them, paid a special if somewhat casual and easy attention to Billy Brooks. Scott talked to Mrs. Floyd, who stifled yawns and admitted the pangs of hunger. Maryland murmured to Mrs. Brooks; they had both lived in Plainfield; they even found mutual friends there. The McGavins sat in utter silence, looking about them as if absorbed.

The sun shone down on the awnings; fresh players scattered on the links. Maryland was past all hunger now; she merely felt dazed. She experienced a terrifying vertigo when at last a bowing waiter came; they could have the table now, Mr. Iverson, sir. Yes, sir, but there being twelve,

"Good-Bye - I'm Very Glad to Have Met You"

But he isn't glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he has just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?

HE couldn't know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister's best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the most charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy boor he must seem to be—how ill-bred they must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

What Was His Blunder?

Do you know what his blunder was? Do you know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you"?

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say, we hesitate—and blunder. Often it is very embarrassing—especially when we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Are You Sure of Yourself?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function today, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely sure of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make "good mixers." If you always know the right thing to do and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

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sir, the steward had gotten it a little confused—

Glitter. Plates. Glasses. Stiff, enormous napkins. Hard French rolls; Maryland gnawed at her's without an instant's delay. Crab cocktail. She dared not touch it. It seemed an odd thing for a hunt breakfast.

"We aren't having the hunt breakfast—someone has blundered," Scott whispered from the third seat away, as they all settled.

"But I wonder if I might have some tea?" said Maryland to Buck Ivers, on her right. She offered Bert McGavin, on her left, her cocktail; he changed glasses.

"Indeed you can have tea!" Buckney said heartily. "Waiter," he said, to a pale and perspiring man who inclined his ear dutifully yet who let his distressed eyes rove continually on about the circle as he listened, "tea—right away—" said Buckney.

"And lots of hot water!" Maryland said fervently.

The waiter nodded, deeply impressed. And instantly he said in a tense undertone to a younger and also perspiring and pale man: "Get that table from under the stairs—three—mark it reserved—here's the name, and let me know!" and went upon his jostled, overloaded way.

Fish, very rich in oiled paper. Maryland turned greenish white. She sipped ice water gallantly. She gave Bert McGavin, who was a coarse and hearty man, her fish.

Presently the spattered cuff and oily hand of a waiter came into her vision with a cup of cool very strong coffee. The mere odor made her feel very ill, and for five terrible minutes she was fighting the active terror of a scene. She looked away, she sipped water, she gnawed salted bread.

Ah—better! The coffee had stopped smelling and the fish was gone. Chicken Maryland—corn fritters—waffles—she messed them all conscientiously without raising her fork.

If she could have some hot, thin toast, and some hot, thin tea! But there was trouble enough afoot without further burdening the poor waiters. Everyone was angry, every table was a whirlpool of protest. The five dollar a plate hunt breakfast was not a success; the stewards were deep in agonized explanation. Two deliveries from the city had gone astray—the club really was not in running order yet—

Maryland nibbled hard little cookies; there were two plates of rich little cakes on the table and only two hard, plain little cookies in each assortment. She managed to get all four. She and the Brookses and the McGavins said that it had been a wonderful luncheon. Members of the club, they said, might have noted something amiss, but to them it had been charming!

"It was disgraceful," said Mrs. Floyd. "And now shall we stroll about—would you like to see the polo field and the courts?" she said. "Or would you like just to sit here—it's rather nice to see the golfers come in on the last hole. Mr. Iverson and I hope you won't have to take an earlier train than the six-two. But there is a train at five-seventeen if you must get back!"

"Oh goodness, we must take the five-seventeen!" cried Maryland. To her amazement it was after four now; the dreadful day was almost over. But Scott

had been persuaded to play one rubber on the porch, and it was an endless rubber.

"Maybe there'll be tea," thought Maryland desperately. But the club's culinary forces had either been too thoroughly demoralized by the hunt breakfast or there had been a general feeling that so late a luncheon made tea superfluous. Anyway there was no mention of tea.

At just six o'clock the Billy Brookses drove the Scott Watermans into town. Maryland was by this time pale with exhaustion.

"I despise it!" she said bitterly in an undertone to Scott as he helped her into the luxurious limousine. Scott looked tired too, and he had lost six dollars and ten cents at bridge; not serious, of course, but so different from winning six dollars and ten cents! He wondered why he had wasted a couple of dollars upon return tickets this morning; he might have known then that someone would be coming in.

"Why, darling?" he asked in anxious surprise. "Haven't you had a nice day?"

"Oh—" But she was going to cry and she had to stop short. "We're just bootlickers!" she said painfully. "They—they treat you unfairly—and then they think they can—they think that with just a casual luncheon party they can—"

"Sh-h-h!" he warned her. Maryland, ashamed of herself, got in, and Edna McGavin wedged in beside her, and Mrs. Brooks, who was small, next to Edna. Bert took one of the adjustable seats and Scott was on the front seat with Billy Brooks, who was driving. They all reiterated that they were absolutely comfortable—lots of room.

Bumpy—bump—bump. Edna McGavin was enthusiastic about Beachways; had they seen the photographer snapping the women as they came down the steps? Fun! She had never been the Iversons' guest before. But they certainly were wonderful to their people.

Mrs. Brooks talked clothes; she wanted to get the right clothes for her little girl in boarding school. Maryland found her attention caught in this subject in spite of herself. Four plain school dresses at eighty-five dollars, and a coat at one hundred and thirty. The Brookses must be prosperous at least—

Good night, and so many thanks. Good night, Mrs. McGavin. Yes, Maryland would, Mrs. Brooks, she would try to come in tomorrow—Tuesday anyway, and they could shop. Good night. And thank you so much! Thank you. Good night.

A-h-h! the stairs at last. Wearily up and up; Scott, agonized with sympathy, seized her gloves, took the hat that weighted her aching head. The doorway—the key—in through the close, warm, smelling rooms to the kitchen, the spurt of a match in the twilight gloom.

And then her room—the crêpe-de-Chine off—the shoes off—everything cramping and hot off—and her cool, thin silk kimono at last—and the rocker in the kitchen at last!

Oh, delicious, delicious—the smell of the thin, hot toast, the delicate drifting aroma of thin, hot orange pekoe! She hardly breathed, she hardly spoke until the first fragrant cupful, and the pitcher of hot water, and the crisp buttered brownness of the toast were a fact accomplished.

Scott flew about in a miserv

sympathy. "Oh, you darling—you darling—" she whispered, kissing the brown hand so busy near her. "Oh, Scotty! this is bliss," she breathed, drinking deep, panting in the first great flood of physical relief from hunger and fatigue, looking out gratefully into the twilight spring beauty of the city streets.

He had heated a great bowl of pink macaroni; the toast was a mountain big enough even for the famished pair. He sat at the end of the kitchen table and ate from his bowl. Sardines, macaroni, toast and tea—it was a feast.

"This is food, honey girl!"

"Oh, food!" She poured the steaming water. "They—they can h-have their English hunt breakfasts!" she half laughed, half sobbed.

"Lord," said Scott simply, "what swill!"

"Oh, Scotty, don't—or I shall have hysterics!"

"You ought to be dead," he said concernedly, "but you look gorgeous!"

Maryland put up her feet upon a chair rung, rocked easily, considered.

"I've turned the corner," she said thoughtfully. "It's over, the sick part. I feel it. I'm going to be gorgeous from now on."

"I believe it. You were—before," Scott said, struck. He pushed back his chair, lighted a cigarette. "Say, listen, I've got something to tell you," he said.

Maryland had heard the tone before; it always meant something unexpected. The raise three years ago he had announced in just that tone, and later the first suspicion—groundless enough, but pleasant to dream about—that when Baker retired, he, Scotty, might have the mail order department.

"You had a talk with Floyd?" she hazarded.

"Nope," he said. "But do you know why they had Billy Brooks down there?" he began.

"Why? No," Maryland said definitely, interested eyes on Scott's face.

Scott stretched his long body luxuriously.

"Old C.P. wants to borrow money from him—that's the long and short of it!" he said.

"Wants—" Maryland's face was bewildered. "Who wants to borrow from who?" she demanded amazedly.

"Iverson and Ivers—from Brooks," Scott said, in satisfaction.

"But—but has Billy Brooks money?"

"You bet your life he has money—he's coining money. And old Ivers gets on to it and wants to get his fingers in," said Scott.

"But—does the firm need money?"

"Brooks says it does—he and I had a long talk, driving in. He says they're up against a panic," Scott elucidated.

"I don't believe it!" Maryland said, stupefied. Scott smoked in silence, his eyes narrowed to thoughtful slits. "But what a chance for little Billy Brooks!" she said in awe. "He can buy right back into the firm—after all the things they said about him! Scott," she added in alarm, "you don't suppose there's any question of Iverson and Ivers surviving the panic, do you? What on earth would we do—"

"Oh, they'll not crash!" Scott said, unruffled. "But maybe they'll take Phil out of the mail orders after a while, and I



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suppose they'll do a lot of squealing and cutting down. I don't know—it kind of got me today," continued Scott musingly, "Mrs. Floyd and the old man making such a fuss about Billy because he's made good and they can use him, and you and I and the McGavins standing round and admiring—and taking what was left—"

"Yes, I know," Maryland said quickly, with hot cheeks, as he paused.

"You and your poor little cup of tea," Scott added. "Well, it wasn't much, and perhaps it was nobody's fault. But my father worked for them, and your father, and you and I have. I saw you ask for the tea—and a while later I spoke of it. And you didn't get it. But Billy Brooks—who sold out—who threw them down hard eight years ago, you bet your life Billy couldn't ask for anything and not get it. Floyd has put him up at all his clubs—"

"Yes, I know. Well, I suppose that is just life!" Maryland interpolated again in an uncomfortable silence.

"Well, it's not my life!" Scott said in a low growl.

"And so Billy Brooks comes back into the firm?" Maryland mused.

Her husband roused suddenly from deep thought.

"No, that's what I wanted to speak to you about. No, Brooks wouldn't touch 'em with a ten foot pole!"

Maryland looked at him steadily and her cheeks grew red.

"Billy Brooks wouldn't invest in Iverson and Ivers?" she asked incredulously.

"He said it wasn't worth his while to bother—he never liked Floyd much anyway!"

"Scott Waterman, is he losing his mind?"

"Well, that's what he said."

"But—Iverson and Ivers! Why—why, they're among the richest men in the country. Why—father used to say—"

"Oh, now, hold on, dear! They're prosperous and all that. But there's a thousand firms that make them look pretty small. A turnover of half a million a year sounds big—"

"Half a million! I should say it does—"

"But as Brooks says there are two big families in it, girls in college and all that—and younger Ivers's widow drawing down a big fat check every month, and about six establishments going—he says they'll have to trim their sails a little bit this year. Things aren't the way they used to be."

Maryland, sipping tea, was silent, her eyes astonished, thoughtful, not at all displeased.

"Isn't that astonishing, Scott? The Iversons!" she said softly, after a while.

"You bet your life it's astonishing," Scott drew a deep breath of content and vigor. "Got to look out for letting a business run down," he said.

"Scott, what would you do if you ever had to go—somewhere else?" Maryland asked fearfully.

"Do? Hundreds of things. World's full of things I could do," Scott said hardily. "Brooks told Floyd that he wanted me today," he added. "I thought he was joking—he told me tonight he wasn't joking at all!"

"I hope Floyd Iverson knew he wasn't joking!" cried Maryland anxiously.

"I don't know whether he did or not. Anyway I told Floyd that after October first Phil could run the mail order department alone," Scott said boldly.

Maryland half opened her mouth, stared, blinked, tossed her head.

"Good—good for you!" she said breathlessly.

"Brooks tells me that Iverson and Ivers always let their good men go," Scott said, leaning back and hooking his fingers in his vest armholes. "Brooks wants to know if you and I would consider the South American office. I told him—"

"Scott Waterman! But what would the Iversons say? Scott—but you're not considering it? South America—my aunt lives there! But Scott—but Scott—" She came to a breathless pause, her eyes shining. "You mean—after the baby comes—we might really go on to a big ship—no more city apartment—no—no more Iversons, Scott?"

"I mean—when we come back we'll be the big fish at Beachways, Dixieland!"

"Wouldn't it be—wouldn't it be—just too glorious if we could manage it, Scotty! But—but you'd never get another promotion from Floyd Iverson—if we had to come back and beg for the old job!"

"Before I do that," Scott said quietly, "I'll scuttle a ship in the West Indies and go in for piracy on the high seas!"

"Before I do that," said Maryland, bright tears in her eyes, "I'll open a boarding house, American style, in Buenos Aires and our little b-boys and girls can p-pick up kindling—or whatever they burn—in the streets."

"I'm going to Floyd first thing in the morning," Scott said, "and tell him that it's all right about Phil, and that it's all right about Bostwick getting a raise, and Cutter getting a raise, and his putting me off by telling me that I was one of their own boys—had to be patient. But—that on account of my wife and family I'm going to take up Mr. Brooks's offer—"

"Ah, doesn't he sound sweet! 'Family!'" said Maryland in an aside.

"And then I'm going to see Brooks," pursued Scott, "and tell him that I'm out of a job, and that my wife expects a baby—"

"Scott, isn't it fun!" It was a Maryland he had never seen before; a Maryland with dancing eyes and pink cheeks. "You're—you're pretty sure he's in earnest?" she asked.

"Sure? Why, here's the way he began. He said, 'Waterman, I need a new man—not too old, not too young, about your age. Where can I get him? The nearer you make him like you, the more I'll pay!'"

"But Scotty—suppose it was more than fifty-two-fifty a week?"

"Suppose! It'll be darn near five thousand—don't you fool yourself! And traveling expenses, too."

"A big, soft, woolly coat, and lots of thin things—Mrs. Brooks was talking to me about it today!" said Maryland in a tranced voice.

"You bet your life!" He had his big arm about her; she was kissing him between phrases as he knelt beside the old rocker.

"Ah, Scotty—not to have to go to the firm parties any more, and to luncheons like today! Isn't it wonderful—the baby



Betty's mother knew why

IT was Betty's first dip into social activity since she returned from boarding school.

Naturally, she was thrilled when the invitation came; and even more thrilled when she discovered in a roundabout way that Howard was coming back from school for the week-end to attend the same party.

Betty and Howard had been just a little more than mere good friends during their high-school days at good old Ellsworth.

Indeed, lots of folks thought they were much more than good friends. You know how a small town will jump at conclusions.

But after graduation when both went away to school—and not to the same school—things sort of changed. They wrote to each other for a while—maybe three or four letters. Then somehow or other the correspondence died off.

Betty was the last one to write, too. She never really got over that—in fact, she never really succeeded in putting him quite out of her mind. * * *

Howard never looked more gorgeous than he did that evening. And Betty found herself more fond of him than ever. The whole party quickly focused itself around her anticipation of the first dance with him.

They did dance—but only once.

And all the rest of the evening Howard devoted to girls who were really much less charming than she.

Betty could actually feel people commenting on Howard's strange lack of attention to her. She knew what they were saying even without hearing their remarks.

Betty went home broken-hearted. She might never have known the reason but her mother, quick to perceive, and courageous enough to talk frankly with her daughter, knew why and told her.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

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Howard never looked more charming than he did that evening

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Yeast Foam

coming, and this change, and all his little things for the trip—and being young—and loving each other——”

Scotty kissed the top of her soft hair proudly, belligerently.

“I never would have taken Brooks up in joke that way, and if I hadn't he never would have opened up on the trip in that way, if it hadn't been for your little old cup of tea!” he growled. “I would have stuck to the firm forever, I suppose; I would have scared off any proposition from Brooks, never seeing the drift of it. But my wife is going to be able to have a cup of tea at the Beachways Country Club or any other gol darned club in the world if she wants it! Bella Iverson and Mrs. Floyd and Buck's wife

aren't going to have anything on me! You looked so tired and so sweet sitting there, darling,” he added tenderly, “and you asked for tea twice in your polite little voice. And just because they were so busy making up to the Brooks— who have all the money now—my darling, white-faced, spirited little old girl goes hungry! By golly, I'm as big a man as any of them. And I'm free. I'm throwing up my job, I've got a lot of responsibilities coming, and tomorrow I'm going to tell Iverson and Ivers they can go to—they can go plumb to——” He stopped, scowling, flushed, smiling at her.

“Hell!” said Maryland sweetly, softly, dreamily, in the silence. And she kissed him.

Kathleen Norris's rare insight turns on the Bohemianism of Greenwich Village in “Blindman's Buff,” a fine story of young love in March COSMOPOLITAN.

The Desert Healer

(Continued from page 53)

“We quarreled. I left him,” she repeated monotonously.

“Did he marry you?”

“No. I—I told you. We quarreled.” There was a touch of asperity in her fretful voice.

“Did he want to marry you? Was the rupture your fault or his?”

For a long time there was no answer; then a whispered “Mine” came to him almost inaudibly.

“And the Count Sach?”

“There is no Count Sach.”

He turned away with a shrug of hopeless perplexity. He had learned all he cared to know. By no argument or reasoning was she entitled to his further bounty. In no sense was he responsible for her. In no sense? With his black brows drawn together in the heavy scowl that was so characteristic, he paced from end to end of the long room, wrestling with himself.

And on the sofa where she sat immovable the woman watched the passing and re-passing of the tall, stately figure with glittering eyes that were hard with doubt and fear. What would he do? And gradually the thought came to her that if she could ever have loved anyone she might have loved this man.

He came to her at last and she stumbled to her feet to meet him. He spoke swiftly, in a voice that was hoarse and strained. He would settle nothing on her, but because she had been his wife, because of the child she had borne him, he would make her an allowance to be paid quarterly through his solicitors.

With averted head and tightly compressed lips she listened to him in silence and when he finished speaking she made no comment and she gave him no thanks. And no further word was spoken between them until she left the villa in his carriage, driven by Hosein, whose silent tongue could be depended upon.

As the sound of the wheels died away away went back into the house. His face as drawn and gray and his usually stic step dragged as he passed slowly rough the empty halls and across the onlit courtyard to his own rooms at the k of the house and from there out on

to the veranda. For an instant he stood, his haggard eyes upraised to the starry brilliance of the sky; then with a groan that seemed almost to burst his heart he dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

CHAPTER IX

THE first pale streaks of dawn were stealing across the sky before Carew stirred from the chair into which he had dropped two hours before to face the knowledge that had come to him in that tense moment of self-understanding in the little winter garden at the Palace. Stunned by the realization of his own feelings, racked by the painful scene following his return to the villa, at first concrete thought had been impossible. His whole ability to will and do, his whole mental and physical being seemed crushed under a weight of sorrow that for the time was paralyzing. He felt numbed, conscious only of the suffering that, clogging his brain, reacted on his body, leaving him inert and lifeless.

But gradually his mind cleared and he was able to think more calmly. He loved. For the second time in his life he loved. But the greater, deeper, more wonderful emotion he had only just realized was as the dust of ashes in his mouth. There was no joy, no hope in this new love. There was only the pain of renunciation and the bitter knowledge that he had brought sorrow to her for whose sake he would gladly die rather than that even a shadow should cross her path.

For that she also loved him he knew beyond all doubt. He had read it in her eyes, he had heard it in the anguished tones of her voice when the thought of his peril had driven her to self-betrayal as she listened to his story of the finish of Abdul el Dhib. The pain that was his was hers also. The thought was torment. Had she not already enough to bear without this additional burden of a love that could never be satisfied?

He wanted her, above his very hope of Heaven he wanted her. The barriers of defense he had raised about himself were torn away at last. The dead heart that

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had lain cold and lifeless within him was alive once more. Passion-swept, and seething with jealousy, he made no effort to stem the elemental impulses that seemed suddenly let loose, and for a time only the primitive man in him existed, urging his desperate need until even murder seemed justifiable to obtain her—the murder of the one who stood between him and what he wanted. Geradine! What was the life of such a brute compared with her happiness and well-being! Was it murder to rid the earth of such scum, to free her from the tyranny that was killing her, body and soul?

But was there no easier way to follow? Was there not the way that others had taken—the way that would free her from a life of bondage, that would give him his heart's desire? What was scruple to stand between them! They had only one life to live—and she loved him. She would come to him—if he made her. And for her own sake he would make her . . .

A shudder passed over him and something seemed to snap suddenly in his brain, dispelling the madness of the last few moments and leaving him aghast at the horror of his own thoughts. Conscience-smitten, he saw himself as he was, fallen from his high estate, crashed from his pinnacle of self-righteous exaltation . . .

It was long before he stirred to move slowly with cramped limbs and aching head to the edge of the veranda, where he leaned wearily against the pillar that supported the green tiled roof, staring with haggard eyes across the garden at the brightening dawn—a dawn that for once gave him no pleasure.

It was over and done with—the wonderful glimpse of happiness that could never be. There was only one road to follow, the lonely road that had been his for so many years, but lonelier, more desolate now than it had ever been. For her sake and for the sake of what honor was left to him he must go, and go at once.

And yet how could he go, how could he leave her knowing what her life would be, knowing what she must still endure and suffer at the hands of the drunken bully who possessed her? Was he to leave her at the mercy of such a man? Even that he must do. She was not his—she was Geradine's wife. Geradine's wife—God help her! And his daily, hourly torment would be to know her so.

The sky was aflame, the garden resounding with the early songs of birds when he at last regained his self-control. He was going back to the camp near Blidah; to go farther was impossible while Sanois's arrangements were still incomplete. There was no other course for him to take, no other way by which he could effectually prevent any further meeting between them. With a little shiver he turned and went heavily into the house.

As he entered the bedroom the door on the farther side opened and Hosein came in with his usual noiseless tread. He offered no explanation for his appearance at an unusual hour and Carew asked for none; but knowing the man, he was positive that the big Arab had spent the night watching and waiting for his master's coming. Though he said nothing, his mere presence was a relief, and the customary stolidity with which he received his unexpected orders made the giving of them easier. Only a quicker service, a gentler



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handling of the garments tossed to him denoted an understanding that was more profound than Carew even guessed at. Patently pleased to be preparing for the road again, he was packing suitcases and holdalls with methodical deftness when Carew came back from his bath.

But later, the actual moment of departure came, when his escort leaped to their horses while he himself mounted with less haste and lingered a few moments to give some final directions to Hosein, who was to stay behind for a time, Carew would have given all he possessed to be able to remain in the town he had been longing for weeks to leave. It took all his resolution to persevere in the course he had determined upon and give his followers the signal for which they were waiting.

At the head of his little troupe he rode away with unaccustomed slowness and with a feeling of reluctance that grew momentarily greater as each stride of the big bay carried him farther from the villa.

Was it strength or weakness that was driving him from her? Again he wrestled with the temptation of a few hours ago, a temptation that was fiercer, more gripping even than it had been before. Her pitiful helplessness seemed to make his flight the act of a craven. Of what use were the physical powers with which he was endowed if his strength could not save her from the life of misery to which she was condemned?

The road he was following led past de Granier's villa. A sudden impulse came to him to look on the house that held the woman he loved—an impulse that was a species of subtle self-torture which even to himself seemed incomprehensible and to which he yielded with a feeling of contempt. Pulling Suliman up sharply, he swung to the ground and flinging the reins to the Arab he beckoned forward, bade his escort ride on and wait for him beyond the villa. Standing where he had dismounted he watched them pass, and the last couple were some distance from him before he turned to the hillside where a tiny path wound upward between the close growing trees.

A few minutes' stiff climb and the path curved abruptly to the left, whence it extended more or less level in the same direction as the road that lay some fifty or sixty feet below. His pace slackened as he neared the cross track that led down to the garden entrance of the Villa des Ombres, and in a revulsion of feeling he cursed the weakness that had brought him there. But having come thus far he was unwilling to retrace his steps, and jerking his shoulders back with a characteristic gesture of impatience he moved slowly forward with noiseless tread along the winding path that curved and twisted round the boles of the big trees.

As he rounded the trunk of an exceptionally large tree, the jutting roots of which made necessary a more than usually wide detour, he came to a sudden halt with a quick intake of breath that was almost a groan. With clenching hands and madly racing heart he stared at the girlish figure lying huddled amongst the undergrowth almost at his feet. Her face was hidden and she lay very still; so still that a terrible thought came to him, parching his mouth and blanching his face under the deep tan. He tried to whisper her

name but no sound issued from his stiff lips; and unable to speak, unable to move, time was a thing forgotten while he struggled with the paralyzing fear that held him motionless.

He never knew how long it was before she stirred, before the faint echo of a smothered sob allayed the dread that had taken hold of him and lessened the strangling grip that seemed clutching at his throat. Not trusting himself to touch her, he waited with an almost bursting heart for her to realize his presence.

And as once before in the opera house, so now did she seem gradually to become aware of the steady stare fixed on her. With a shuddering sigh she sat up slowly. Then stumbling to her feet, she stood before him, swaying, struggling to regain her composure, striving to formulate the conventional greeting her trembling lips could scarcely utter.

"Sir Gervas—"

He guessed rather than heard the fluttering whisper. But before he could answer, before he could wrench his gaze from the pain-filled eyes that were wavering under his, he saw her stiffen suddenly and shrink from him with a backward glance of apprehension.

"What—who—" she muttered hoarsely.

And, listening, he too heard the sound that had startled her—the deep murmur of men's voices raised in heated altercation that came echoing up the hillside from the roadway beneath them. The voices of his own men, as he knew. But what did she think? And the anger and hatred that was seething within him flamed anew as he watched her leaning white-lipped and shivering against the trunk of the giant cork tree and wondered how long it would be before that delicate organism and highly strung nervous system finally succumbed to the brutal treatment that was slowly but steadily reducing her to a physical and mental wreck. Forcing his voice to naturalness, he answered her reassuringly.

"It's only my men—arguing as usual, the noisy devils."

She looked at him strangely.

"Your men—" she repeated dully.

Pulling herself erect she turned abruptly and walked unsteadily to the edge of the steep descent. Through the intervening trees she could see them clustered at the foot of the hill. What did this unusual following portend? In Algiers—for she had seen him many more times than he knew—he always rode alone. Was this the end at last, the time she had looked forward to with dread—the time when he would ride out of her life forever?

She turned and went slowly back to him. A cigarette between his lips, he was leaning against the tree where she had leaned, his face an impassive mask that baffled her. Was the fleeting glimpse of a totally different expression she had seemed to see in his eyes a few minutes ago only the effect of her own over-strained imagination? Was she such a fool that she could have thought for one moment of wild sweet happiness that her love and longing could have begotten his love?

The restraint she imposed on herself made her voice cold and hard as she uttered the question she nerved herself to ask.

"You are going away?"

"Yes."



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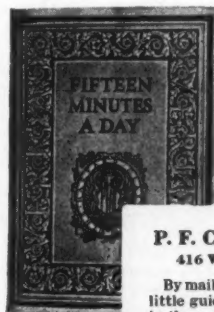
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Despite herself she winced at the brief syllable.

"Back to the desert?"

"Yes."

"For good?"

"For good," he answered firmly.

She turned from him quickly to hide the tears that blinded her. But a sob she had not the strength to restrain betrayed her. Almost inaudible it was, but he heard it.

"Marny!"

The cry was wrung from him. And the next moment she was in his arms, clinging to him despairingly, weeping as he had not believed it possible for a woman to weep. Unmanned by her sudden breakdown, aghast at the terrible sobs that seemed to be tearing the slender little body to pieces, he strained her to him with passionate strength. "Marny, Marny, for God's sake—don't cry like that! Your tears are torturing me."

But conscious only of the shelter of his arms, too weak to struggle against the feelings she had so long suppressed, she was powerless to check the storm of emotion that overwhelmed her. Lying inert against him, her face hidden in his robes, she sobbed her heart out on his until the violence of her grief terrified him and he caught her closer, bending his tall head till his cheek was resting on her tumbled hair, whispering words of love and entreaty.

"Have pity on me, child, you are breaking my heart. Do you think I can bear to see you weep? Marny, my love, my love."

Her arm slid up and round his neck.

"Oh, let me cry!" she moaned. "For five years I've had to be a thing of stone. If I don't cry now I shall go mad."

A spasm swept across his face and his own eyes were dim as he ceased to urge her, waiting patiently till the tempest of her tears should pass. And gradually the tearing sobs ceased and she regained control of herself.

Still holding her, he raised her head with gentle force. Her eyes were closed, the thick, dark lashes lying wet on her tear-stained cheek, and the hungry longing to touch them with his lips was almost more than he could withstand.

"Won't you look at me, Marny? Am I never to see your dear eyes again?" he murmured huskily.

A tremor passed through her and for a moment she did not respond. Then the dusky lashes fluttered faintly, and slowly the heavy lids unclosed. For long they looked, staring as though into each other's souls, and against her tender breasts she felt the violent beating of his heart.

A quivering sigh escaped her. "Gervas—oh, Gervas, Gervas!" she whispered, and lifted her face to his. The sadness in his eyes deepened into anguish and his firm mouth trembled as he shook his head.

"I mustn't kiss you, dear. Your lips are his—not mine, God help me! I haven't even the right to touch you. I'm a cur to hold you in my arms like this, but I can't let you go—not yet, not yet, my darling."

His voice broke, and insensibly his arm tightened round her, crushing her to him with a force of which he was unaware. She turned her head with a little sob.

"How could we know that this would come to us—how could we know that we would care?" she cried. "I never thought you loved me. I thought it was only I who—who—" She clenched her teeth on her lips, fighting the sobs that were rising

in her throat. "Oh, why was it you that came that night near Blidah!" she burst out passionately. "What did my life matter? And I—I who would die for you, I've brought you unhappiness. Gervas, why don't you hate me?"

"I thought I did—once," he answered with a twisted smile, and brushed the shining hair tenderly from off her forehead.

Physical pain had been forgotten in the mental agony that swamped her; but now, remembering, too late she tried to stop him and he had seen the ugly wound on her white brow before her flying hand reached his. A sharp exclamation broke from him.

"What have you done to yourself? *My God, has he dared—*" His face was ghastly and the look in his blazing eyes terrified her. Fearful of the consequences of his anger, fearful of she knew not what, she lied to shield the husband who had struck her.

"No—no—" she panted. "I slipped—I slipped in my room last night."

Love and intuition told him that she was lying and he put her from him with a groan of helpless misery. And free of his supporting arm she slid to the ground, for her limbs were trembling under her. He sat down near her, staring gloomily before him.

Her hand stole out timidly and touched his. "What are we going to do?" She waited long for his answer, so long that she wondered if he had heard the faint whisper, and her trembling fingers tightened on his arm. "Gervas, speak to me," she entreated.

"What is there for me to say," he answered, and his voice was harsh with the effort speech cost him. "There is nothing to do but the one hard thing that is left to us. We have got to forget that this morning has ever been. We have got to forget everything but the fact that you are bound, that you are not free to come to me. If there were some other way, if I could have taken you—" He tore his eyes from her face and leaped to his feet. "But there is no other way," he cried with sudden violence. "I can't take you. You've got to forget, and forgive me—if you can."

She buried her face in her hands.

"Forget!" she wailed. "Will you forget?"

"Not in this life nor in the life to come," he whispered swiftly.

With a sob that wrung his heart she flung out her arms appealingly. "I can't bear it, Gervas, I can't live without you!"

He caught the outstretched hands in his and drew her to her feet.

"Don't make it harder for me, dear. God knows it's hard enough," he said unsteadily. "I love you. I want you—more than anything in Heaven and earth I want you—but I've got to leave you. Help me to do the right thing, Marny. Help me to go now, while I have the strength."

But with a broken little cry she clung to him, her eyes beseeching.

"I can't, I can't! I'm not strong like you. I can't let you go yet—not altogether—not back to the desert. Stay—only stay till we leave," she pleaded. "It won't be long, only a few weeks—"

"My dear, what help will it be if I do stay?" he said wearily. "It will only make it harder for both of us."

But frantically she urged him. "Please, please," she entreated. "Oh, I can't explain—I don't know what I feel myself—

but there seems to be something awful coming nearer and nearer to me and I'm frightened—I'm frightened! If I could know you were in Algiers it would make it easier—I shouldn't feel so—alone. Gervas, if you love me, stay till we go."

"If it will help you," he said gently, "if my presence in Algiers will make it easier for you, I will stay until you go. But more I cannot do. This has got to be the end, Marny. We've got to say good by to each other. I mustn't see you again—I daren't see you again."

A deadly faintness came over her. Numbly she felt him take her hands and hold them crushed against his face. And through the surging in her ears she heard his voice, far off and muffled as though coming from some great distance.

"My dear, my dear—God keep you, now and always."

And then she knew that he was gone and a merciful blackness came over her.

There followed a week that for Carew was a period of uninterrupted suffering, suffering that seemed to grow more acute, more unbearable with each succeeding day. With nothing to look forward to, with no hope to ease the burden of his loneliness and longing, with the bitter knowledge burning into him that barely half a mile away in her prison house of misery she too was suffering, he struggled through days that seemed endless and nights that were torment.

Seeking for distraction, for anything that would occupy his enforced leisure and turn the trend of his thoughts, he offered his services to Morel and toiled in the scientist's laboratory from early morning till late in the evening, endeavoring by hard work to deaden the pain that never left him.

Then came a day when a telephone message from Morel, who had received an urgent summons to Paris, put a stop to the work at the laboratory and left him to face inactivity he viewed with dismay.

The day seemed interminable. The solitary dinner he thought would never end. Afterwards, ordering coffee to be brought to him, he strolled through the silent halls and empty rooms to the veranda.

The night was singularly dark but the darkness agreed with his own gloomy thoughts and after he had finished his coffee he extinguished the reading lamp on the table near him and sat for a long time staring fixedly into the blackness.

Inaction became at last impossible. He had sat for two hours and his limbs were cramped and his head throbbing for need of physical exercise. Two more hours and he would be ready to blow his brains out, he reflected with a dreary laugh. Going to his bedroom he changed quickly into Arab dress and left the house unseen.

Beyond the door in the wall he hesitated. Then with a shrug and a muttered oath he turned in the direction of de Granier's villa. To torture himself by gazing on the house was not to see her, he argued. By no reasoning could he be said to be breaking the resolution he had made. The road was free to him as to any other. And what chance was there of seeing her at this time of night? Jerking his heavy cloak back, he stopped to light a cigarette and then strode on with the slow step to which flowing robes had accustomed him.

For a time it appeared as if no other

midnight wanderers were abroad, but as he neared the high enclosing wall of the Villa des Ombres his quick ears caught the sound of hurrying, stumbling feet and the raucous intonations of a voice he recognized. Instinctively he shrank into the deeper shadow of the wall as Tanner, the English groom, reeled past him with words that seemed to turn the blood in his veins to ice.

"The swine, the swine—the blasted swine! 'E'll do 'er in, by Gawd, 'e will! 'Ow she screamed—and the damned door locked so as I couldn't get in! And 'im mad drunk—the beast! My Gawd, my Gawd, what'll I do? I'll 'ear them screams till I die!" And sobbing and blaspheming in impotent rage the little man tore on and vanished into the night.

But towards the house from which the groom had fled Carew was racing with a deadly fear knocking at his heart. The gates were open and, panic-driven, he dashed along the carriage drive and up the steps of the villa, hurling himself against the door which, unbarred, gave way before him. In the dimly lighted entrance hall he stumbled and almost fell headlong over the prostrate figure of an Arab who moaned and writhed on the marble floor. Callous to everything but the one ghastly fear that gripped him, Carew kicked his feet clear of the man's robes and shook him roughly.

But the fiercely uttered question died on his lips as a piercing shriek rang through the silent house. A shriek that was followed by others so terrible, so frenzied, that for a moment he reeled under the horror of them. And with the agonizing screams was mingled the sound of a man's raving and other more pregnant sounds that drove Carew to the verge of madness.

With a groan he leaped to the door of the room where was the woman he loved; but locked from within, it resisted his furious onslaught. As well acquainted with the villa as he was with his own, he knew that to force it was impossible. Desperately he wrenched at the handle; then a sudden thought came that sent him flying down the corridor. There was another door leading into the drawing room, a secret door that, flush with the wall and hidden by curtains, was possibly unknown to the tenants who had rented the house. Reaching the anteroom with which it communicated and tearing aside the embroidered hangings, he flung his whole weight against the fragile panels, crashing through into the room beyond.

One sweeping glance sufficed him. Dragging his eyes from the battered little body stretched almost at his feet, he crouched for an instant, stiffening like a wild beast preparing to spring, his face the face of a madman.

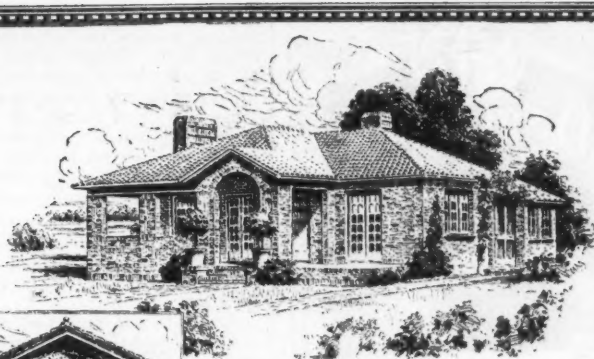
And startled by his sudden appearance, too blind with passion to recognize the man who had gone through the sandstorm with him, Geradine saw in the tall robed figure facing him only an unknown Arab who had dared to force a violent entrance into his house and he flung forward with a savage snarl, brandishing the heavy hunting crop with which he had flogged his wife into insensibility.

"You damned nigger!" he bellowed. "What the hell—"

But with the sound of his voice Carew sprang, his clenched fist driving straight at the other's mouth. For a second Geradine staggered; then with a roar of mingled pain and fury he slashed with the crop at



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Carew's face. But the blow fell short and the next moment two powerful arms closed round him. Though strong above the average, his life of intemperance had unfitted him for any protracted struggle; and tonight, wearied already by his outburst of savagery and not sober enough to use with advantage what strength he had, he was helpless in the grip of the muscular hands that seemed to be crushing the life out of him. Choked with the strangling hold on his throat, he was almost unconscious when the clutching fingers slid suddenly to his arm and he was forced to his knees.

And with the whip that was still wet with her blood Carew avenged the woman who lay so deathly still beside him. Maddened with the thought of her suffering, he wielded the heavy weapon till Gerardine's coat and shirt were torn to ribbons, crimson stained and sticky, till his moans became fainter and finally died away, till his own arm grew tired with the punishment he inflicted. Only then did he fling the whip from him. Scarcely glancing at the inert figure sprawled face downwards on the floor, indifferent whether he had killed him or not, he turned slowly to that other pitiful little figure and, hardly conscious of what he did, tore the burnous from his shoulders and wrapping it round her lifted her into his arms and carried her away.

The hall was empty as he passed through it. But he was oblivious of the apparently deserted house, oblivious of everything but the slight burden he held. As if in a dream, his mind almost a blank, he followed mechanically the road by which he had come half an hour before. And not until he had reached his own villa, until, led by instinct rather than definite reasoning, he found himself in his own bedroom, did the dream-like feeling pass and he awoke to realize what he had done. But that could wait. At the moment only she mattered.

Laying her on the bed he stripped the blood-wet silken rags from her lacerated shoulders, wincing in agony as they clung to the delicate broken flesh his trembling lips covered with passionate kisses. But he was doctor as well as lover, and forcing his shaking fingers to steadiness he bathed the cruel wounds with tender skill, doing all that was possible for her comfort before he dropped to his knees to wait till she should regain consciousness. And when at last she stirred it was some time before recognition dawned in the dazed eyes that were gazing blankly into his. But the sudden joy that filled them faded swiftly into a look of terrible fear.

With a cry that grayed his face she flung herself into his arms.

"Don't let him get me! Don't—let—him—get me!" she shrieked again and again, till the horror of it was more than he could bear and he crushed her face against him to stifle the sounds he knew would ring in his ears while life lasted.

"Hush, hush!" he whispered almost fiercely. "It's done—it's finished. He will never touch you again. You need never see him again. Lie still and rest. There's not a soul who knows where you are but me."

Even in the extremity of her terror his

voice had power to soothe her and she relaxed in his arms with a shuddering sob. For a long time he held her silently, fighting the biggest battle of his life, striving to subdue self, to think only for her. But her nearness made thought impossible and at last, in despair, he sought to rise. She clung to him then with a murmur of entreaty.

"Let me go, dear," he muttered. "I've got to think—I've got to think what is best to do." And tenderly he put aside her trembling hands.

Fear fled back into her eyes as she watched him cross the room to the open window, and slipping from the bed she waited for what seemed an eternity, shaking with weakness, afraid to question him, even afraid for the moment of the man himself.

When at length he spoke, in a voice that was almost unrecognizable, he did not look at her.

"I can get you out of Algiers—that is easy. But to whom shall I take you? Where are your people?"

For a moment she stared in dazed disbelief; then with a pitiful sob she staggered nearer to him.

"Gervas, don't you love me—don't you want me?"

His face was anguished as he flung towards her.

"Want you? *My God!*" he groaned. "But it's not what I want that matters. It is you I am thinking of. You are Gerardine's wife—I can't take you. I can't dishonor you. I can't drag you through the mud—"

"Mud!" she echoed with a terrible laugh. "What mud could you drag me through that would be worse than the mud that has choked me for five ghastly years? Gervas, Gervas, I've come to the end. I can't fight any more. I can't bear any more. I've no one to turn to—no people—no friends. There's nobody in all the world who can help me—but you. If you won't save me I will kill myself. I swear it. Oh, Gervas, have pity! Take me away. I'm safe only with you. I'll be your servant—your slave—anything you will—only save me, save me! If I see him again I shall go mad—mad—"

She was at his feet, clasping his knees, her upturned face wild and distorted with terror. And as he swept her up into his arms with a gasp of horrified protest and looked into her frenzied eyes he knew that she was very near to madness now. But still he hesitated.

"You know what it will mean if I take you with me into the desert?"

"I know, I know," she sobbed. "It will mean Heaven and rest and joy unspeakable. And I—who have lived in Hell! Oh, Gervas, give me the chance of happiness!"

It was not what he meant, but he saw that she was past understanding. Only by keeping her could he avert the mental breakdown which was imminent. To save her reason he must do that for which his heart was clamoring, that which he had determined never to do.

And in the light that leaped involuntarily into his eyes she read his answer even before he stooped his lips to her trembling mouth.

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Ponjola

(Continued from page 82)

CHAPTER XX

THERE was one thing still to do before she left a country that had made her so happy yet added the last drop of gall to her cup. She must complete the wheel of events that would make Druro secure from the danger of suffering for a tragedy he was not responsible for, and which she herself had precipitated. A fortunate coincidence had enabled her to do this so far as the law was concerned. But she still feared Druro himself if his memory of that night's doings should return as suddenly as it had gone. She knew him well enough to be sure that if he remembered his part in the tragedy, the whole court business would be to do over again. He would never let her rest under the shadow of his fault. But that horrible resurgence must be avoided at all costs. It could do no good and would only cause infinite pain and trouble, with no great difference to the ultimate issue—for there was not the smallest doubt that Druro must come out of it as scot free as she herself—except the world's knowledge that he had on his hands, though only by accident, the blood of Gaynor Lypiatt's husband!

The world should never know it, nor Druro himself suffer the knowledge if she could help it. Not much could be done to circumvent the chance, but at least it was wise to remove any object liable to provoke in his mind a remembrance of that fateful night; and the object most distinctly liable to do this existed at the Jubilate Deo in the form of that hut where the fight occurred. She felt certain that, if he went into that hut, a vision of the whole scene would rise up to his eyes just as it would to hers when she saw again those rough dagga walls, the packing case table and the polished red floor of the old mortuary!

Her plan, then, was to destroy the hut by fire; an easy matter with that thatched roof—but it must be done soon. There was no time to waste, for though she had ascertained that Druro had been taken straight back to hospital after his appearance in court, she knew that he would not delay a moment longer than he could help but get back to his mine and all its wondrous promises for the future.

It did not bear lingering on too much, the thought of that wondrous future of his. Enough that she knew what his intentions were—given the money to carry them out. He had made no secret of them that day at Sombwelo ranch. He was going to wrench the woman he loved from the arms of his enemy and take her for his own, far away—*Ho-la-le-la!* And now all the money he could want was his for the seeking at the Jubilate Deo, while the need for "wrenching" had been laid aside forever.

True, Gay was going to have a child—he did not know that yet, and when he did it might well dash with wormwood the sweetness of the draught at his lips. It was a barrier, but not an insurmountable one. As for that old grief and pain of Gay's, which had separated them before and over which she still brooded—it must cease to exist, for they were not children any longer, trembling at a ghost in the dark. Both knew the enemy now for the beast it was and were buckled against it.



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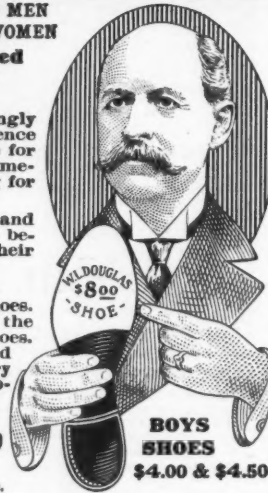
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They would not even need to fight, for, looked at with fearless eye of happiness, it must slink forever out of sight.

A first step toward execution of her plan was to reach Selukine, and Mrs. Brade procured her a car for this and was fervid to accompany her. But Desmond for this occasion preferred to be a cat that prowled alone. Incendiary operations are best carried out without witnesses! Mrs. Hope was a safe port in a storm, and one she intended to make for as soon as the coup at the Jubilate had been pulled off. Druro would still be in hospital of course. But there was little risk in that, for patients and visitors never met at Mrs. Hope's without special assignation.

"She may be full up and not able to take me in," mused Desmond as her car ate up the twenty-five miles that lay between Selukine and Wankelo. "But if there's nowhere else I can always sleep in the hospital mortuary."

Poor Desmond! Her irony had lost a little of its lightness in police courts and prisons; and her lips were forgetting to smile. Although she had been touched to the depths by the kindness and affection of Rhodesians, her heart held an unceasing ache, for the fact remained that some among them had spied her out and dragged her forth and stripped her to the public gaze; had broken and smashed her great adventure; had robbed her of riches and cast her forth empty.

Never, never again might she adventure as a man. That joy was finished and over, life on the veldt was vanished and ended; if anyone wanted a proof thereof they had only to look in her suitcase and they would see lying there, packed in its tissue wrappings with other soft and filmy garments, the pearl-gray gown of Shantung silk that O'Byrne had caused to be made and sent from Cape Town.

It had come to that with her!

But there was still the task at the Jubilate to accomplish, and she looked forward to it even though when she set a light to that hut it would be, in sort, a symbol of the conflagration of her life.

"A bonfire of my hopes! *Tant mieux!*" said she, "for what have hope and I to do with each other?"

It will thus be seen that Lady Tyrecastle was in sad and feckless mood when she arrived that night at the kopje whereon stood the old mission station. How different to the arrival some months before, when she drove gaily up behind Druro's mules! And how different too the camp!

Its peace of eventide had passed with the coming of the mill that now tapped vibrantly with twinkling lights at the shaft head; with the thrum and hustle of many boys in the compound; with all the sounds and indications, in fact, of a mine well forward on a career of great prosperity.

The mess hut was lighted brilliantly and cheerful voices could be heard; some of them seeming familiar to her ear as the dear scent of the violet trees was familiar and sweet in her nostrils.

Perhaps because of the noise of the mill and the evening hum in the compound no one seemed to have heard the car arrive, and she reached the plateau without incident. But there she paused, uncertain what next move to make. Her old hut stood closed and dark; it was pretty certain to have been kept locked up by

Guthrie in her absence. So there was nothing to do but go boldly to the mess and tell them she had come for her things. While getting these she could easily manage to flick a match up into the thatch, and once a hut is ablaze there's no saving it.

She came quickly to the mess door and got a swift surprise view of its occupants before any of them saw her—Guthrie's brown, shriveled face; Jimmie Spelter back in his coats of red lead and cylinder oil; the Kipper frowning thoughtfully; and last of all—O mischance and magic!—Druro, with elbows on table and absent, far-away stare. Dinner had been cleared and they were sitting over coffee and smokes. No bottle graced the board.

They all saw her at once and for a moment no one moved, so utterly were they taken aback to see the Desmond they had known, their lounging boy with the old coat and top boots and the half closed eyes and curly smile. This yarn of manslaughter and prisons and trials and countesses in disguise must have been all a nightmare dream, then! And they all jumped up together, forgetting Lady Tyrecastle and remembering only "young Desmond" as they drew her into the room gripping her hands, shaking them nearly off, asking a thousand questions as to how "he" had come there and where "he" had been. Only Druro did not say much but just looked on, smiling, with a world of friendliness in his blue eyes and Heaven knew what wonderment and humility behind them—a wonderment that had obsessed him since the day they came and told him in hospital that Desmond was a woman and the moment when he had looked upon her standing proud and indifferent, yet with a woman's sad grace and beauty, in the dock.

He knew, while the others stood eagerly talking and taking it for granted that she had come back to be as before, that they were fooling themselves. She would never come back. That epic poem had had a period put to it; that idyll of the veldt was over. He had lost a pal, the most wonderful a man ever had—the kid! There was not an incident of the whole of their friendship and association that he had not gone over during the last few days—every single day on the veldt, the fishing, the python, the revolver. Many things that had been dark were clear now. But one thing, he thought, would always be dark—the reason why she should have chosen to grace his wretched life with her friendship. Why he, the unhappy drunkard, should have seemed worth her help, her consolation, the putting forth of a rescuing hand. Fate had been good to him, and the way was clear for him in a little time to the woman whom he loved and who loved him. But this other woman, this Desmond—well, it was strange, dazing, bewildering; but she . . . with her half man, half woman personality, she had a knowledge of him, a closeness to his soul that no one else in the world would ever have.

These things flashed through his mind while they all stood there, Desmond perfectly at home again, drinking a cup of coffee and explaining what had brought her, that the car was still waiting, and that she was due back at Mrs. Hope's. They commenced to protest and to press her to stay the night; and then suddenly their remarks petered out into silence. They were remembering the truth and *who* it was



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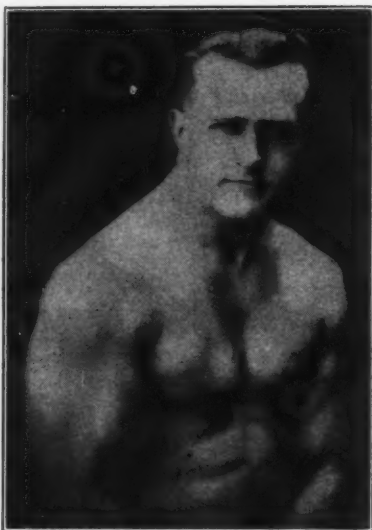
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If you were dying tonight

I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow, or any day some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A REBUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a vincer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

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This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come, then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you. SEND FOR MY 64-PAGE BOOK

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they were asking to stay the night in an old hut—a woman, a dramatic and beautiful creature from the great social world, someone to whom their everyday existence must have been a strange dream. They began to stare at her and look awkward. The spell of old times was broken. She hastened to mention her business of packing and made a move for her hut. They offered their services timidly, but she only smiled and said she could do it best by herself and it would not take long. Guthrie gave her the key.

"No one has been in there since—" he began.

That brought their minds racing back to the fatal reason of her leaving, and it was a silent band she left behind in the mess. Still, while she rolled her possessions together it was good to reflect that there were men just a few yards away who would come at her call. For that dim hut was horrible with memories. Once her feet slipped on the glassy floor and once she thought she heard a strange loud "crack" behind her. It was only the creak of the door, but it sped her movements noticeably, and in no time she had pitched her main baggage outside. There were still many things left—clothes, canvases, all her veldt equipment—but she thought nothing of sacrificing these to make her "accident" more realistic.

At last with the door closed, and standing in the center of the hut, she struck a match and pitched it up to the pointed roof. It failed and fell at her feet. A second did the same. Three is always an effective number and the third did the trick. With a little sizzling noise like the hiss of an adder it ran along the thatch, and she stood perfectly still while bright sparks and shrivelings of grass spattered about her. Rats had begun to scamper and a rain of cockroaches to fall before she opened the door and stepped out, pulling it to behind her and giving a shout of alarm that was unnecessary, for already the natives were racing to the smell of burning.

A moment later the whole camp was illuminated. Druro and the rest of them salvaged the baggage she had put out, but the heat was enough to roast an ox and no one could get within ten yards of the hut. Fortunately there were plenty of boys, and soon they were perched like birds on the tops of the neighboring huts, beating with wet sacks and branches to keep the conflagration from becoming general. As it was, no one sustained any material damage except Desmond herself. But she bore the loss of various possessions with great calm; only blaming herself diligently for having given so much trouble.

Druro went down to see her off, and they were together for a moment. He could not say much before the chauffeur, but he looked penetratingly at her as he observed:

"There are lots of things I must talk to you about, and I wish you'd make an opportunity shortly."

Her slouch hat was drawn low but he could see the reflection of the flames leaping and dancing in those strangely beautiful eyes.

"I'm going off soon," she answered vaguely.

"It is *that* I want to talk to you about . . . among other things. Why should you go?"

She laughed rather mirthlessly.
"It's all finished for me, Druro."



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"No." He had got hold of her hand over the side of the car and it gave him a strange thrill, a sensation extraordinarily familiar, yet of which he could remember no previous occasion.

"My mind is still queer, Desmond," he said hurriedly—she had drawn her hand away—"and there are still big gaps in my memory, but some things I can never forget—things that you are mixed up with and that I must talk to you about. When? When?" he urged. "Fix a time now. Can I come over to Mrs. Hope's tomorrow?"

Desmond thought rapidly and miserably . . . What good was there in seeing him again? She wanted to get away from him and the memory of him; to take her wounded heart and its aching, incessant pain far from him and this sweet and cruel country. Must she undergo this agony again, of seeing his eyes and hearing his voice? She tried procrastination and vague compromise.

"I don't know . . . my plans are uncertain . . . I'll send you word . . . sometime."

But he was not going to be satisfied with that. He knew too well that type of promise that binds you to nothing, for he had made many such in his life.

"No; you *must* fix a time, Desmond. Remember, there are all sorts of things—the business of the farm, what I owe you on it, your share of this mine and"—he looked meaningly at the chauffeur's back—"and a hundred other things I can't go into here."

"I'll send and let you know," repeated Desmond.

"You *promise* that?" he insisted, and she promised at last, unwillingly enough, and he had to be satisfied, or pretend to be.

But his soul was filled with discontent and unrest as he walked slowly up the kopje. He didn't know what it was that he wanted. Life looked sweet enough. He had a fortune in his mine and the way was open at last that led to Gay and the fulfilment of love. Yet . . . the idea of parting with Desmond disturbed and disintegrated his joy. It was absurd, of course, but somehow he had not for a long time envisaged any picture of a future without Desmond lounging at his side. Even in contemplating marriage he had thought of Desmond still there . . . that kid! And now that the kid had proved to be a lovely and wonderful woman . . . well, of course, it wouldn't wash at all. That cock wouldn't fight, in fact.

"To hell with the sea boots," thought Lundi Druro miserably, and he felt a piercing pain as though someone had neatly and dexterously inserted a slender stiletto to the hilt under his fifth rib and left it there.

CHAPTER XXI

"YOU understand, Florence, this is not a lover's rendezvous or anything of that sort." A tristful smile flickered over Gay Lypiatt's lips. "There is just something I have to put right between those two—Druro and Desmond—and that is why I have asked you to let me see him here."

"Of course, dearest, I understand."

Mrs. Berrington did *not* in the least, but looking at the sorrow-riven face rising like a tired lily above the weeds of mourning, she knew at least that there was no frivolous reason for the interview. Frivolity

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had passed forever, with the brightness of girlhood, from Constant Lypiatt's widow; she looked a middle-aged woman, wan and drawn, as she sat there. Florence rather wondered indeed that vanity did not prevent her from meeting her old lover just at present. But then Florence did not know the true facts; one, that there was a very natural physical reason why Gay should look thus; two, that Gay was glad of the change in herself because she believed it might make her task both easier and more complete. Tomorrow she would tell Florence about the coming child and let her communicate the news to Rhodesia, thus making an end to any speculative gossip that might have arisen concerning herself and Druro.

Tonight she intended to tell Druro—that, and many other things that would help him to a happier future than he could ever know with her. It meant driving the last nail into her own coffin of worldly happiness, but Gay Lypiatt had dwelt too long with pain to shrink from the last sacrifice; and she had already tasted of the spiritual compensation that comes to those who renounce for themselves only to give with both hands to others. In a word she had found God, and He made His ways easy before her and His paths straight.

Druro came speeding through the night to her call. He had a car now, but it could not carry him quickly enough to the woman round whom his dreams were twined; the woman who had failed him once, and who had made up for it by putting her blessed hands into the gutter and dragging him up once more into the light and sunshine. He was alive again now, vital in every nerve, tingling with hope and joy of living; and he knew he was a better man than he had ever been, for by the grace of God he had conquered his own devils, which is greater victory than the conquering of cities. Yet his heart sat very still in his breast; there was sadness in it as well as joy; that piercing, knife-like pain Desmond had put there at parting still ached and burned. He did not understand it; he only wondered why it must always be that joy is tempered by some errant pain and the salt flavor of tears penetrates the sweetest cup!

This summons to Gay's side had surprised him a little. Not that he thought it unseemly; but knowing all fair and secure before them, like a man he was willing to hasten slowly and come to her after the allotted time of waiting. That it should be she who elected to ignore convention pleased yet puzzled him, but he did not give it too much thought. All that mattered was that in a few moments now he would hold her in his arms.

Yet when they stood facing each other across Florence Berrington's drawing room, there still seemed time for delay. The wild beating of his heart, the urgent passion in his veins were stilled at sight of her. He was shocked at the signs of strain, physical and mental, that were stamped on her, and instantly the quality of his love changed from something glowing and wild to a pitiful solicitude that was tenderness itself, yet fundamentally different to the vibrant urge in his veins that he had felt as he raced to love's assignation.

She had counted on this impression her changed appearance would make, and it helped her now to quell the ardor of his eyes with a quiet glance and the gentle

laying of her hands on his outstretched ones.

"Sit down, Lundi. You are not entirely well yet, I can see. And I too am—delicate."

She had arranged chairs facing each other—not too close. He found himself sitting in one of them, near enough to take her hand yet not taking it, for his own were clasped loosely together between his knees while he watched those dear eyes, lilac-shadowed, that faintly smiling mouth that spoke so gently and so bravely.

"We have got to take care of ourselves, you and I, Lundi, for we are each precious to someone."

That was a strange way of putting it, he thought. But everything was strange about her today.

"So you are to be very kind and tender to me," she murmured on, "while I am telling you about all the things that concern us—and others. Will you promise that?"

"I don't quite understand, Gay, but I'll promise anything. You know that I love—"

She put out a thin hand, restraining him.

"I know, yes. In spite of all that has passed, we are very dear to each other, and I pray it may always be so. However happy you are I want you to go on loving me, and wherever I am I shall always love you as a tender sister loves a brother—Lundi!" Her hands stretched out pleadingly, for he had risen with abruptness and stood staring heavily. She too rose, and he noticed for the first time, with pain-sharpened eyes, how wearily cumbered were her movements, and that the lovely slim lines of her were blurred and lost. Yet when she spoke it, the simple truth struck him like a blow between his eyes.

"My husband left a child to me, Lundi."

He was almost felled by the blow. The ground slid under his feet, he had to put out a hand and catch on to something. He presently found that it was her hand he was holding; they were sitting facing each other once more, and she was looking at him with sweet eyes and speaking very tenderly.

"Do not be sad, dear friend. It is the first happiness I have had for so long, and ever since I was a little child I have always longed above all things to be a mother . . . and now it is coming to me at last! You must not think me heartless when I tell you that I cannot even properly grieve for poor Constant because I—well, because it means I shall have my baby to myself."

Druro passed a hand vaguely over his eyes and back through his rough hair. With a heart as tender as any woman's he could no more have reproached this babbling mother creature than have doubled his fist and struck her. Yet the thing she was relating outraged him to the very soul, tore up his future by the roots. He was speechless. He wanted to go away by himself and unburden his heart with groans and curses, and all the time he couldn't believe it—he couldn't believe that the woman who had come to him in the shanty and kissed him and caressed him back from the edge of a shameful grave could sit there and coo at him . . . about the child of his enemy! Good God, had she no compassion! His blood-bright gaze transfixed her. There was a moment's dreadful silence, then:

"Lundi, my dear," she said poignantly,

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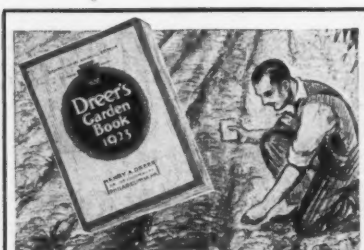
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"What?" said Druro in a wild, remote voice.

He got up and began to look absently for his hat, but as he had come without one his search was likely to be fruitless. Gay had his hand again.

"She loves you."

"You are crazy, Gay," he said, and gently released her hands. "And so am I. I must go away."

"Yes; you must go to her, Lundi. Go and try to make up to her a little for the terrible things she has endured from life. You can do it, for she loves you. She told me so. 'I love that drunkard,' she said, and her voice was a melody."

"You are crazy, Gay," repeated Druro, still searching absently about the room for something.

"But it is true, Lundi. She said it on the day we feared that you—that you meant suicide. And the same night, when you were drunk in the shanty and I was too cowardly to go near you, she—she was not afraid to go into the darkness where you sat—the darkness of the pit, it seemed to me."

Druro ceased suddenly to look for something and vagueness went out of his stare.

"Did you not come to the shanty that night?" he asked in a voice cold and clear as water.

"I came—to the door. I saw you sitting there and I fled. Forgive me, Lundi, but you looked so awful . . . so lost . . . and you began to laugh terribly . . . then the candle went out . . . I was revolted, terrified, and I ran back and told Desmond I was not brave enough. She put her raincoat on me and took my cloak, and then I drove away in the car and she came back to you, I suppose . . . did she?"

"Yes . . . she came back to me," said Druro in that clear voice. Then he stopped dead. But a voice inside him went on chanting, singing, shouting:

"She came back to me and fought with death and the devil for my passing soul . . . she kissed my degraded lips and held my face in her soft bosom and let me cry there like a child . . . And gave me sweet and lovely crooning words of promise for our future together . . . such radiant promises . . . if I would only leave drink and my soiled life for her. And I called her 'Gay' and swore by my love and her face that I would do so! And I did change my life and I did forsake drink! . . . But could I have done it, by God, except for her?"

"And so," Gay was saying, "you must go and find and tell her these things—for I think you love her even as she loves you, Lundi."

He waited for three days at the Jubilate Deo; days that, though occupied by work, were yet filled to the brim with a profound and searching analysis of the events of the past year—so far as he could remember them, for the hiatus in his memory still gaped like a dark hole. And through all his thoughts a little fine golden flame ran and mounted until heart and brain were alight and ablaze at last with a fire that nothing could quench save one sweet draught—a crystal draught from the lips of

the woman he now knew was for him.

She was still at Mrs. Hope's, but no word had come and he could wait no longer. On the third evening he drove in, left his car in town and walked up to the hospital.

It was about nine o'clock and a twinkling of lights showed in various windows with an ambient glow from the sitting room whose doors and windows were set wide. He hoped this did not mean that Mrs. Hope was holding one of her famous bridge evenings. But to his relief he found as he quietly approached the veranda that the room was empty of all but one person—a girl he did not know. Her face was averted, but he could see that she was dressed in gray and had hair growing riotously in a curly crop that looked dark and yet glinted in the lamplight. She was leaning over a baby in her lap, apparently very carefully lifting its eyelids and peeping in. He supposed her to be one of Mrs. Hope's cases, and was just turning away to go round to the back to see if he could find the matron when she spoke, riveting him to the spot:

"You surly little rascal—I believe you're old Paul Kruger come back."

And she laughed—Desmond's deep, bell-like laugh—and stood up, lifting the baby to the light. Then very tenderly she kissed its cross little face and held it against her own, making soft crooning noises. All the blood in Lundi Druro's body seemed to leap to his heart at that sight. Those soft crooning sounds he remembered well; she had made them when she held him thus to her heart, when he too was helpless and dependent as a baby!

But except for that laugh and those dear sounds, it was a Desmond he scarcely recognized. How could he know that curly russet head when the hair he remembered was dark and slick to the scalp! How had the slim, swaggering figure he knew been so miraculously transformed into this Greek being of exquisite lines and curves rippling under the sheen of silk? The fine ivory of her throat, and a V-shaped gleam of her bosom showed in startling contrast against the richer tint of chin and cheek. But the eyes—laughing, tragic, satirical, reflective, deep and strange as mountain pools, yet simple and blue as larkspurs in a cottage garden—the eyes were the eyes of Desmond.

He had no patience to wait longer to search in those eyes for what he sought; stepping impulsively forward he stood in the lighted doorway and she saw him. They stayed looking at each other for a long moment, and in that time each saw in the other the companion of their bygone rencontre on the Paris boulevard. She saw the big, careless, hatless man with the life scarred face, the gaze on far things and the kind, blithe smile of confidence in himself and in life; while to him, for the first time, came memory and recognition of Flavia Tyrecastle, that radiant girl with tragic eyes whose life for an hour had touched his.

"So you came to Rhodesia after all," he said, half laughing, half musing at the miracle of it.

"Yes. I took your advice. You said the veldt was a good place to lose one's ghosts."

"And isn't it?"

"Oh, the veldt's all right!" She crinkled her nose in a dubious, whimsical expression

curiously characteristic of "young Desmond," and suddenly they both began to laugh.

"It's all right tonight, anyway," said Druro. "Come out and see."

"What about Oom Paul?"

She looked reflectively at the baby, but he had obligingly gone to sleep, so she laid him on the sofa, propped among cushions. When she turned to Druro again her face had resumed its rather sad composure, the sparkle of humor and mischief fading from it.

"I thought we arranged you were to come in if I sent word," she said abruptly.

He did not answer. His glance, wandering in search of a wrap for her, fell on a heap of filmy blue lying over a chair. He lifted it and threw it over his arm, and its diaphanous folds gave out a faint odor of jasmine. As only a scent can do, it took memory back . . . to a night in a shanty.

"I don't need a wrap, and that is not mine." Her voice seemed strangely edged but he did not put the cloak down. His eyes took her into a warm, bold gaze.

"You wore it once for me—will you not wear it again?"

After that she moved like a woman in a dream, her eyes wide, her lips parted but finding no word to utter.

Only a few seconds of walking brought them into the lone veldt, a wide, empty world of purple veils powdered with starlight and fragrant with the breath of sun dried grasses. A little wind sauntered past, touching their faces and catching at her cloak. He could only see her dimly, except for her throat like carved moonlight and that gleam of whiteness that was the pathway to her breast. But each could hear the caught and difficult breathing of the other, and each thought that the beating of their own heart filled the land.

"What did you mean?" she faltered at last, "by what you said . . . just now?"

"That I know it was *you*, Flavia, who came to me in the shanty."

A faint, quivering sound issued from her lips. She tried to laugh but it was a failure.

"What does it matter now?" she said very low. "It is over long ago. I must have been mad . . . but at the time it seemed the right thing to do."

"Is that the reason you did it?"

"A good enough reason surely?" Her voice was not quite steady. "You helped me in the same way once . . . that night in Paris . . . I was on my way to the Seine when we met, and your talk, your joyous interest in life diverted me from my purpose. So you see after all it was only a return act of kindness."

"And you did it for that—just out of kindness—friendliness?"

"Surely those are good enough reasons," she repeated lamely.

"No, they are *not*," he said with a stern note in his voice. "They are not reasons enough for you to put your lovely lips to a drunkard's and croon over him with lovely promises of eternal love."

He heard again that long shivering sigh from her lips, and he caught her hands and drew her close.

"But I want them again, those promises . . . those kisses I have hungered for."

She resisted, nolding strong, slim hands against his breast.

"Oh, Lundi, I can't understand . . .



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how can it be *me* when it was Gay you thought, you believed—"

"My darling, my dear, that is all past, and it was Gay herself who opened my eyes to this great wonder . . . to what I did not know, but that, now I do know, I will never relinquish for man, God or devil—that it is *you* who lured me back from the pit; your dear, lovely lips I have dreamed of . . . you that I love with every breath of my body and every hope of my soul."

It was enough; she gave him her lips on that; gave him the short, wild kisses of a lover and the long, tender ones that are born of the mother in a woman's nature. Something of the enchantment of Africa, that old witch who lays her curses as liberally as her blessings on those she makes her own, came into their love, tinged it with a mystery, a majesty, a poignant, fearful sweetness that the loves of Europe do not know. They kissed and clung and were safe at last against each others' hearts—as safe as lovers can ever be from the ceaseless warfare of Time, fell Circumstance and the Sisters Three!

Flavia Tyrecastle at least took no chances with fate's power to harm her through the tongue of scandal, for presently they sat down on some rocks under a black-thorn, with a bush-baby chattering in the branches above them and scattering soft mimosa powder on their heads, and she told him the full story of her marriage with Tyrecastle and its tragic sequel at Dover

when Gerry Sillinger shot and was shot by the seducer of his sister.

"How could I grieve for a husband who had betrayed a girl I knew and loved? And how could I, Lundi, tell the world the truth when *she* sat trembling for fear the child she adored would be openly branded with shame?"

"It was for her child, robbed of his true heritage, that I fought to get the money, and he has *that* at least, poor little fellow, if he cannot bear his father's name. But it was a sordid business, that fight for money, and no wonder the world cast me into the outer darkness of its displeasure! What I *do* wonder now is why I should have suffered so much then, for Africa has taught me there are greater sufferings to bear than any the social world can inflict."

She shivered a little, wondering what else this terribly beautiful country might have for her. There were still perils and dark possibilities—the peril of this dear lover of hers recovering his lost memory; the peril of ponjola, the beast that never tires; the perils of Time and Circumstance and the Sisters Three! She shivered a little and sat close in the curve of his encircling arm. And Lundi Druro, the sporting parson's son, unexpectedly quoting Scripture, said gently:

"When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold!" As *you* have, my loved one—such gold as was never mined or milled by mortal hand!"

THE END

He Stooped to Conquer

(Continued from page 64)

at even George's most comic jests. Yes, now they were George and Charity. But that, thought George, very bitterly, of nights, was all.

All most fascinating to observe for eyes that found little interest or solace any more, except in books. All most interesting to hear about from a voice no education could rob of its cool precision—to see occupy a face and body that even such acquired necessities as lipstick could only make delightful in another fashion as paint and gilt ornaments, properly arranged, might heighten the charm of a small stone saint grown tired of prayers and cathedral niches, wanting a little live color now after so much piety. All highly instructive—all something that never in any conceivable world could lead to anything, of course.

All the same, things were very quiet and pleasant this late afternoon. Through the window came the smell of summer flowers—a cool thread of fragrance. There was something in the poise of the girl as she sat opposite him, a little relaxed, the book closed in her lap, that so perfectly matched that fragrance, thought Rodney Fether. His fingers tightened on each other as he looked at her—relaxed with an effort of will. He began to write on his pad.

"Well, how were the movies last night?"

"Very nice, sir." She seldom forgot her *sirs* now, except when excited. "Very nice indeed."

"So you enjoyed yourself."

A little flush of color. A spark in the glance.

"Yes sir. Mr. Hawkins took me."

Oh, Mr. Hawkins did! thought Rodney

with a sudden irritation he didn't care to reason about. Mr. Hawkins didn't seem to have much to do these days. Mr. Hawkins—

"What kind of movies do you like best, Charity?"

Unhesitatingly:

"The Western ones, in spite of all their foolish shooting and drinking. Everybody seems so happy and big out there."

Rodney smiled. The amusing child! But the amusing child was going on, a little diffidently.

"And Mr. Hawkins is so kind—and knowing so many things to tell me."

Oh—considerably more than bother Mr. Hawkins!

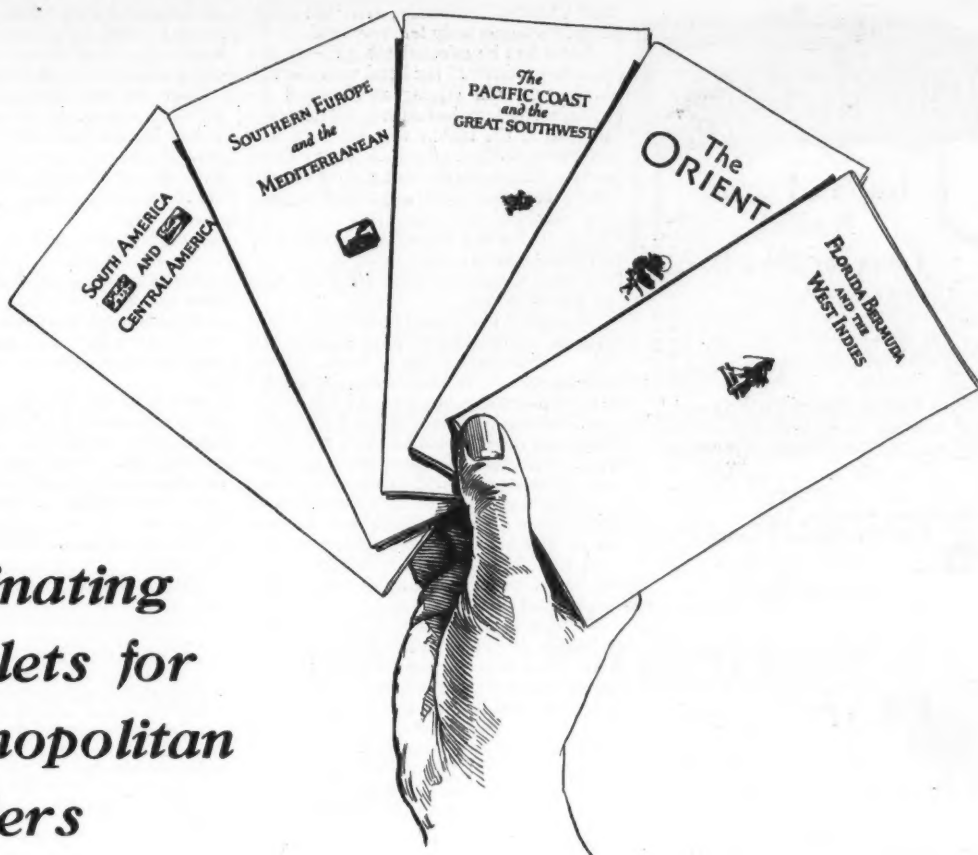
"To tell you about what? I never thought of Hawkins as a Zane Grey before but—"

"About the West, sir. He was born out there." Awedly—"Once, sir, he used to be a cowboy!"

He couldn't help the smile. No reason for her to flush like that, to speak so rapidly in Hawkins's defense.

"He's always wanted to go back—I think it's fine of him! He says a man's a man out there—he doesn't like the East much—he says he doesn't feel as if he were really breathing here, sometimes. He says a man with a girl to help him, a girl who isn't afraid, can make a home out there in no time—go right ahead. He has some money saved up too—he—"

Curious pricklings were crawling all over Rodney Fether's skin. He could feel them cover him, wandering—wherever they went they left anger and burning. Hawkins—uniformed Hawkins touching his cap—



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and Charity! Suddenly, after the pricklings, his whole body felt very cold.

"And has he selected the girl—by any chance—Charity?" the hand wrote slowly.

She was still talking as she read the question. Then she had stopped talking—stopped in the middle of a sentence as if something queer had struck her as dumb as he. That was all—that and the burning blush that came to her so painfully against her will.

"Well, I don't know," she said rather pitifully, after a while.

Fether rose to his feet. He knew what he wanted now.

She didn't know until his arms had gone around her crushingly, until his lips hurt her. Then she started to fight, without tears or outcry, with only a fierce struggling silence that made him let her go before he had kissed her again. She did not run—she stood there, looking at him, looking at him. One hand fixed her dress mechanically, but her eyes held all her strength.

His face worked, his throat made an indescribable gobbling sound that sickened him. His hands reached at her again—and fell. It had gone beyond the matter of hands now. Only their eyes fought, brutal and silent.

"Oh, how dirty you are!" she said with a broken gasp, and he saw her go white as paper and put one hand on the table to steady herself. He stepped forward, his fingers scrambling over the desk for pad and pencil. He could not look down and find them—that meant defeat.

"I love you, I love you," the hand wrote, shaking, sprawling. "I'll give you anything. I want you. I worship you. Come here!"

"Oh no, no, no!" in a terrified whisper.

"Oh no, no, no!"

"You've got to. You must. I love you."

He was coming forward, her eyes were dying like candle flames, he had beaten her eyes.

"We'll go anywhere—you'll be rich—you'll be happy—I swear to God you'll be happy—rich—I love—Charity—oh Charity—"

The pencil slipped, trailed into scrawls. He was almost touching her.

A bell rang, the bell of the house telephone on Fether's desk.

"That's for me." Again the whisper, so terrified, so shaken, like the whisper of a child who has touched something cold and live in the dark.

The bell rang—rang. Oh—devils!—but he let her answer it, saw her answer, wax-white, heard her say yes, she'd come at once, while he scribbled, scribbled.

"Come back in an hour, darling Charity, darling. An hour, I love you—oh, I want you, I want—"

No talk, no servants' gossip. Not till they were gone. Tonight. They'd go to-night in the car. Not with Hawkins, though. He smiled suddenly. But she had to go away for a little now—he realized that perfectly—she must go away. How beatenly she looked at him now—how almost in horror.

He kissed her again and she suffered him—she was cold to kiss and she trembled. But that didn't matter. That didn't matter any more.

She was gone, looking back at him once. The same look she had worn since he kissed her first. The sort of look a young person might have acquired after seeing the

Minotaur, in fact. But Rodney Fether seemed to find little unusual about it. He breathed through his teeth and again that odd sound came in his throat.

Then he went back to his chair and picked up a book to read it while he waited, but his hand shook so that he could not. So he sat there instead for a long time, merely thinking, thinking, and looking at his shaking hand.

VI

FETHER looked at his watch—it was after the hour. He held out his hand in front of him—it was quite steady now. A knock at the door. He pressed the button that meant "come in" with his steady hand.

But it wasn't Charity. It was one of the underservants. A silver tray in his hand, a note on the tray. Fether knew the sloping, Spencerian hand intuitively, before his own hand, not so steady now, had taken the envelope and gestured the servant to go.

The note began, "Mr. Rodney Fether, Sir—"

She was Charity to the end.

You're everything that is wicked. George saw you kiss me from where he was with the car and now he won't speak to me and all the others believed it, too. I am going home—if you try to find me I will run away somewhere else, always. I don't know whether you'll repent or not because people as wicked as you like to die in their sins but you had better. I was sorry for you at first because of your being unnatural but now I am not. I feel all burning inside. I forgive you. I hope George marries somebody worthy of him. I am not—and God is not mocked.

Very sincerely yours,
Charity Jabez

Cold and heat, utter cold, utter heat that seemed to possess the body together and altogether so that it burned and froze in the same instant. "I was sorry for you at first because of your being unnatural." Very cold, sharp anguish, gripping the hands together like wrenching frost. Then the shame came. The utmost shame.

A voice saying: "Back to your cage, poor monster, back to your cage! Back to your cage, blind monster, dumb monster that tried to play the desirable man!" A hand drumming on the desk as if ague shook it. And inside the soul?

When Fether got up from the chair where he had been sprawling like a bag, he got up as if the last three years had never existed. He got up knowing only that he had broken his own private honor and that now he had to mend it again, no matter at what price to body or mind.

Going home. She must be out of the house—she wouldn't have sent that letter before. She'd have to go to New York—what time was it? Six-five. Six minutes walk to the station by the somewhat roundabout way that led out by the Fetherholme gardens and so to the road. Two or three by the commuters' short cut—but she didn't know that way, he thought. Six-five. And the up train left at six-fifteen.

One hand on the bell push, one busy with pad and pencil—that was it.

The servant who had come with the envelope answered. Fether shoved the pad under his nose. If he had not been a very

perfect gentle servant he might have been surprised. As it was he said "Yes, sir" unemotionally and left on the run, thanking all the gods of servanthood as he ran that he hadn't been around when the others started to rag the Jabez girl.

Fether was at the garden window, his hands gripping the sill, pushing the sill as if the sill were the wheel of a car. Why didn't they hurry—oh God, why didn't they hurry? Only way to get anything done was do it yourself—but couldn't when you were dumb. Couldn't jump from a car to a station platform and make mouths at one of your housemaids, praying her for God's sake to come back and forgive you and marry her damned chauffeur!

There—the car was sliding down the drive.

His muscles relaxed—he turned to the other window. Thank God for that whim of his father's—he could see everything from here—tracks, station and all, like God or the Devil repenting over his handiwork.

The station seemed to jump at him as he stared—roof—tracks—up platform—sign. He swept his eyes along the straggle of waiting commuters. No Charity—in the waiting room, maybe. What was the time?

Four minutes more and the car had been gone a minute. They could make it. They could make it—just.

His eyes went back to the tracks again. His hand shook suddenly as if something had struck it. His throat made an inhuman sound.

A figure on the wrong side, the down side, across the fence. A figure stumbling along with a heavy suitcase—an instant's flash of the figure's face, white, straining. A figure that had taken the dangerous commuters' short cut that they were going to stop with barbed wire sometime, thrown its suitcase across the fence, climbed the fence itself in three clumsy movements and stood sobbing on the edge of the tracks, off the platform, looking up as the down express, the six-thirteen, which in its turmoil of mind the figure neither saw nor heard, thrust a smooth head into the cutting and rushed on the figure like a rushing bullet. A figure that started to cross, that, caught in the middle of the tracks, stopped dead, seeing the train at last, shocked out of all sense.

The dumb man had torn an ironic, white-lettered megaphone down from the wall. He had thrust it out of the window as far as he could lean. The dumb mouth rounded, strained with unbelievable effort.

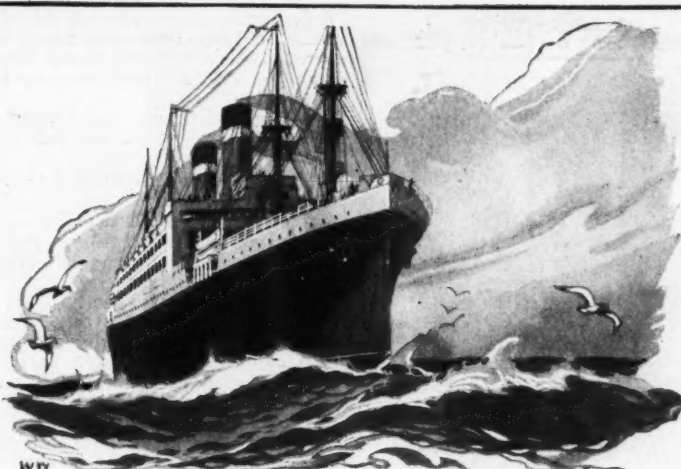
"Oh God!" thought Rodney Fether, praying soundlessly, gigantically, "oh God, let me call to her! Let me call! Oh God—"

To Charity, dazzled with terror between the rails, came a horrible, strangling cry that seemed to fall from the air.

VII

THE car that had been sent to the station after the housemaid did not come back at once. In fact it did not come back till half-past seven. Possibly because the chauffeur, George Hawkins, considered that after her recent flirtation with annihilation, that same young housemaid needed nothing quite so much as fresh air and his own society. To all of which the housemaid seemed to agree.

He had been describing to her at length, for the dozenth time, his exact sensations



W. 17

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at finding himself on the wrong side of the
tracks while the down train roared upon
her, and asking her, also for the dozenth
time, just what had made her jump back
in time.

"It was God, George," said Charity, her
eyes very wide. "I am sure that it was
God."

"Sure"—he was patient with her—"sure.
But how?"

"You won't think I'm silly?"

"Ah, sweetie!"

"Well"—with a bowed and religious
head—"He spoke to me."

"Honest? You heard Him?"

"In His own voice. Oh George, a
terrible voice!" and Charity shuddered.
"Saying, 'Go back, Charity! Back, you
little fool!'" she chanted ceremonially.

"So I went," she ended. "Though be-
fore I couldn't move."

"Well, I'll certainly hand it to Him for
action, anyhow," said George, with more
religious feeling, perhaps, than his words
implied.

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The Last Witch

(Continued from page 42)

is his custom, summer and winter. Humil-
ity almost shouted in fury as she perceived
the friendly atmosphere of the Elder's
house and Henry's contentment. Humility
denounced vanity, the Devil and all of his
wiles; she exalted her butter-making, her
bread-making—both of which are admir-
able—but Henry sat in silence, looking only
at me. (If he knew—my gown was not for
him, but in memory of a summer night and
a rose garden, he might have vouchsafed a
glance at Humility.)

Humility questioned me as to my work
among the sick, my knowledge of herbs.
I answered that I knew but little of medi-
cines, and only a few manners of helping
pain or sudden illness, to be used only in
the event of a surgeon being not procur-
able. I was a nurse for the sick, and could
use, if necessity arose, medicines hitherto
bespoken by him. The eyes of Humility
glistered with an unholy light, little un-
derstood then by me.

"You must needs gather the herbs at
twelve by the clock at night, in a grave-
yard, on a moonless night," she cried.

I laughed. "How can one see on a moon-
less night, or by night at all?" I answered.
"Doctor Warren instructs me where to go,
what tests to use. I tend the sick as he
bids—"

Humility advanced toward me. With
uplifted hand and a strange shout, she
screamed, "You—you have been seen
gathering herbs in Salem Wood, by the
graveyard—"

"Violets," I answered, "almost dear
English violets. I have them pressed in
my Bible." I rose and found a chair nearer
Henry, for I mistrusted what her violence
might accomplish.

"Bible!" she screamed. "Touch it not
—it would be sacrilege—touch it not!"

Out of patience with her, I laughed
again: "You would have me riding on a
broomstick half across the sky, sweeping
the cobwebs of the world down, gathering

In the study at Fetherholme sat a young
man who approved as heartily as George
of George's sentiments. Though, oddly
enough, he was thinking neither of George
nor his Charity. He was sitting in an
armchair, talking to himself and occasion-
ally breaking off to listen to the echo as if
everything he said were sweeter than mu-
sic. And "I can talk!" was his every
third sentence, "Oh God, I can talk
again!"

Then a thought of Charity came to him
—a vague one but still a thought. He
grinned—she and George certainly could
have any sort of wedding present they
wanted from Fetherholme. For himself,
even Charity was too much part of the
black dream that had held him so long to
remember very much intentionally. He
rose to his feet, stretched arms. The
words came from his mouth again—the
broken, ecstatic words. For himself it
seemed as if the whole world were his now,
to play with like dice. For himself, he was
whole again—he had just been born.

herbs in the moon on a moonless night,
crashing through graveyards. Look out,
Humility, lest I take thee on behind and
fly over the sea!"

It must have been the muslin gown I
wore, the memory of the summer night so
long ago, that lent this wildness to my
tongue and humor so unseemly.

Strangely did my words fall on the
startled air (in my stiff gown and cap I
would not have spoken so—have gone so
far). Humility hath a dull mind and a
fixed stare, but I tonight was not a Puritan
but an English maid far from home and
yearning for the greensward, for ivied
towers, for you, and all that made life
beautiful. I was brought back to the
present, strangely enough. Humility,
frightened, trembling, gasping, asked:

"Can you fly—you say you can fly—"
Without waiting for an answer she hurried
on: "You say you can fly over the moon.
That's what people are locked up for, for
saying that. But mayhap you believe an
angel would come to rescue you, an angel
disguised as a man, wearing a red cloak,
riding a great white horse, and lift you high
from the burning faggots—"

I made appeal to Henry. "What does
she mean?"

Henry, appalled at the turn of the con-
versation, hesitatingly replied: "It is a
legend that obtains credence with the
people, that if a prisoner is wrongly accused
and condemned to die by fire or hanging,
an angel will be seen disguised as a man,
wearing a silver cuirass and a scarlet cloak,
riding a white horse, and will, so the tale
hath it, bear the prisoner away, and a
cloud will descend to protect them. It
comes, mayhap, from the profane picture
of St. George saving the martyrs." Henry
has an informing manner, speaking as one
in authority and not as the scribes.

Humility avoided looking at me, edging
carefully to the door with this parting shot:
"Angels," she said, "are as scarce as

innocence wrongfully accused, or tall men in red cloaks. The gaols are filled with those who torment the children." At the door she met Elder Winslow. She plucked at his sleeve and whispered. He asked impatiently her intent. "Not now—not yet—" I heard her say. She ominously looked at me and fled into the night.

The Elder told me of five new cases of fever at the house of one Maria Guilford. The doctor had journeyed into the country for Maria's sister, who on the following day would arrive to care for them. The Elder asked me to visit them early in the morning. After the Elder's departure Henry continued to sit in silence, looking steadily at me. "Is it true," he murmured softly, "is it true that you have bewitched me?"

My surprise at what I deemed a pretty compliment died within me when I perceived the pallor of his countenance. "Not that I rebel," he said softly, "but all power to think leaves me when I behold you, and all desire to leave you goes from me, and when I have left you my one thought is of how to return to your presence." With this Henry slowly walked to the door. Turning as he stood there, he asked:

"Is this strange sensation a bewitchment? Is this what Humility Cravens meant?"

With this enigmatical speech he went forth. It was not for me to consider the vagaries of Henry Bradstreet, or Humility Cravens. I dismissed them from my mind.

In the early hours of the morning, when the silvery dawn looked back, flying before the eager gaze of the sun, I sped to Maria Guilford's, where her five children lay sick of fever. I bathed them, smoothed their beds, sprinkled the lavender and violet water profusely on their pillows, prepared nourishment, insisting that Maria Guilford should rest while I cared for the children.

The poor woman blessed me, calling me the angel in adversity and various other fine praises, little deserved. I stayed on for several hours until Maria's sister came from Charlestown, brought hither by Doctor Warren to aid the stricken family. This surgeon gave me high praise, saying that my coming had saved the life of the little girl, who was near to starvation, and but for my knowledge of the preparation of food she would have succumbed to weakness.

With such pleasant recognition of service I left them, hastening home by the shorter path through the graveyard, where so many youths and maidens lie sleeping, dreaming, perchance, of happier days. I walked to church that morning with Mistress Winslow and my brother Walter, who is now a strong and splendid youth, and upon whom the eyes of the maidens rest contentedly. We came upon groups of people who paused suddenly, as if interrupted by us in the telling of some stirring story. A fluttering of eyes, a hush of lips followed us. My brother whispered to me:

"What import is this? What mystery is hushed as we pass by?"

Mistress Winslow looked reproachfully at Walter, for it is her custom to walk in silence to worship, with soul in harmony with the words of the preacher and not disturbed by light gossip. And so we continued on our way in communion with the day of days and hour of worship.

My brother leaves tomorrow, sent by Governor Bradstreet to a new colony to consider the waterways and the building of



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bridges. I am so alone when he is away—"Time is not measured by hours, but by heartbeats" when my brother is away. My heart beats a thousand times as fast with anxiety for him, and a little for myself, mayhap, and time is a thousand times as long as the hours and days try to make it out.

I am with Mistress Winslow. The Elder is away, the house is of an abysmal stillness; loneliness descends upon me like a pall; fear of some unknown power of disaster is a curtain hanging blackly against the sky. I think of the last time that I saw Sir John; a haunting belief comes to me that he is on the way. I pray that he may not come too late.

There is a star looking down on me from some immeasurable height—does it shine on you out of the depths of space? And time knows no ending and too often loneliness no respite.

[July, 25, 1684]

DEAR, DEAR ELIZABETH, thank you for the plants of blackberries and currants, and above all for the rose bush in oil paper so carefully concealed—a secret joy. Red roses must bloom on this tree through a smiling June.

When my brother comes we are to build a house—a home. Every day I work in the garden that is to be; fruit and flowers will bloom here; but for the greatest part the true texture of our building will be loving thoughts and fair memories. This thought I tried to make into a poem to music, a song to sing as I planted; and then to fix the air I had in my head for it, I whistled and whistled. The birds came flying; they chirped and sang to my whistling; it was most merry and sweet, until Humility Cravens came a-peering over the hedge.

"Things grow better for incantations, don't they?" she said, smiling wistfully.

I answered by asking: "What's the worse for a song—or for a little whistling either? If I can whistle the birds to me, it may be I can sing the flowers up out of the ground!"

At that she stared and went away dumb.

Today I have your blessed letter—is this why the birds sing as my heart does? I see you feeding the peacocks on the terrace, with the towers of my dear home in sight—everywhere sunlight and roses and home. Far away I hear a horse galloping, nearer, nearer. Is Sir John riding to welcome me home? Is he riding hard—fast and faster? The picture is so clear it hurts my eyes, like looking too long at the sun.

I spoke of you to Mistress Winslow tonight. The wistfulness in my voice betrayed me; her sternness vanished.

"Dear child," she said, "you want to go home." Reproaches were not in her voice. "We will miss you and your sick people will be bereft. You are a service unto the Lord. We will pray for guidance; there will be no hindrances. The good ship Anne sails in thirty days. So pray." She held my hand, and gently told me "Good night."

I have prayed and cried unto the Lord. No light shines on me. I walk in the darkness blindly, waiting for a sign.

It behooved me today to visit Maria Guilford and her children, of whom I wrote you. Doctor Warren had sent me no word of their necessity and knowing they were well cared for by Maria's sister, I visited

the sick where there was the greater need. Today I arrived at Maria's cottage, bearing cordials and fine linens for the baby, sent by Mistress Winslow. My reception by the family was of a strangeness; most curious to see. The door stood open to the sweet summer air, and when she saw me coming Maria rose and covered the baby's face. The two older children fell upon the floor, moaning; the oldest boy began to beat his head with his fists, the girl of nine fell stiff, gasping for breath. My wonderment increased when Maria shrieked, "Take your shadow from my floor!" And Humility Cravens ran out the other door of the house and into the forest, and would not turn, though I called to her loudly.

Maria poured on the ground the cordial I brought and tore the linen into a dozen pieces. On my way home I thought of the strangeness of these things, believing the sun had touched Maria's head; but as I walked I met divers others, and some among them I had nursed in illness and some befriended by gifts of money or clothing. They seemed afraid of me. One of them ran the other way; none smiled, as of old. One woman, in running, being old and unused to such haste, fell upon the ground and when I ran to help her, screamed:

"Keep off thy hands! Fare on!"

So I did, but looking back I did see the people gathered about her, some menacing me with motions. I spoke of this, sitting in the quiet room, to Mistress Winslow, and with great anxiety she regarded me.

"Is there a reason for this, my child? You have no enemies?"

As she spoke the memory of Humility Cravens hurrying from Maria's house, her look of cunning when last here, her warm thought of Henry Bradstreet, the lifting of her hand as if to strike me, her furious eyes when she talked to the Elder—all this came to me.

"Why should I have an enemy," I repeated, "unless it be Humility Cravens?"

It was then that Mistress Winslow determined that I should return to England, but first we must journey to Plymouth.

"I have a letter," she explained, "from Sir Edward Harcourt, your guardian. He forbids your visiting the sick, learning the use of medicines and the like. He adjures me to protect you and care for your safety."

"My safety?" I said. "The Indians are not upon us; there are no wars."

But Mistress Winslow seemed greatly wrought upon. "It is beyond imagination, the dangers that menace!" she cried out. "If your brother were only here!"

"In a month he will be," I consoled her.

"In a month!" she said despairingly.

At parting for the night she was almost tender.

How far away are all troubles of this little world when I have those precious words of yours. They are graven on my heart: "Sir John has embarked on the good ship Patience—he goes for the sake of a faded red rose pinned to the heart of a muslin gown." To all the stars I cry out: "Shine on! All thy bravest radiance, dear stars, to light his path! Blow gently, winds of Heaven, and bring his ship in safety; kind angels watch over him, as I pray and pray."

[July 29, 1684]

WHEN I had sealed my writings to you, I prepared for bed. Wrapping myself in a

heavy white woolen and fur robe, I sat long at the window, filled with joy and peace and soul-thanksgiving. The night was fair, strewn all over with stars; but looking down I saw forms moving in the bushes. "It must be the deer from the forest straying in," I thought. I leaned from the casement. Voices came up, whisperingly. "It's she," they cried, "yonder in white!"

I withdrew from the window, unafraid but wondering. Then on the outer door came blows and cries of "Open! Open!" And on a sudden there flared torches everywhere, while staring into my quiet room were angry faces peering up over the small balcony. About to enter the window a man came. I stood before him and he screamed, falling from the balcony to the ground. Voices shouted, uniting in a horrible word: "Witch! Witch! The Devil has her!" But they reckoned not on Mistress Winslow, who stood with an old gun in her strong hands.

"This maid is in my care," she cried. "The Elder will hold you, one and all, to account, and so will Governor Bradstreet!"

Upon this they took counsel, and one tried to hush the shouting; but still they cried "Witch!" and "Burn her!" and "Hurry her to the stake!"

"Away with you, bad souls!" Mistress Winslow cried. "Away from this house!"

Her great stature, her anger prevailed upon them a little and there was quiet. But two men came in the house, one of these a church member, Mr. Brook, well known to Mistress Winslow. He showed her a warrant for my arrest, and swore that proof positive of my powers of bewitchment had been furnished him, declaring that there was no hope in any resistance; yet he promised for my safety and speedy release. He would take me in a covered wagon to the Ipswich Gaol, he said, where but few prisoners were.

And so tonight I rest in Ipswich Gaol. There are ten other women housed here, one of whom is near distraught. I have soothed her to sleep and we have prayed together. There is no light in my cell at night, but a blessed window is open to the stars—they seem so near at hand. If I am soon to inhabit one of them, I pray there may be a welcome for me.

[A week later]

DEAR cousin of mine, it is a hard matter to write for the sobbing and weeping of the women imprisoned here. The gaoler, who brings the bread and water, is far from comforting. "They'll soon light the fire for you," he told me. "Did you hear what the Governor said at the last witch trial? 'Give her a fair trial and then hang her.'" The poor women began to pray for mercy. He leered at me: "You're a seemly wench, and high born I hear, but such fare the worst, the judges being afraid folks will say, 'They spared 'em on account of this and that,' and fearing their bewitchment on themselves."

Now am I indeed in a dream. Sometimes I fear my mind is faring worse than my body, since all of this—the weeping women, the gaol, the ride to Ipswich—seems a part of a delusion, a scene in a playhouse where I am most unaccountably a dim and unreal part of the action. That I, Mary Newton, niece of the Lady Isabella, who gave her life and fortune to the founding of a new world, to the beginning



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63	118	123	130	136
64	122	127	133	139
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of a new religion, I should be a prisoner in the Ipswich Gaol, is beyond my understanding. In my vanity I once believed myself a useful member of the colony, and how can I believe that I am waiting trial for wrongs uncommitted by me? I know not by whom I am accused, or of what crime. I walk in darkness and pray for guidance, for light.

[Five days later]

THE days run together in a mist of tears, like clouds shredding into rain. I was stopped in my letter to you by a visit from Doctor Warren, for whom my soul so longed. He brought me poor comfort, saying that I was accused of witchcraft and that there were no fair trials, and that my friends were striving to put off the trial until these excitements had passed. Yet he seemed fearful for himself; he confessed that often the defenders of accused persons were themselves victims of their own kindness.

"There is one way of escape," he said. "Confession. Admit everything of which you are accused. You will then," he continued in his soft, persuasive voice, "be sent to some asylum from whence you may be speedily rescued."

After his visit I seemed to come to some faint realization of my peril, but I read again your letter. You say: "Sir John Tyndale is on the way, with a goodly number of men and horses. He has been given a grant of land; he is on the way to found a new colony." Mayhap not far from here. As I count time, it is sixty days from England across the water. Forty of these days have passed since he set sail. A great hope is in my heart that he may come, that he may come in time. But if he were to come, and I not here, but taking my long and strange journey alone—

But I will not confess to such a lie, even if I die for it. I will speak the truth. I am not a witch. There are none in all the world, and thus will I testify in God's mercy, before the judges and the people.

[Salem Town—a day later]

MISTRESS WINSLOW will send to you these writings of mine, which I entrust to you; for if, in future days, aught of calumny be said of me, for the name's sake and for affection, I entrust to your discretion to make known my innocence.

They have taken me to Salem to stand trial on the morrow. I wish that my brother were here. He is a shield in danger, a torch-bearer in the darkness. Thinking of him, I am not afraid, for his bravery is imparted to me. In my loneliness I am not alone. Today a peace has come to me, a joy in my heart, for verily the Lord is with me and I fear no evil. Whatever is, is best.

[August 15, 1684]

WHEN I finished my writings I did not know what the day would bring forth, but with the abiding kindness of Mistress Winslow, and through her interest, I am allowed to write this first day's account of the trial.

The examination of Mary Newton before the worshipful esquire, John Hazelton. The opening court was held in the meeting house, and so great was the crowd I could scarcely pass through. Even the guards, who preceded me, were often pushed back upon those who led me.

Humility Cravens was first called, her deposition taken. It was written down as she spoke, for she dared not rest her eyes on me. She testified that on a night in June I had confessed to riding a broomstick on moonless nights, that I gathered herbs in a graveyard with which to bewitch and cure the sick, that I had visited Maria Guilford's family and sore afflicted them, that upon a visit of Mary Newton the children were thrown into spasms and like to die, that the said Mary Newton brought poisons and desired to force them to drink, that when Mary Newton left the much afflicted family she caused an aged woman to fall to the ground, making her a cripple for life, and "Many there be here who will testify to this," she said, and then stood breathless, secretly triumphant. The Judge turned to me:

"Mary Newton, you have heard this deposition. Is it true?"

I tried to make my answer modest, but my voice rang out: "I deny it!"

The Judge then asked: "Have you made no contract with the Devil?"

"No," I replied.

He continued: "Why do you hurt innocent children?"

I answered: "I do not hurt children. I love them, care for them, and when they are sick I nurse them into health again."

The Judge turned to Maria Guilford and her children, who stood, I thought, shamefaced, by the door.

"Look!" he cried out in a loud voice to Maria. "Tell if this is the person who hurt you."

The children began to scream, calling out that they were being tormented by the Devil. The Judge asked the little girl of five: "What does this maiden to you?"

The child replied: "She sings when she plants flowers; she talks to the birds, and they answer; they fly to meet her; they light on her hands; she sprinkled my pillow with water of violet to bewitch me!" The poor child looked at me and began to cry as I smiled upon her.

"Behold," said the Judge, "how the prisoner torments the child."

"Whom do you serve?" the Judge asked.

I answered that I prayed to serve God and his people.

"Why do you make poisons? Who taught you the use of herbs?"

Looking beyond the first crowded eager row of people, I saw Doctor Warren; his distraught face beseeching me to silence.

"I gather herbs to distill them for medicine," I answered. "These simple remedies have been of great benefit to many I see before me."

But the Judge responded: "They are suffering for it now. Who taught you the art of medicine? Are you in league with the Devil?"

I answered: "One can learn of medicines from books—many have been written."

"She hath confessed," the Judge announced, "to the use of black magic."

There seemed witnesses without number. The man who believed me to be an apparition and fell from my balcony deposed that I had employed spirits from the nether world to throw him to the ground. Numbed and dulled as I was by hardships and starvation, I was startled to see Humility Cravens fiercely urging Henry Bradstreet to the witness stand.

"Here!" she cried out. "Here is another victim of the singing witch."

Henry, very loth, said I had spoken of riding on a broomstick through the air, above the clouds, on the road to the moon. He said that I laughed as if to show it were a jesting manner of speech.

"But laughter on such a subject!" cried the Judge. "Such laughter would be sinful in itself." Frowning upon Henry, he said: "Did the prisoner in any way bewitch you?"

Henry avowed that the prisoner, mayhap without any intention on her part, but by her seemliness and her singing and such enchantments had bewitched him. He would not look at me, but as he left the platform he turned and his eyes unwilling rose to mine. At that upon a sudden he would have fallen had not one caught him by the arm. A voice called out, "See what the witch hath done!" Then through a pushing crowd I was led back to gaol.

Now it is to say good night, beloved cousin. Sorrow not for me, for my deliverance is at hand. The light is all about me. Who am I to weep when One wore a crown of thorns?

I send you the paper they have just given me:

The Jurors, for our sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, present, that Mary Newton, spinster, daughter of Sir John Newton and Lady Elizabeth Newton, the tenth day of August, in the fourth year of the reign of William and Mary, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, King and Queen, defenders of the Faith, is convicted of practicing disreputable arts called witchcraft and sorceries. These she hath feloniously practiced, and exercised within the Township of Salem, within the County of Essex, against one Maria Guilford, Widow of Elias Guilford, deceased, and against her innocent children. These said children have been tormented and consumed and wasted by the Devil, employed by the said Mary Newton. She hath worked evil against the peace of our sovereign Lord King and his crown and his dignity, and of this she is found guilty and must suffer the penalty, for the wages of sin is death.

A second indictment charges Mary Newton with practicing arts on Humility Cravens (the chief witness in the trial), and upon Henry Bradstreet, to whom the prisoner confessed to flying over the graveyards on moonless nights. The prisoner was heard chanting unholy songs to the birds, who, bewitched, flew to her, carrying messages to the Devil. She recited incantations over the flowers to make them grow. The prisoner was seen practicing black magic, distilling sweet waters to bewitch the sick. To all of these acts testifieth Humility Cravens, Mary Wolcott, Jonathan Chiburn, Ann Woodruff.

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[LETTERS FROM MISTRESS WINSLOW, IN SALEM, TO ELIZABETH BALDWIN, IN LONDON TOWN]

MOST Honored Lady, Mistress Elizabeth Baldwin:

I was advised by Mary Newton to indite a letter to you, to convey to you her love for your friendship and affection.

These be troublesome times, full of sorrow and lamentations. My desire is to inform you of the Christian bearing and great fortitude of Mary Newton. Her prayers were for those who persecuted her. She was unafraid and inspired by the Divine Light that lighteneth everyone who cometh into the world.

The Governor tried to defer the trial, even to alter the sentence, which so incensed Mr. Hathorne and Judge Corwin they were like to accuse the Governor himself of being a victim to her bewitchment. On the morning of the execution I hastened to the gaol, for, being Governor Bradstreet's sister, I was granted entrance. I brought a parcel from her strong box in my house, for which Mary Newton had asked me.

I found her in deep meditation and prayer. At length, awakening to my presence, she asked,

"Do you hear horses galloping on, on—a tall man, wearing a red cloak, riding a great white horse?"

I bethought me of the legend, that an angel will come disguised as a man, riding a white horse, to rescue the innocent who is wrongfully accused. Believing this was in her mind, I answered, "I pray the angel comes in time."

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On the hill a great crowd had assembled, some in pity, some in curiosity, and a few to see a high-born lady die. When Mary Newton appeared a hush fell upon them. She seemed a visitant from another world. She came steadily up the hill. Many were cowed and ashamed and turned away, but Mary Newton was oblivious to all the world. She wore a faint smile, the smile of a bride on her way to the altar, where waited the best beloved. A child cried out, "An angel is passing by!" Another gave her a lily.

At last she came to where the faggots were piled high, and the three judges stood before her there.

"Mary Newton," Judge Corwin said, "you will have a reprieve if you confess your sins, renounce the black art and your league with the Devil. Do you confess

that you are a witch and have employed the Devil to torment and to engage in abominable cruelties on men, women and children?"

With a clear, high voice Mary Newton responded:

"I do not confess to an untruth. For my life's sake I will not lie, but rather die, praising God that I have lived." And so passed Mary Newton up the hill.

Fain would I have closed mine eyes to the sight before me, but so hot in haste to finish this crime were the men whose office it was to bind her to the stake, and the deed was so speedily completed, I could not look away. The silent multitude, so absorbed were they that only when the smoke of the faggots curled slowly into the air did they hear a bugle blow thrice.

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NEW BODY STYLES
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This Amazing Reduction Proves That Overweight These Days is a Woman's Own Fault



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A few months ago, if you had asked what I would give to get thin I should have replied without a second thought, "Everything I possess." I had tried so many times to reduce, and tried so hard! Fortunately, something made me try the music method—and life is once more worth living!

The first Wallace reducing record played off twenty pounds for me; the complete course reduced me more than a hundred in four months. Not only that, but my state of health was so improved I can never express my gratitude. No woman who had been relieved of a mountain of fat like I carried so long would wonder why I permit this to be printed."

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60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	132
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	151	157	163

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Accepting this offer does not obligate you. There is no payment to be sent now, and nothing to pay on delivery. Results of this trial will make you eager for the rest of the course—but the only decision to be made now is to try it. Use this handy coupon:

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send record for first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial. (114)

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg

of a new religion, I should be a prisoner in the Ipswich Gaol, is beyond my understanding. In my vanity I once believed myself a useful member of the colony, and how can I believe that I am waiting trial for wrongs uncommitted by me? I know not by whom I am accused, or of what crime. I walk in darkness and pray for guidance, for light.

[Five days later]

THE days run together in a mist of tears, like clouds shredding into rain. I was stopped in my letter to you by a visit from Doctor Warren, for whom my soul so longed. He brought me poor comfort, saying that I was accused of witchcraft and that there were no fair trials, and that my friends were striving to put off the trial until these excitements had passed. Yet he seemed fearful for himself; he confessed that often the defenders of accused persons were themselves victims of their own kindness.

"There is one way of escape," he said. "Confession. Admit everything of which you are accused. You will then," he continued in his soft, persuasive voice, "be sent to some asylum from whence you may be speedily rescued."

After his visit I seemed to come to some faint realization of my peril, but I read again your letter. You say: "Sir John Tyndale is on the way, with a goodly number of men and horses. He has been given a grant of land; he is on the way to found a new colony." Mayhap not far from here. As I count time, it is sixty days from England across the water. Forty of these days have passed since he set sail. A great hope is in my heart that he may come, that he may come in time. But if he were to come, and I not here, but taking my long and strange journey alone—

But I will not confess to such a lie, even if I die for it. I will speak the truth. I am not a witch. There are none in all the world, and thus will I testify in God's mercy, before the judges and the people.

[Salem Town—a day later]

MISTRESS WINSLOW will send to you these writings of mine, which I entrust to you; for if, in future days, aught of calumny be said of me, for the name's sake and for affection, I entrust to your discretion to make known my innocence.

They have taken me to Salem to stand trial on the morrow. I wish that my brother were here. He is a shield in danger, a torch-bearer in the darkness. Thinking of him, I am not afraid, for his bravery is imparted to me. In my loneliness I am not alone. Today a peace has come to me, a joy in my heart, for verily the Lord is with me and I fear no evil. Whatever is, is best.

[August 15, 1684]

WHEN I finished my writings I did not know what the day would bring forth, but with the abiding kindness of Mistress Winslow, and through her interest, I am allowed to write this first day's account of the trial.

The examination of Mary Newton before the worshipful esquire, John Hazelton. The opening court was held in the meeting house, and so great was the crowd I could scarcely pass through. Even the guards, who preceded me, were often pushed back upon those who led me.

Humility Cravens was first called, her deposition taken. It was written down as she spoke, for she dared not rest her eyes on me. She testified that on a night in June I had confessed to riding a broomstick on moonless nights, that I gathered herbs in a graveyard with which to bewitch and cure the sick, that I had visited Maria Guilford's family and sore afflicted them, that upon a visit of Mary Newton the children were thrown into spasms and like to die, that the said Mary Newton brought poisons and desired to force them to drink, that when Mary Newton left the much afflicted family she caused an aged woman to fall to the ground, making her a cripple for life, and "Many there be here who will testify to this," she said, and then stood breathless, secretly triumphant. The Judge turned to me:

"Mary Newton, you have heard this deposition. Is it true?"

I tried to make my answer modest, but my voice rang out: "I deny it!"

The Judge then asked: "Have you made no contract with the Devil?"

"No," I replied.

He continued: "Why do you hurt innocent children?"

I answered: "I do not hurt children. I love them, care for them, and when they are sick I nurse them into health again."

The Judge turned to Maria Guilford and her children, who stood, I thought, shamefaced, by the door.

"Look!" he cried out in a loud voice to Maria. "Tell if this is the person who hurt you."

The children began to scream, calling out that they were being tormented by the Devil. The Judge asked the little girl of five: "What does this maiden to you?"

The child replied: "She sings when she plants flowers; she talks to the birds, and they answer; they fly to meet her; they light on her hands; she sprinkled my pillow with water of violet to bewitch me!" The poor child looked at me and began to cry as I smiled upon her.

"Behold," said the Judge, "how the prisoner torments the child."

"Whom do you serve?" the Judge asked.

I answered that I prayed to serve God and his people.

"Why do you make poisons? Who taught you the use of herbs?"

Looking beyond the first crowded eager row of people, I saw Doctor Warren; his distraught face beseeching me to silence.

"I gather herbs to distill them for medicine," I answered. "These simple remedies have been of great benefit to many I see before me."

But the Judge responded: "They are suffering for it now. Who taught you the art of medicine? Are you in league with the Devil?"

I answered: "One can learn of medicines from books—many have been written."

"She hath confessed," the Judge announced, "to the use of black magic."

There seemed witnesses without number. The man who believed me to be an apparition and fell from my balcony deposed that I had employed spirits from the nether world to throw him to the ground. Numbed and dulled as I was by hardships and starvation, I was startled to see Humility Cravens fiercely urging Henry Bradstreet to the witness stand.

"Here!" she cried out. "Here is another victim of the singing witch."



MARION DAVIES
as Princess Mary in "When Knighthood Was in Flower"

MINERALAVA as an Aid to Beauty

by Hector Fuller

WHEN on the "silver screen" in a picturization of Charles Major's wonderful story: "When Knighthood Was in Flower," hundreds of thousands of people are made aware of the rapt beauty of Marion Davies, who so beautifully plays the role of Princess Mary, it is only natural that they should seek eagerly to discover by what means Miss Davies retains the fine qualities of the beauty which appeals.

It is not by home remedies, massage, cosmetics or paints that a woman may hope to retain the complexion of Youth. Science has shown the perfect way through Mineralava.

Miss Marion Davies herself says:

"I have found Mineralava Beauty Clay a most successful invigorator and stimulant for the skin; the perfect way to a perfect complexion."

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Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted English Skin Specialist, showed that of the two layers of the human skin, the Epidermis and the Dermis, the outer one was constantly flaking and falling away. This made it clear that only a product

of Nature like Mineralava that aided in the process of building up, nourishing and making pure the under skin, would result in the perfect complexion.

Mineralava makes the skin well nourished, and a well nourished skin never ages. Lines, and wrinkles, sagging muscles, oily and dry skin, sallowness, enlarged pores, coarse texture, blackheads—all are due to "Skin-Malnutrition."

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Such noted beauties of the Stage and Screen as Marion Davies, Billie Burke, Marjorie Rambeau, Julia Sanderson, Zitelka Dolores, and others, as well as thousands of happy American home women have gladly testified to the permanent qualities of Mineralava. Originally Mineralava was sold only in Beauty Parlors at as high as \$15 a treatment. Today it is within the reach of every woman at \$2.00 a bottle, each bottle containing eighteen treatments, or a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. Full directions for treatment and a soft brush for applying with every bottle.

There is also an Introductory Trial Tube of Mineralava at 50c.



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MINERALAVA—keeps Young Faces Healthful and Rosy!



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Mineralava has 22 years' successful use behind it in the best homes of the country. Don't experiment with new and untried Beauty Clays. The original is your only protection.

Mineralava is a superior article for discriminating people.

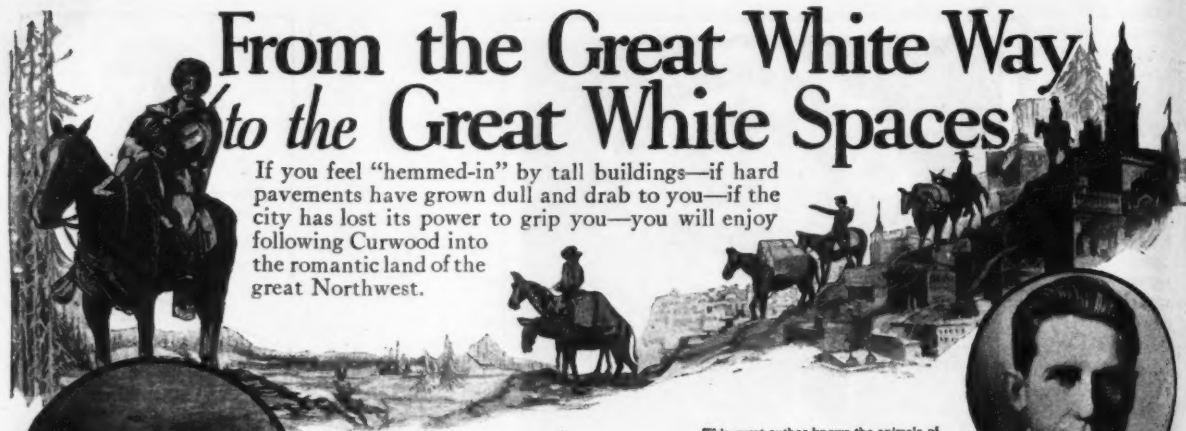
Go to your dependable Drug-gist or Department Store. Ask for Mineralava Beauty Clay. If the Store does not happen to have it write direct to the manufacturers and they will see that your dealer is supplied to fill your requirements. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West 19th Street, New York.

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From the Great White Way to the Great White Spaces

If you feel "hemmed-in" by tall buildings—if hard pavements have grown dull and drab to you—if the city has lost its power to grip you—you will enjoy following Curwood into the romantic land of the great Northwest.

This great author knows the animals of the wilderness more intimately than any other writer. His absorbing tales of their adventurous lives are laid in the range of country where no hunters go.

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COME to the great magic land of the Northwest—come where the breath of Romance stirs in the blood of men and women—come to the land of adventure, strange, enchanting, wondrous. Stand under the great open sky—gaze at the wondrous Red Moon and the North Star—hear the cry of the wolf-pack—thrill to the magic of the forests—sit by the soft glow of the camp-fire—come to the top of the world! And feel the spell of the vast white

wilderness! You do not have to stir out of your easy chair to do it.

James Oliver Curwood takes you to the North Country, where splendid adventures are always happening—where romance steadily spins her golden web of enchantment. Here is great drama, played by great and fearless men who quicken your red blood and lift you clear of care and worry, carrying you far and happily into Adventureland!

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There never was a writer with the compelling power of James Oliver Curwood. His books have that gripping, broad interest of big things done in a big way. Whether you read about "Baree, Son of Kazan," the story of the little outcast wolf-dog, or about "The Hunted Woman," the appeal fairly takes you by the heart. You find yourself gripped by this great writer's power. As no man has done before, he brings to you the atmosphere of the north,

the appeal and mystery of the wilderness, the scent of crisp air, the overpowering sensation of great, untrammelled spaces. Here are the humor and tragedy, the grip and gladness of a great and glorious country. More than 2,000,000 copies of these books have been sold. The tales have been eagerly sought by moving picture companies. And now you have the opportunity of obtaining a beautiful six-volume set of

James Oliver Curwood at an unprecedented price! At last this world famous author is brought within the reach of everybody. By acting quickly—that is the condition, remember—you can obtain a wonderful six-volume set of James Oliver Curwood for practically half price! The set, which is beautifully bound in dark maroon cloth, with the titles lettered in gold, has sold regularly for almost DOUBLE the present price!

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By sending cash with your order you can secure this set for only \$7.



James Oliver Curwood used to sleep with a young grizzly bear, and as a result of this close study his novel "The Grizzly King" is one of the most entrancing and realistic animal stories ever written.

Henry, very loth, said I had spoken of riding on a broomstick through the air, above the clouds, on the road to the moon. He said that I laughed as if to show it were a jesting manner of speech.

"But laughter on such a subject!" cried the Judge. "Such laughter would be sinful in itself." Frowning upon Henry, he said: "Did the prisoner in any way bewitch you?"

Henry avowed that the prisoner, mayhap without any intention on her part, but by her seemliness and her singing and such enchantments had bewitched him. He would not look at me, but as he left the platform he turned and his eyes unwilling rose to mine. At that upon a sudden he would have fallen had not one caught him by the arm. A voice called out, "See what the witch hath done!" Then through a pushing crowd I was led back to gaol.

Now it is to say good night, beloved cousin. Sorrow not for me, for my deliverance is at hand. The light is all about me. Who am I to weep when One wore a crown of thorns?

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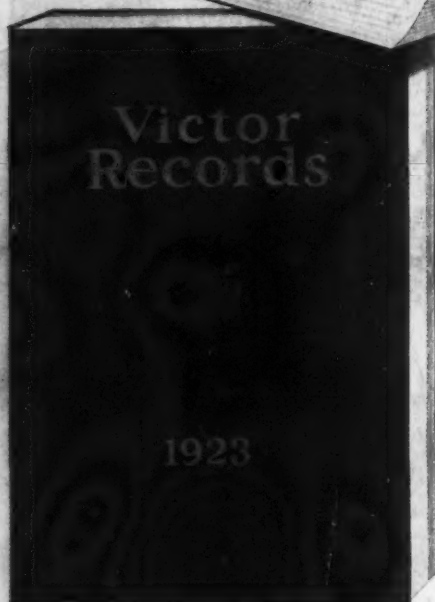


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